Current Literature

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A Review of the World

OLITICAL events during the last few weeks indicate in an unmistakable manner that we are at last hastening toward that most natural of all diviions in a country ruled by the people—the livision between liberals and conservatives, etween those who desire important change in he functions of government and those who esist such change. That is the normal situaion in any country. It has not sharply prerailed in this country chiefly because the subect of African slavery injected a sectional livision that for a century has obscured and confused the normal lines of division so clearly een in Great Britain and Germany, in Spain and Italy. What Mr. Bryan has done for the Democratic party, Mr. Roosevelt has at last nearly succeeded in doing for the Republican party. The work of the two men will be complete only when the similar sections of the wo parties get together under one bannerthe Bryanized Democrats and the Roosevelt Republicans on one side, the conservatives in oth parties on the other side. The drift in that direction has never seemed so rapid as in the last few months and, more especially, in the last few weeks.

THE shrill outcry of Henry Watterson, "Can Theodore Roosevelt Bryanize the Republican Party?" is a pertinent question that may receive a definite answer in the affirmative next month. The events of the ast few weeks certainly indicate such an answer in a not distant future. That branch of the Republican party variously known as he "insurgents," the "progressives" and the "Roosevelt Republicans" has shown signs of strength in the nominating conventions that ead the Cleveland Plain Dealer to declare that there can no longer be a reasonable doubt the Dem that the next Congress will be a "progressive" e present one. Few periods of our political history, the Boston Transcript thinks, have been more interesting than the present. "The insurgent tide," it goes on to say with a note of evident regret in its voice, "has acquired extraordinary headway. Mr. Roosevelt's speeches in the West, much as they may make the judicious grieve, are clearly in line with what the American people want. The old idea of the Republican party as the custodian of property interests and of business welfare seems to be passing." The march of the insurgent Republicans, shouts the Columbus, O., News jubilantly, "has been a triumphal procession whenever they got a chance to appeal their cause to the votes of the people."

THE way in which the Republican "Old Guard" has been going down before the onset of the insurrectos is shown in many details. By the time the Republican campaign book was out this year, four of the congressional committee that issued it had been beaten for renomination. By a count made up to September 5, when the nominations had been made in about one-half the congressional districts, twenty-four of the "stand-pat" Republican members of the present Congress had failed to secure renomination, being replaced in nearly every case by an insurgent. In Michigan, Senator Burrows, who was expected to succeed Senator Aldrich as chairman of the finance committee, has been defeated at the primaries, and will thus follow Aldrich and Hale into retirement. In Wisconsin, Senator La Follette, the most aggressive of all the insurgents, came out of the fight made against him at the primaries with a majority of four to one. In Illinois, Cannon's State, Congressman Boutelle, who has served in the lower house for thirteen years and is head of the naval committee as well as a member of the rules committee, has been refused a renomination. California Republicans have nominated an insur-



A PUZZLING LIKENESS

-Baltimore Sun

gent candidate for governor by a sweeping plurality. So the battle has been raging at the primaries. What the effect will be at the polls in November remains to be seen. The Democratic press was already singing a pean of victory even before the news of the election in Maine. This is the way the New York World sang it:

"The size of the Democratic victory that will be announced on the morning of November 9 next will be staggering. It will include an overwhelming majority in the House of Representatives and a gain of many United States Senators. Ohio, the President's own State, will be lost to the Republicans. New York, the State of the ex-President, will be sweepingly Democratic. Majorities will be so large that people will tire of computing them."

BUT the Philadelphia Ledger and New York Times note that the effect of the fight within the Republican ranks in Wisconsin has been practically to wipe out the Democratic party of that State. The Louisville Post, an insurgent Republican paper, thinks that the Republican organization has been saved by the insurgent movement, and the Philadelphia Telegraph (Rep.) speaks of the results of the primaries in the West as indicative of a Republican, not a Democratic renaissance. Elsewhere the developments are regarded as the beginning of a new alinement of voters. The special correspondent of the New York Times, writing from Kansas City, says that Kansas progressives confidently assert that their movement means that "all the progressives, insurgents or radicals, by whatever name they may be called, will gather under one banner carried by Colonel Roosevelt as leader, and all the reactionaries, conservatives, standpatters, or whatever they may be called, will get together under the other banner." The correspondent adds that many things are happening to show that this idea is "not so far from the correct line." Here is the comment of a sympathetic Eastern paper—the Boston Traveler:

"A new party is arising in the United States as steadily and inevitably as the water rises in the marshes when the tide comes in. It is more significant than the Liberal movement of 1872 or the Mugwump revolt of 1884. It represents the almost universal demand for the 'square deal,' for morality in politics and business, for the recognition of HUMAN rights as PROPERTY rights have been recognized in the past, for eliminating crookedness and making straight the ways of government. The progressives, or insurgents, represent this movement, and Theodore Roosevelt is the chief spokesman. He typifies an epoch. Roosevelt is not merely a MAN—he is a MOVEMENT."

NO OTHER feature of this movement, that has already swept the Republican party along with it in every State west of Ohio, with the exceptions of Illinois, Wyoming and South Dakota, equals in significance the resumption by Theodore Roosevelt of the post of political leadership. Never has he shown greater power to incite his supporters to a frenzy of enthusiasm and his enemies to a frenzy of rage than in his recent speech-making tour. Seventeen newspaper men, in a special car, began the trip with him at New York. At Utica five more joined the party. Chicago a second special car, filled with scribes, was added to the train. ver a third car was added for further accessions to the number. It is the unanimous verdict of these men, according to the New York World, which hates Roosevelt with an all but consuming hatred, that his reception on this tour of nearly 5,500 miles "can be characterized only as most friendly." There were fourteen set speeches, more or less repetitious of one another, in parts, and a large number (about 100) of impromptu speeches. The three speeches which have excited the most comment were the one at Ossawatomie, Kansas, on "The New Nationalism," one before the Colorado legislature, in which the federal courts were criticized, and the speech in St. Paul on Conservation. Altho nearly everything said in these speeches has been said by

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him over and over again, they are treated by a considerable part of the press as a new and startling development, and the applause and the criticism have been equally furious. "The exciting effect Mr. Roosevelt has upon otherwise equable citizens" seems to the New York Globe to be a great mystery. "If Mr. Roosevelt should get up and shout that the sun is to continue to rise, and he intended to see that it did, it is scarcely open to doubt that there would be a frenzy of heated reproach. Yet as platitudinous as the statement that the sun is to rise are most of the things the ex-president has said since he started on his journey. Disassociated from his manner and imported meanings the doctrine for the most part is mild and wholesome.

WHAT is the ulterior object of Mr. Roosevelt in making this long political tour? That is a question

that, even more than the things he has said, causes speculation and heated discussion. The theory that seems to be most generally accepted by his critics and assumed by his most enthusiastic admirers is that he is getting into line for another campaign for the presidency. In the West, according to the newspaper correspondents, this is taken for granted. Here is a song they sang in Kansas City:

At the next election time, At the next election time, Roaming around the woolly West, Getting things in line, For we like him and he likes us, And that's a very good sign That he will be our President At next election time.

This elicited no comment from him, but, says a correspondent, you should have seen him grin! He was several times referred to, on his tour, by introductory speakers, as our next President, references which set the audiences to shouting, but brought no comment from Mr. Roosevelt. "It is incredible," says



THE OLD WORLD AVENGED

EUROPA (to Uncle Sam): "Your turn now; I've had mine."

—London Punch

the New York Sun, "that there should now remain a single American citizen who does not see that Theodore Roosevelt has undertaken a campaign for the presidential nomination in 1912." "It is difficult to read his words," says the Baltimore Sun a little less emphatically, "without believing them uttered by a man who has that prospect in view." Both these papers are hostile to Mr. Roosevelt on general principles. The Springfield Republican, somewhat less hostile, is a little less emphatic in its deduction: "This tour is unmistakably part of a movement to make Mr. Roosevelt President of the United States for another eight years. It makes little difference whether he has deliberately started on his travels with such a plan developing in his own mind. The important fact to consider is that he has placed himself in a position to create such a movement, regardless of a set purpose to bring it into active life." Here are three papers, representing three degrees of hostility to Mr. Roosevelt, and according to the degree of their hostility is the degree of emphasis in their assertion that he is after the presidency!

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JUST to add a touch of that vivid color which is always necessary in any picture in which Mr. Roosevelt is the central figure, we must give two more quotations. One is from the venerable John Bigelow, formerly ambassador to France, who finds the placidity of his ninety-three years rudely shaken. He goes back to the days of Catiline for an analogy to the present situation: "In the absence of a Cicero in or out of Congress to protect us, it is fit that the public press should no longer, with bated breath and whispering humbleness, tolerate the stealthy progress towards a dictatorship of an aspiring Catiline Redivivus, who taxes our patience and whose conspiracies elude us." Mr. Henry Watterson, at least, refuses to whisper or to bate his breath over this "stealthy" progress of Mr. Roosevelt. He writes: "Let us have no more fustianizing about kings, and sceptres, kaisers and crowns. The distinct proposal submitted by the immediate situation to the voters of the United States involves a radical changean actual revolution-of our established system of checks and balances, substituting a pure democracy for the present representative form, a centralized power at Washington instead of a series of State sovereignties, with a new

Jefferson in the person of Theodore Roosevelt to administer it on lines of religion and humanity, not on lines of political economy, the Constitution and the law."

THERE is another theory as to Mr. Roose-velt's tour. This theory proceeds upon the assumption that his declaration made in November, 1904, still stands, namely: "The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination." Three years later, December 11, 1907, he said, referring to this declaration: "I have not changed and shall not change that decision thus announced." This second theory is most clearly stated in the Springfield Homestead:

"Until the evidence to the contrary is much stronger, we must think that he [Roosevelt] is playing a shrewd game for welding together the progressive forces of the party under the administration and not out of it. If that is the course that he is to pursue, we may take it for granted that he will shortly follow his praise of the President's course regarding a tariff commission with an acknowledgment of his services as regards other features of his policy, and that his endorsement of the administration will become stronger and stronger as he proceeds, while at the same time he is taking the insurgent elements along with him. It would be one of the cleverest things that Mr. Roosevelt ever did."

Since that was written, Mr. Roosevelt has added to his praise (at Sioux Falls) of the President's attitude on a tariff commission—an attitude with which, he said, he was "particularly pleased"—words of praise for Mr. Taft's selections for the commission headed by President Hadley, of Yale, to investigate the subject of the capitalization of interstate corporations; other words of praise for his appointment of John A. Holmes as chief of the bureau of mines, a bureau whose work is closely related to the Conservation movement; praise for what the President in his speech on Conservation, at St. Paul, "so admirably said," and for several other features of his policy.

IT IS admitted that Mr. Roosevelt's endorsement of President Taft's administration has been slow in coming, has been cautiously worded, and is by no means sweeping in its scope. But, on the other hand, a careful study of his speeches fails to reveal—to us at any rate—any specific point of importance raised

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Despite the bitter hostility of the railways, the attempt to boycott him in the Senate and the withholding of presidential patronage, Senator La Follette, one of the first of the insurgents, wins at the primaries again in Wisconsin by a majority of four to one.



THE URSUS OF CHEYENNE

This was one of the scenes during the recent visit of the ex-President, symbolical, if you wish to think so, of Theodore throwing the Beef-Trust. All sorts of Wild-West scenes were reproduced and in some of them Mr. Roosevelt personally participated.

by him in antagonism to Mr. Taft's expressed views on legislation, or a single word of direct criticism of the President's course. So far as commendation is concerned, there are two more years in which Mr. Roosevelt may work, if he chooses to do so, to restore the confidence of the insurgent West in Mr. Taft. The President's incumbency of office is not at stake in this election. But if the congressional situation this year was to be saved for the Republican party and Mr. Taft, it was evident that but one man in existence could do it. That was Mr. Roosevelt himself. Taft was powerless to save it. And the first thing for Mr. Roosevelt to do was to regain his personal ascendency over the Western voters, restore their confidence in the possibility of accomplishing what they sought through the Republican party, and give to the insurgent Republicans such an ascendency in their party as to leave to the Democrats as small as possible a chance of profiting by the situation that had arisen. Immediate and sweeping commendation of President Taft would have been construed as due to personal loyalty instead of loyalty to the Roosevelt policies. Even the fragmentary praise given by Mr. Roosevelt for the President was, it has been noted, rather coldly received. It must have been evident that any sweeping championship of Mr. Taft at this time would have been



AND THE RED MAN SAID "HOW! HOW!"

A Lord Mayor's procession in London, says one report of Mr. Roosevelt's visit to Cheyenne, pales into insignificance when contrasted with the pageantry of cowboys, cowgirls and Indian families,

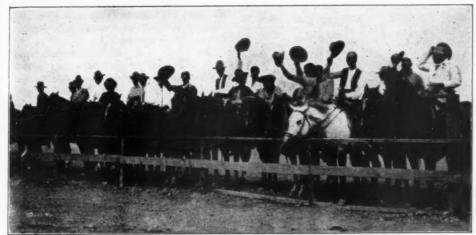
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GREETING OF THE COWBOYS AND COWBELLES

From hundreds of miles away they came to Cheyenne last month to add their ki-yis to the welcome given Mr. Roosevelt, formerly a cowboy himself.

hazardous not only to Mr. Roosevelt's own popularity, but to the Republican party as well, to the future success of the Taft administration, and to the success of the Roosevelt policies. Even those who admire most President Taft's administrative and executive abilities do not credit him with the mastery of political tactics. His need of a political field-marshal to carry on the fight, not in Washington for specific statutes, but on the plains and valleys and plateaus of forty-eight broad States-the fight to create, intensify and mobilize public sentiment-has long been evident even to his warmest friends. That Mr. Roosevelt has in a few weeks reconstituted himself the fieldmarshal of the Republican party is obvious. Whether he has done it with purposes of loyalty or disloyalty to Taft, whether to reseat himself in the White House or, when the time comes, to reseat Mr. Taft, is the question on which students of current events are now at loggerheads.

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WHAT politician of Roosevelt's consummate abilities, asks the Hartford Courant, "desiring a presidential nomination, ever began a whirlwind campaign on the stump for it two years before the assembling of the national nominating convention"? "Mr. Roosevelt," says the Baltimore American, "by his praise of Taft measures, has driven the nail into the scheme to bring about a breaking off of the insurgent element and its affiliation with the radical Democrats." "Perhaps," says the Springfield Union, "he [Roosevelt] is merely

arousing this enthusiasm throughout the West simply to make his approval of the Taft ad-



THEY LEFT HIM OFF THE LIST

When Mr. Roosevelt found that Ben Lindsay was not asked to a place on the platform, in the big meeting in Denver, he sent for the diminutive Judge with the big heart and insisted on taking him on the platform, Lindsay is not popular with the machine these days.



THE POLITICAL HOBBLE SKIRT

—Naughton in Duluth Herald

ministration all the more telling when it comes. This is what we like to think and we shall be much disappointed in Theodore Roosevelt if it does not turn out that way." Replying to the New York Sun's statement, already quoted, that Mr. Roosevelt's campaign is for his own renomination in 1912, the New York Journal of Commerce says: "We do not now believe that he intends to do anything of the kind and



MORE PHYSIC!

—Phil Porter in Boston Traveller

we hope for his own sake as well as for the sake of the nation that he will yield to me temptation of ambition and no zeal or impulse of his admirers to commit that colossal blunder." These papers we have just been quoting are all friendly-tho not idolatrously soto Mr. Roosevelt. For the most part, the papers that are playing him up as seeking a renomination are his political enemies, just as it is averred, his foes in the Republican party in New York State-Barnes and Woodruff and the rest-are laying plans to force upon him the nomination for governor of New York this fall, and just as Platt forced upon him the nomination for vice-President in 1900, It is a new device, this one of lassoing a man with his own popularity. It worked in 1900. Can it be worked again?

ITIZENS of Kansas, be still for a minute and I will introduce the greatest man in the world." Thus spake the governor of the sunflower State. Instead of being still for a minute, the citizens of Kansas thereupon became more vociferous than ever. The little town of Ossawatomie-the scene of old John Brown's exploits-has a population of about 3,000. On the day of Mr. Roosevelt's visit it had five times that many persons within its limits, all within seeing if not hearing distance of the speaker's stand. The "greatest man in the world" rose and proceeded to expound the principles of "The New Nationalism." After paying a tribute to John Brown, Abraham Lincoln and the defenders of the Union in the Civil War, Mr. Roosevelt turned to the duties we of to-day owe our country. One of the first things he did was to aline himself with the "progressives" of the Republican party. A "progressive" Republican, let us explain, when he gets to Washington becomes an "insurgent," because the "regulars" are in control there. Out in Kansas, where the progressives are in control, the other fellows do the insurging. "I am a progressive," declared Mr. Roosevelt, in those four words placing himself at the head of the faction that has had such an uphill fight in Washington. "As the years go by," he continued, "I become more and not less radically progressive."

THE platform which Mr. Roosevelt thereupon proceeded to lay down has been
interpreted in many quarters as, to use the
phrase of the Houston Post, "the essence of
accumulated radicalism." "It is impossible to

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conceive," says the Springfield Republican, "of a more radical speech, in relation to the interests of wealth, being delivered in this country at the present time by any one outside the Socialist party." The speech, in the opinion of the New York Evening Post also, "outstrips not only the most extreme utterance that he himself ever made previously, but that of any of the most radical men in public life in our time. It makes progressives like Cummins and La Follette look like moss-backed reactionaries, and Bryan himself appear like a pre-Adamite." The passages in his speechreprinted, with some additions, in The Outlook-which elicit such characterizations as these are those which relate to fed-

eral control of the corporations. Mr. Roosevelt admits that his program calls for "a policy of a far more active governmental interference with social and economic conditions than we have hitherto seen in this country." But, he adds, "we have to face the fact that such increase in governmental activity is now neces-

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HE DEPRECATES any feeling of "special hatred" toward the holders of great fortunes; but such fortunes must hereafter be permitted "to be gained and kept only so long as the gaining and the keeping represent benefit to the community." The governmental regulation necessary must come "mainly through the national government," for "the regulation of big business, and therefore the control of big property in the public interest, are pre-eminently instances of such functions which can only be performed efficiently and wisely by the nation." The labor employed in interstate business "should also be treated as a matter for the national government." often, we are told, the federal government, "and above all the federal judiciary," has permitted itself "to be employed for purely negative purposes-that is, to thwart the action of the States while not permitting efficient national action in its place." Nothing can be "full of graver menace" than "to have the federal courts active in nullifying State action to remedy the evils arising from the abuse of



HEAP SCALPS -M. de Zayas in New York World

great wealth," unless the federal authorities "do their full duty in effectually meeting the need of a thorogoing and radical supervision and control of big interstate business in all its forms." All this is sweeping but indefinite. So far as specific measures are mentioned by Mr. Roosevelt, they include: an employers' liability law; a physical valuation of railway property; supervision of railway capitalization



T. R. ENTERS THE BOMB-THROWING CONTEST "I am going back to New York," said Mr. Roosevelt in Chicago last week, "to fight the bosses," And now he's back. -Phil Porter in Boston Traveller



OUR ONE AND ONLY EX-PRESIDENT

The sensation of the last few weeks is the resumption, by Mr. Roosevelt, of active political leadership. The question, What will he do with it? is now the most interesting one in American politics.

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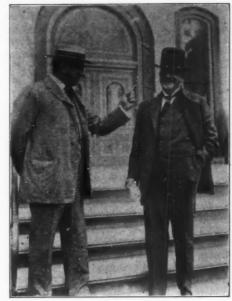
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as well as of rates and traffic agreements; rigorous governmental supervision of the issues of corporate securities by means not more clearly specified than the enlargement of the powers of the interstate commerce commission and the bureau of corporations; a heavily progressive national inheritance tax; and a moderate but progressive income tax. He admits that "it may be that national incorporation is not at the moment possible."

NOW it is evident that the mental shock apparently caused by this speech must come chiefly from the sweeping general statements rather than from the specific enactments advocated, for there is not one of these latter that Mr. Roosevelt has not championed before, as President of the United States, and there is hardly one that President Taft himself has not approved and is seeking a way to enact. One's frame of mind, therefore, after reading the speech depends upon the part to which chief importance is attached-the sweeping generalities or the specific measures mentioned. The Philadelphia Telegraph evidently attaches chief importance to the latter when it says: "Surely there is nothing revolutionary in such doctrine. Even the reactionaries would give them at least nominal approval. Their promulgation at Ossawatomie is significant only because the country knows that the ex-President is sincere, and that his dominating influence will make of them something more than mere party platitudes." magazine as steady and thoughtful as The Independent finds little to question in Mr. Roosevelt's program. "We have ten thousand men urging one or more of these reforms," this magazine says editorially. "Many of them have gone into platforms, some into laws, for we are wealthy in plans of reform as well as in schemes for wealth. We are glad now to have Mr. Roosevelt gather them and name them the New Nationalism; and if some are trembling lest we shall centralize too much, they must learn that it is the very nature of railways and telegraphs and all intercommunication of physical and intellectual movements to bring us together, to create common interests and necessarily to centralize government."

WHILE Mr. Roosevelt's Ossawatomie speech finds many defenders, his speech before the legislature of Colorado, criticizing the federal courts and regretting that their power is so extensive, finds very few defend-

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THE JOLLY STORY

It is William Barnes, Jr., the Albany "boss," who is telling it, and W. L. Ward, the Westchester "boss," who is listening. But this was before their collision with the buzz-saw at Oyster Bay.

ers. Mr. Roosevelt was referring to what he calls the neutral zone-Mr. Bryan has called it the twilight zone-in which, by judicial rulings, neither State nor nation seems to be able to exercize authority. To illustrate his meaning he refers to two Supreme Court decisions. In the Knight Sugar Trust case, the court, "under cover of . . . a high technical legal subtlety," gave a decision "which rendered it exceedingly difficult for the nation effectively to control the use of masses of corporate capital in interstate business." It was a decision "nominally against national rights, but really against popular rights." In the New York "bakeshop case," the legislature of that State had passed a law to remedy improper and unhygienic conditions in the baking business. By a five to four vote, the Supreme Court declared the act unconstitutional because-to follow Mr. Roosevelt's interpretation-"men must not be deprived of their liberty to work under unhygienic conditions." This decision, "altho nominally against State rights, was really against popular rights." "If such decisions as these two," the ex-President went on to say, "indicated the court's permanent attitude, there would be real and grave cause for alarm, for such decisions, if consistently followed up, would upset the whole system of popular government." He is convinced, however, that both decisions will sooner or later be "explicitly or implicitly reversed," because of the tenor of subsequent decisions and because these two are "in such flagrant and direct contradiction to the spirit and needs of the times."

MR. ROOSEVELT is no lawyer, and his description of these two court decisions has been promptly attacked as entirely wrong and wholly misconceived. Thus George F. Canfield, professor of law in Columbia University, says, in a letter to the New York Times, that the Knight Sugar Trust case did not involve at all the power of the national government to control or regulate masses of corporate capital, but simply the power to prevent the formation (by the State) of big cor-The court, by an almost unanimous vote, decided that the government has no right to prevent such formation. The suits against the Sugar Trust in this case, says Professor Canfield, represented the Bryan policy of destruction of the trusts. The Supreme Court's decision represented "the more enlightened Taft, Roosevelt and Hughes policy of regulation and control," as voiced by Mr. Roosevelt himself in his Ossawatomie speech when he said: "The way out lies not in attempting to prevent such combinations, but in completely controlling them in the interest of the public welfare." This latter power, according to Professor Canfield, was not involved or considered in the Sugar Trust case.

EQUALLY unfortunate, it is pointed out, was Mr. Roosevelt's interpretation of the New York "bakeshop case" (Lochner vs. New York). The act of the State legislature involved in this case provides, in one of its sections, that no employees should be required to work in bakeries more than ten hours a day. It was this section of the act that was involved in the decision. This act was declared unconstitutional not because the court considered that men "must not be deprived of their liberty to work under unhygienic conditions," as Mr. Roosevelt puts it, but because the court concluded that this section of the act had no relation to unhygienic conditions. Said Judge Peckham:

"It is manifest to us that the limitation of the hours of labor as provided for in this section of the statute under which the indictment was found and the plaintiff in error convicted has no such direct relation to and no such substantial effect upon the health of the employee as to justify us in regarding the section as really a health law. It seems to us that the real object and purpose were simply to regulate the hours of labor between the master and his employees (all being men, sui juris) in a private business not dangerous in any degree to morals or in any real and substantial degree to the health of the employees."

Under these circumstances, the Judge proceeded, "the freedom of master and employee to contract with each other in relation to their employment and in defining the same can not be prohibited or interfered with without violating the federal constitution."

MANY journals refer to the severe criticism which Mr. Bryan brought upon himself in the campaign of 1896 for the plank in the Democratic party concerning the income tax decision of the Supreme Court. The plank was denounced as an attack on the Court and was made an effective instrument by the Republicans to bring about Bryan's defeat. Mr. Roosevelt's criticism, says the Baltimore Sun, "is at least as severe as that contained in the Chicago platform," and while the decisions mentioned by him are regrettable, "they are not as dangerous and injurious as an attempt to create a court by presidential appointment in order to write things into the Constitution not already there." The effect of the speech, the New York Times thinks, "must be to undermine the authority of law, to create suspicion and distrust of the judiciary, to promote the rule of irresponsible passion, and to strengthen the impulses of the unthinking toward disorder." Papers friendly to Mr. Roosevelt are among his critics in this matter. Attacks upon the Supreme Court, says the New York Evening Mail, from whatever source, "are counsels to chaos." Such strictures on the Court's sanity or integrity, says the Philadelphia Telegraph, "are likely to be followed by a sinister reaction."

CONSIDERABLE attention has been aroused by the comments of two Socialist papers, the New York Volkszeitung and the New York Call. The former suggests to the Socialist national executive committee to make immediate use of the new situation created by Mr. Roosevelt, by throwing the weight of that party's campaign this fall upon the overthrow of judicial despotism and the creation of a system of national labor legislation. The Call supports this suggestion, remarking:

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"This attack of Roosevelt on the Supreme Court shows further that we Socialists have been lamentably weak where we should have been boldly leading and pointing the way to those more backward." "When he makes the Socialist organ blush for its timidity," says the New York Herald, "the Colonel is certainly going some." The Pittsburg Press represents a decided minority of the press in supporting Mr. Roosevelt's criticisms. Had the Supreme Court been immune from criticism at the time of the Dred Scott decision, it says, slavery would never have been abolished. "Judicial usurpation will not be tolerated by a free people any more than will kingly or executive usurpation. Colonel Roosevelt and others like him who are calling public attention to judicial usurpation are really upholding the courts by seeking to confine them to their proper functions."

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THAT makes politics so interesting is its ceaseless change of aspect. Two years ago it seemed to some that the Democratic party was facing hopeless extinction. To-day, so we are told by a journal as free from hysterics as the New York Times, the Republican party's very existence is menaced as never before in the half-century of its history. What calls forth this jubilant language is the news from Maine that for the first time in thirty years the Democrats have elected a governor of that state and will, for the first time since the Republican party was born, elect a Democrat to the United States Senate. It is, according to the New York World, "the most tremendous political upheaval that has taken place in any distinctively New England state since Abraham Lincoln was nominated for President." Moreover, "it foreshadows overwhelming Republican disaster throughout the country on November 8." This is the sort of language that is now ringing from the lips and dripping from the pens of the Democrats. It is the first time in many years that they have had a hope so lively and a step so buoyant. The extent of their victory in Maine is seen in the fact that a legislature with a Republican plurality of sixty-two is changed to a legislature with a Democratic plurality of thirty-six. Two of the four Congressmen are Democrats.

A NALYSIS of an event so unexpected is chiefly interesting for the purpose of showing how far it is due to local and how



HELF
-Robert Carter in New York American

far to national causes. The net Democratic plurality for governor is about 9,000. The net Democratic plurality in the Congressional vote is about 5,000. All careful observers declared before the election that state issues were playing the chief part in the campaign, but even the New York Tribune admits that national issues had something to do with the result, which it construes as "a warning to the Republican party that it must fight this year in many sections of the country against the drift of sentiment instead of with it." The national issues urged in the congressional campaign by the Democratic candidates were the new tariff bill, the high cost of living, and financial extravagance in the national government. As for the gubernatorial campaign, it turned apparently upon the ever-recurring issue of Prohibition. In 1905, the Sturgis law was enacted by a Republican legislature, for the purpose of enforcing the prohibitory law, in localities where the local officials were derelict, by means of state constables. The next year, 1906, the Republican plurality dropped from figures ranging in preceding years from 25,000 to 34,000 to less than 8,000. Two years later, 1908, the Republican plurality on the state ticket remained less than 8,000, altho that given to Taft was over 30,000. The repeal of the Sturgis law and the resubmission to popular vote of the prohibitory amendment were in the Democratic platform again this year. Plaisted's popularity and a factional fight in the Republican ranks contributed to the landslide. "Discontent," says the Portland Press (Rep.), "unrest, insurgency, dissatisfaction on account of increased cost of living, on account of tariff, on account of the prohibitory law, on account of 'Sturgis's'—all these were factors."

HY is Conservation? At St. Paul last month many notable public men-including the President, the ex-President and many senators and governors-met to answer this question. They were all agreed on the why of Conservation, but the question of how aroused deep feeling and acrimonious discussion, and a number of Western governors left before the platform was adopted, expressing their intention of calling another congress of Western states on the same subject. In those states, the subject is one of vital, immediate, breadand-butter importance. For instance, by the last report of the Forestry Service, over 194,-500,000 acres had been withdrawn from use in our forest reserves on June 30, 1909. Of this, more than one-half (112,000,000 acres or 175,000 square miles) lies in six. Western states, and constitutes four-fifths of the unappropriated land in those states. More than one-half the area of Oregon has been withdrawn, by the action of the government, from the use of the people in that state; in Idaho, more than one-third; in Washington, 27 per Colorado is in a similar condition. Forty per cent. of the forest reserve there has no timber on it and only 30 per cent. has merchantable timber. The foregoing statistics we take from the speech of James J. Hill, made before the Conservation Congress. He must have been pretty sure of the figures to have presented them there. There is now a clamorous demand that, in connection with these forestry interests, all federal lands forming sites for future water power plants be withdrawn and leased by the federal government for federal profit. "Against this the whole West rightly protests," says Mr. Hill. The governors of California, Oregon, Washington, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, Idaho and Arizona, who were present, said The whole Conservation movement, says the Portland Oregonian, is "a vast quackery." The greatest conservers the world has ever known, it satirically remarks, were the savages and the wild beasts.

FROM this point of view, the whole dispute would seem to be on the question who shall control these resources—the people of the states in which they are distributed or the people of the whole nation. But there is another point of view, that of Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot and James A. Garfield. The issue, they cry out very earnestly, is not between the states and the federal government: "It is really," shouted Mr. Roosevelt, at the Congress, "a question of special corporate interests against the interests of the people." And at that the cheering was simply frantic. The federal government, he went on to say, is stronger than any state government and "better able to exact justice from the corporate interests," as well as "less apt in some gust of popular passion to do injustice to the corporations." Some arresting facts were brought out along this line by Herbert Knox Smith, the U. S. Commissioner of Corpora-Speaking on the subject of water power, he said that eighteen concerns or "closely allied interests" now control 1,800,000 horse power of the developed water power of the country. The total developed water power in the country is 5,300,000 horse power. The undeveloped water power is estimated all the way from 30,000,000 horsepower to twice that amount, the great bulk of which lies on the Pacific Coast, the northwest, northeast and South Atlantic states.

OMING down to localities, the Commissioner remarked that in California four hydro-electric companies now "dominate the water-power industry." Between these four companies there is "evidence of considerable harmony." A similar situation exists in the Puget Sound territory, in the Southern peninsula of Michigan, in Colorado, in Montana and in the Carolinas. "In each of these sections one or, at least, two concerns are predominant in their control of water powers, public service companies and power markets." But there is a concentration of greater magnitude than this going on, the commissioner says. "There is a marked progress toward a mutuality of interest among public service companies generally, electric light, power, gas, and street railway The significant identity of officers concerns. and directors in a large number of such companies throughout the United States is very remarkable." The chief feature in this wider concentration is due to the fact that electric equipment is usually supplied by one of a few great concerns and paid for, in part, by stock

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WHAT'S POLITICS TO HIM OR HE TO POLITICS?

This is Mayor Gaynor, recovering from the shock of the bullet that pierced his neck. All unaware of his guber-natorial "boom" he cuts his corn and gets ready for the winter.

in the project being developed. To illustrate, the General Electric Company, with its subsidiary companies and the other corporations in which its officers are found as directors or officers, makes up a group of twenty-eight corporations that operate hydro-electric plants in sixteen different states. This General Electric group controls water power (developed and undeveloped) of 1,395,000 horse power, which is equal to more than twenty-five per cent. of the total developed water power in the United States in 1908.

ORE than this, this same company-"the most powerful electric-equipment concern'in the world"-includes within its grasp eighty public service corporations, more than fifteen railroads, and more than fifty banks and financial houses, many of them in the first rank of importance. This is the sort of thing against which the conservationists are trying to guard for the future—the absorption by a few great corporate interests of the vast resources now under federal control. The present status quo, says Commissioner Smith, between the states and the nation, should be maintained until we know just what we have. No grant should be made except for a fixed period. Complete publicity of accounts and transactions should be required. Power to revoke the grant for a breach of conditions should be lodged in a specified public authority, to prevent the possibility of protracted litigation. Provision should be made against excessive charges and monopolistic abuse. It is thus the Commissioner gets down to brass tacks and specific remedies. As to the ultimate disposition of these water power sites, whether by states or the nation, he does not commit himself in this speech, tho he is understood to favor federal control. All he asked at St. Paul is that the present status quo shall remain until we know what we have and what we wish to do with it.

EQUALLY non-committal was President Taft in his speech before the Conservation Congress—a speech that has elicited more superlative praise from the press than anything else Mr. Taft has ever said or done. It is, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, "the clearest and most comprehensive presentment of the Conservation policy yet laid before the country." "He has never," says the New York Press, the most radical "insurgent" paper in the East, "appeared to better advantage" and nobody has heretofore contributed so much to enlightenment on the subject as he contributes in this address. "No one," says the Springfield Republican, another Eastern paper with insurgent sympathies, "can read his searching analysis and fail to believe that Con-

servation has a sincere friend in President He is genuinely progressive." The Chicago Tribune is one of the few papers that find any fault with the address. It characterizes it as "a thoro, temperate and considered statement of the main legal and administrative aspects" of the subject, viewed judicially; but thinks he deprecates too much the "rhapsodies" indulged in by some champions of Conservation, thus showing "a dangerous want of appreciation of the real forces which will shape legislation." In other words, the issue has not yet reached the point where it can dispense with broad and zealous propaganda for the purpose of arousing public sentiment against the danger arising from selfish interests.

MR. TAFT pays a handsome tribute to Mr. Roosevelt, at the beginning of his address, for his work in the formation of public opinion and action by Congress; declares that the subject is not a question of politics, or factions, or persons; can see no good that is to come from discussing the subject with acrimony and in aspersing motives; and then proceeds at length to tell just what has been done in the past, and what the problems are for the future. The policy of his administration, it transpires, in the matter of coal lands, oil lands, phosphate bearing lands, and mineral lands, is the federal leasehold policy. government should lease these lands, not sell or give them away, for a term of years, making the price adjustable from time to time. In this policy he is at one with the most ardent of the Conservationists. Mr. Roosevelt, in his address the following day, especially commended this policy. Where the President parts from many of the Conservationists of the Roosevelt-Pinchot type is in regard to the drainage of swamp lands belonging to the states and private owners, and in regard to the disposal of water-power sites. In the matter of drainage, he is frankly and emphatically opposed to federal grants for this purpose; and his words are construed by many as a sharp rebuke to Mr. Roosevelt's "New Nationalism." He says:

"Suggestions have been made that the United States ought to aid in the draining of swamp lands belonging to the States or private owners, because, if drained, they would be exceedingly valuable for agriculture and contribute to the general welfare by extending the area of cultivation. I deprecate the agitation in favor of such legislation. It is inviting the general Government into contribution from its Treasury toward enter-

prizes that should be conducted either by private capital or at the instance of the State. In these days there is a disposition to look too much to the Federal Government for everything. I am liberal in the construction of the Constitution with reference to Federal power; but I am firmly convinced that the only safe course for us to pursue is to hold fast to the limitations of the Constitution and to regard as sacred the powers of the States. We have made wonderful progress and at the same time have preserved with judicial exactness the restrictions of the Constitution. There is an easy way in which the Constitution can be violated by Congress without judicial inhibition, to wit, by appropriation from the National Treasury for unconstitutional purposes. It will be a sorry day for this country if the time ever comes when our fundamental compact shall be habitually disregarded in this manner."

N THE subject of the water-power sites, Mr. Taft declines to express an opinion as to which of two methods Congress should adopt. One is the direct leasing of such sites, to private parties for a term of years, by the federal government, with such conditions and restrictions as are necessary to insure fair treatment to the public. The other is that such sites be granted to the states, as applied for, on the condition that the state shall never part with the title, but shall lease the sites for a term of years only, not to exceed fifty years, and at rates to be readjusted, say, every ten years. He purposes to submit both plans to Congress, urging that one or the other be adopted. Mr. Roosevelt has come out strongly in favor of the first of these two plans. There are objections made to each plan, and Mr. Taft states them; but he questions the validity of these objections in each case, and leaves the subject without indicating either explicitly or implicitly his preference. He closes his address with two warnings. One is to the effect that the time has come for light rather than heat. He says:

"I am bound to say that the time has come for a halt in general rhapsodies over Conservation, making the word mean every known good in the world; for, after the public attention has been roused, such appeals are of doubtful utility and do not direct the public to the specific course that the people should take, or have their legislators take, in order to promote the cause of Conservation. The rousing of emotions on a subject like this which has only dim outlines in the minds of the people affected, after a while ceases to be useful, and the whole movement will, if promoted on these lines, die for want of practical direction and of demonstration to the people that practical reforms are intended."

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Mr. Taft's second warning is that it is of "the utmost importance" that the idea should not be allowed to spread that Conservation means the tying up of the natural resources of the government for indefinite withholding from use, and the remission to remote generations to decide what ought to be done with these resources. Such a notion will arouse and, he admits, ought to arouse the greatest opposition to the cause. "Real Conservation involves wise, non-wasteful use in the present generation, with every possible means of preservation for succeeding generations. . . . No sane person can contend that it is for the common good that nature's blessings should be stored only for unborn generations."

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THAT is called "the greatest lawsuit in the world up to the present time" was decided last month by The conthe Hague Tribunal. tending parties were the United States and Great Britain, with France a much interested spectator. The Newfoundland fisheries dispute, nearly a century old, was the case to be adjudicated. The "captains courageous" of Gloucester, Mass., were the American citizens most directly interested; but indirectly every citizen of the United States had reason to be interested, for this interminable dispute has more than once threatened war between two great nations. It now follows the Alaska boundary dispute into the list of affairs disposed of. The festive mackerel of Placentia bay no longer have the power to bring the war-clouds hurtling up on our horizon, and the unfestive Premier Bond can no longer use our harassed fishing smacks as pawns in his political game. The Hague Tribunal has added another laurel leaf to its crown. It has rendered a magical decision that has given us, according to Senator Root, all the relief that we asked for, and at the same time has filled the heart of John Bull with gratification over what he regards as a victory on the points most important to him. It is, in fact, a sweeping victory for him, for us, and for every other civilized nation that is interested in international arbitration and in the future of the Hague Tribunal as a forerunner of international peace. "It has made a precedent," says the Philadelphia Ledger concerning this case, "that should be of incalculable influence in the development of international arbitration." "It is the most signal instance yet given," says the Baltimore American, "of the place that the Hague Tribunal is making in the economy of the modern world."

WHEN the "embattled farmers" of 1776 had succeeded in making their Declaration of Independence good, it was found that certain farmers of the sea, in New England, had had their rights to fish off the Newfoundland banks jeopardized by the fact that they were no longer British subjects. A treaty was accordingly arranged in 1783 restoring those rights. The War of 1812 came along and put an end, so Great Britain claimed, to that treaty. In 1818 another treaty was made by which our citizens were given the right "forever" to fish in certain specified bays and along certain specified coasts; otherwise we renounced all right "to take, dry or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of his Britannic majesty's dominions in America not included within the above-mentioned limits." In the course of time a series of interrogation marks made their appearance, so to speak, on the margin of this treaty. To what extent were our fishermen subject to regulations made by Newfoundland governing the hours and seasons for fishing and the implements and methods to be used? Could our fishermen employ in their crews other than American citizens? Could they be made subject to local harbor dues and to customs regulations? How should the three-mile limit be measured in the case of bays and harbors-from a line joining the headlands or from the winding coast? Were the fishing vessels entitled to the rights also of trading vessels? All of which interrogations, with a few others, were placed before the Hague Tribunal for answers.

THE cabled synopsis of the decisions on these points in dispute indicated that on five of them the Hague's answers were in favor of the American contention; but on the two most important they were in favor of Great Britain. The complete text of the findings is, however, interpreted by Senator Root -one of our counsel in the case-as giving practically all the relief our fishermen sought. Newfoundland is entitled to pass laws regulating the fishing, without consulting us; but these laws must be "reasonable" and "fair," and if they are questioned in these respects by us, an impartial tribunal must decide on them before they go into effect. As to the measuring of the three-mile limit, that question is decided entirely in Britain's favor. The line for measurement must be a straight line from headland to headland; but, according to Senator Root, this question is one of historical interest only as our fishermen "have made no claim under it for twenty-odd years past." As Great Britain's sovereignty over the bays, inlets and creeks is thus preserved, the answer "We doubt," says satisfies that country. the Springfield Republican, "that there has ever been an award by an international arbitration board so well sustained, on the whole, both by law and equity, as this one." The most pleasing feature of all, in the opinion of the New York Sun, is the unanimity of the board on all points but one. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, chief justice of Canada, concurred on the decisions adverse to Great Britain, and our own Judge Gray concurred on those adverse to this country.

MPEROR WILLIAM'S unexpected revival, at Königsberg, of his favorite rôle as a vice-regent of God on earth-a character he was supposed to have laid aside forever two years ago-has provided the theater of European world politics with its most spectacular sensation since the fall of the Turkish Sultan. Seldom, if ever, has the German press burst into criticism with so fiery a flood of words, and never has his Majesty been more directly told that not his will but that of the German people must decide the destinies of the fatherland. that group of vigorous, influential and widely circulated papers which propagate with various degrees of fervor in Berlin the doctrines of Pan-Germanic federation, of the Navy League and of the colonial expansion policy, and which alone among the important organs of the German press possess real independence of judgment on political questions, do not attempt to conceal their chagrin. Just two years have come and gone-"two serene, silent years," the Berlin Post calls them-since his Majesty pledged himself in the most solemn fashion to abandon his melodramatic passion for posing as the divinely appointed despot of his people. The soul of the German nation was most deeply outraged then, confesses the Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung, organ of the territorial aristocracy; but it forgave because of a promise never more to offend. Yet once again the curtain rises on the same old stage properties-our contemporary uses that phraseology-with the same old oration rendered with the same old theatrical pomp and pose. The leaning upon his own omniscience has an element of grandeur, concedes the German organ, but it will seem truly tragic only when the Reichstag holds its inquisition into the consequent crisis.

T KÖNIGSBERG it was proclaimed by Emperor William in the loud tones characteristic of him in his more exalted moods, that his immortal grandfather "by his own right placed on his head the royal crown of That grandfather then declared that the grown "was bestowed upon him by God's grace alone and not by parliaments, national assemblies or the popular voice." Hence the grandfather regarded himself as "the chosen instrument of heaven" and as such performed his duties as a ruler. "Adorned with this crown he went into the field of battle to win the imperial crown." With the remembrance of that era of heroic achievement, added William II., whose mood of exaltation inspired the onlookers with amazement, is forever associated the thought of Queen Louise, the imperishable heroine of Prussian history in the Napoleonic age. "What shall our women learn of Queen Louise?" In reply to his own question Emperor William set the seal of his displeasure upon the feminist movement. German women are to learn from Queen Louise, he said, that their duty consists not in attending meetings and in joining organizations, but "in placid work in the home.'

ERMAN women, proceeded the Emperor, in phrases that have exasperated the women of England particularly, "must not look beyond the family." They should bring up the rising generation in harmony with the spirit of obedience. "They should make it clear to their children that it is not the object of existence to enjoy life at the expense of others, but to keep the interests of the Fatherland alone in view. Every one of us, without distinction of person or of place, should cooperate for the welfare of the fatherland." For himself, too, declared the Emperor, the exalted dead were an example. "Looking upon myself as the instrument of the Lord, and regardless of the views and opinions of the hour, I shall go my way." This way was defined by the imperial orator as that of the interest of the Fatherland in the path of peace. "But in this I need the cooperation of everybody in the empire." Nor could this cooperation be adequate if it took the form of attacks

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WHO gives princes their powers? As he put the question to the brilliant company assembled about the banquet table, there was upon the face of Emperor William, says the Berlin Vorwarts, the look of one enraged, altho the imperial expression is described by the correspondent of the Paris Temps as that of one inspired. His Majesty had come to the Prussian town in a homiletic mood, yet irritated by the refusal of the Poles to be Germanized. "Who gives princes their powers?" The Emperor paused here, say the press despatches, and there was a general hush. Everybody divined the crisis the sovereign was creating for himself. It is God who gives the rulers of the earth their powers. But to no ruler has God entrusted responsibility with so direct a charge as that to Emperor William's grandfather. The Hohenzollern dynasty did not shrink from that awful burden. Here, we are told by the chroniclers of the evening's events, there was a sudden choking of the imperial voice. The Emperor was

overcome by emotion. He recovered, turned to a new theme and the banquet concluded in something very like consternation.

THE phraseology used, reflects, in the authoritative words of the Berlin Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, "only a personal profession of the monarch." It is in no sense an official act. "It breathes the spirit of that sense of duty, based on religious grounds, which his Majesty has repeatedly proclaimed and has constantly put into action, with reference to his sovereign functions." The outburst of protest against Emperor William's faith, as our semi-official German contemporary calls it, must be deemed ill advised, and based upon "hopeless misunderstanding." Altogether senseless were objections to the passage declaring that the Emperor would go his way regardless of the views and opinions of the hour. "He would be a bad king who should take the opinions of the day as his rule of conduct. There is just as little ground for reading disregard of popular rights and popular wishes into the



THE SOCIALIST SHADOW CAST UPON GERMANY
Militarism embraces clericalism, oblivious of the robber at the gate,
—Kladderadatsch (Berlin)

mention of the historic fact that the Kings of Prussia do not receive their crown from the hands of a Parliament." Thus does the officially inspired organ seek to allay the storm of indignant protest in the Socialist and radical organs throughout Germany.

EXASPERATION could not express itself in tones more rasped than those of liberal and socialistic organs when they relieved themselves upon the themes it had pleased Emperor William to render so burning. Could tactlessness be more extreme, the liberal Vossische Zeitung of Berlin inquired, than this first imperial outbreak since the dark day two years since when Emperor William vowed to rule at his own will and pleasure? "A speech that contains a protest against disarmament will evoke wonder abroad and cause the most painful anxiety throughout the civilized Would not the cultured portion of world." mankind, asked the radical Tageblatt, suspect that the Germans were to be crushed beneath the iron heel, not to say the mailed fist, of some new and frightful form of despotism?

"What are we to make of the suggested discord between the will of the ruler and the will of the people? Reconciliation there must be, but never shall it be on the basis of divine right and despotism." Meanwhile the world will despise the whole German people if it sees reason to deem them fit subjects for the machinations of a despot. "Never will the world witness a subjugated fatherland."

N the eve of the banquet, explains the official Norddeutsche Zeitung-eager to allay all agony caused by Emperor William's absolutism-his Majesty had been reading the Bible. "I like reading the Bible often," the Emperor himself had confessed to a reporter of that paper, it seems, or, at any rate, to somebody. "The Bible stands on the shelf at my bedside and I have underlined many a passage in it." This is an authentic utterance, says the Hamburger Nachrichten, which quotes the Emperor as saying further upon this theme that he can not understand why so many people occupy themselves so little with the word of God. "In all my thoughts and actions I ask myself what the Bible says about the matter. For me it is a fountain from which I draw strength and light. In the hours of uncertainty and anxiety I turn to this great source of consolation. I can not imagine a life which is inwardly estranged from God. We must all go through our hours of Gethsemane." So did his Majesty speak in private conversation just before his visit to Königsberg, where his speech was merely a continuation, says the official Norddeutsche, of the same pious reflections—"nothing but that."

STORMY times are ahead for the German people, predicts even so conservative a daily as the Berlin Tägliche Rundschau, which feels certain, nevertheless, that Emperor William spoke about the divine will in a purely religious sense. "All that has given rise to widespread dissatisfaction in the earlier utterances of the Emperor is focussed in this latest indiscretion. The sentiments are expressed with unprecedented vehemence." The conservative paper reminds its readers, however, that Emperor William is a constitutional sovereign in a strict signification of the term; but that circumstance increases its dismay. "Why, then, this insistence on the divine and personal right of kings, which must give rise to interminable misunderstandings and fan the flames of the anti-monarchical agitation?" The fact is that the phraseology is "mystical," reflects the conservative Berlin Post, a pillar of the Prussian throne, "and must be deemed prayerful rather than political." William II., being a pious prince, we read, is to be interpreted in a Biblical spirit. "Profane criticism reads despotism into an utterance that is in reality a declaration of submission to the divine will."

SOCIALIST organs grow sarcastic as they comment not merely upon the text of the Emperor's words, but upon the utterances of what is styled "the Byzantine press." The curse of Germany, says the Berlin Vorwarts, champion always of the most uncompromising Socialism, is the Byzantine spirit of the "This Byzantine spirit finds in bureaucrat. the latest effusion of imperial enthusiasm the meat upon which it loves to feed. What wonder that the republican idea spreads." In direct antithesis is the reflection of the clerical Germania (Berlin) which deems it well that his Majesty finds time now and then to "remind Germans that there is a God in Heaven -a truth too often neglected in this materialistic age." Yet his Majesty should not derive erroneous ideas from the detail that there is a supreme being. "Even a German Emperor may not invariably be the chosen instrument of Heaven." Experience has shown that public opinion always impresses the Emperor in the end. This is denied by the Vorwarts, which hints cautiously that "Germany is ruled more despotically than was Turkey when Abdul Hamid dwelt in Yildiz Kiosk." The Reichstag will tell his Majesty unpleasant truths.

ALL Germany awaited with eagerness the expression of the imperial Chancellor's views upon the tense situation precipitated by his sovereign's eloquent references to the divine will. Long did Doctor von Bethmann-Hollweg remain not only silent, but inaccessible to the reporters. He did, it is now admitted, inspire directly the views already quoted as those of the Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung. But for fully three days he was evasive and inaccessible. Finally the cautious and somewhat dull, tho diligent and judicious, bureaucrat who fills the post made conspicuous by Bismarck ventured to say officially that Emperor William was conveying his personal religious views to the German "His Majesty takes it for granted people. that all his subjects deem themselves as close to God as he is himself." All Germans must

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orate set t cello is in mark look first to the will of God and hold it the highest law. "Emperor William does no more." The allusions to his own position as a sovereign which his Majesty made with such candor are really intimations that he is a Christian, "which all ought to be." God is the King of Kings and Emperor William must recognize, him in that capacity.

GERMANY was still in the fevers of the political agitation provoked by Emperor William's words when rumors of a tremendous naval program, to be submitted to the Reichstag this winter, were exploited in Socialist dailies. His Majesty, according to the Vorwärts, had learned that every battleship laid down in the past ten years would be obsolete in the spring. Stories of British plans to lay down five steamless Dreadnoughts agitated imperial circles. The Emperor caused denials of these rumors to be issued in authoritative form. Nevertheless, according to the usually well informed Vorwarts, the German navy is on the eve of such an accretion of strength as has not been even dreamed of. Ordinarily the fleet, as at present organized, would be upon a forty-five battleship basis. In the course of the next session of the Reichstag it will be made plain that the complement required must attain a maximum strength of eighty-five first class battleships. Reiterated as have been the denials of the stories to this effect, there exists in the fatherland a definite impression that the immediate future is to bring forth another of the ambitious naval programs for which William is so famed.

WHILE the German press was still concerning itself with criticisms of the Emperor, a revival of the report that he was suffering from a malady far more serious than any physician dared to admit added to the general confusion. It was recalled that last summer Emperor William suffered from what was termed "a simple swelling" in one of his limbs. During the hot weather the imperial leg had to be kept in a horizontal position for hours at a time. His Majesty was then attended by the court physicians, no specialist being deemed necessary. A suggestion has now been put forward that the German ruler is in reality a very sick man and that his oratory reflects a patient's psychology. set these rumors aright, the imperial Chancellor himself protested that Emperor William is in the best of health. That makes his remarks the more unpardonable, according to a

paper so strongly monarchical as the Berlin National-Zeitung. It feels that his Majesty is serving the ends of the sensation mongers by his indiscretions. It sees in recent Socialist triumphs at the polls one result of the despotic tone of the latest imperial speech.

NE explanation of Emperor William's outbreak is found by the Paris Matin in his Majesty's alleged conviction that he will die by the hand of an assassin. This, we read, has been William's belief for years. has been predicted to him not once, but several times, in two instances by Hungarian gypsies." The correspondent who reports this circumstance professes to be able to bear witness, from personal observation, to the agitation the prognostication caused in the imperial "The Kaiser believes his doom will mind. come to him from the center of some crowd in the streets of his capital." This conviction that he is destined to die by violence forms not only a constant topic of discussion, says our authority, but also of correspondence between the Emperor and his advisers and more particularly between William and his intimate friends. "The bullet from the Anarchist's revolver that may put an end to his existence seems to be his subject of daily preoccupation." This explains the tone of utterances like that which has just stunned Europe. "It is not pose that makes his Majesty talk of God. It is the awful feeling of his destiny.'

POR the real explanation of the Emperor William's language we are referred by the Paris Aurore to the detail that he wore at Königsberg the uniform of the regiment of which Queen Louise had been, during her glorious career, in supreme command. first rate actor, he enters in mind as well as in body into each costume or uniform he dons. Of course this can be done only through autosuggestion." He suits himself to each set of garments with the utmost gravity. "It would be interesting to have a talk on this subject with the wardrobe men who help him to robe and to disrobe." Once he doffs the clothes in which he has spoken, the Emperor William subsides into his ordinary pleasant self, and he never recalls what he has said, is even bewildered by the outcry made about his language. Not for an instant, says the French daily, did his Majesty dream of overthrowing the liberties of the German people. "He is an actor who lives through many parts. The uproar of the past few weeks has been an uproar

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THE POPE'S LEGATE

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, the direct representative of Pius X., was the most exalted church dignitary at the Eucharistic Congress.

over a bit of acting." This, admits the French daily, is a way of saying that the Emperor is "mad at times," but he invariably returns to reason and promises to offend no more.

T IS one thing to be under the personal spell of a magician with words like Emperor William, complains the London Times, and quite another thing to read at a distance, by the cold medium of mere print, a deliverance so peculiarly Teutonic in its appeal. Not so long ago the Emperor had pledged himself to sin no more. He is at his familiar performances again in a far more bellicose strain. "For it is essentially an appeal to the high spirit of the nation which nothing but the Emperor's repeated emphasis of the need of peace can save from being interpreted in a more equivocal manner." Students of his Majesty's character will note, as they have had occasion to note before, the markedly Biblical, not to say Hebraic, tone in which the imperial orator invokes-nay almost commands-the aid and blessing of Providence on the destiny of the German race. "The curious blending of peaceful aspiration and of martial expression in his speech may to some extent be accounted for by the subject with which he was dealing." But how long will the peace of the world stand the strain to which his Majesty's oratory subjects it? The London daily can not tell.

PROTEUS is the type to which the world must refer in its interpretation of William's last mood, insists the London Mail. He wants the world to thrill in terms of his own temperament and he is delighted "to rival Roosevelt." If Mr. Roosevelt would subside, we should hear no more indiscretions from the war lord. The London daily feels confident of that. Whereas Roosevelt speaks to and for a democracy, William proclaims the medieval idea. "In one incarnation he is a knight errant, the very pattern of chivalry. speaks of war and of its sacrifices as tho he were inspired. He preaches the doctrine of the mailed fist as tho he were advocating a holy war, and then he surprizes with an oration which proves that he stands in the vanguard of progress. He is above all things modern in spite of his devotion to ancient times and to ancient practices." Whatever he does or whatever he says he is just "as interesting as Roosevelt." Throughout all crises, the picturesqueness of Roosevelt and of William never deserts either. Neither conceals anything, neither pretends to be what he is not. 'Roosevelt undertook to teach the English how to rule Egypt. William will next teach the French to rule Tunis.

WERE it not the design of Emperor William to prepare the way for the accession of the Crown Prince to the throne, he would, the Paris Débats suggests, lay less emphasis upon the divine origin of the power he wields. The truth is, says the French daily, that the heir to Emperor William's throne is altogether too modern to suit his father's temperament. The Crown Prince does not arrogate to himself any such rights as his father attributes to the Hohenzollern dynasty. This fact was brought out in the course of the arrangements for the tour which the heir to the German imperial throne will make of the far East. The young man is to be the guest of the Emperors of China and of Japan, but he may or may not visit the United States. That much was settled when it became evident that his Highness had been "modernized" by contact with French and English philosophers and American millionaires. The Crown Prince,

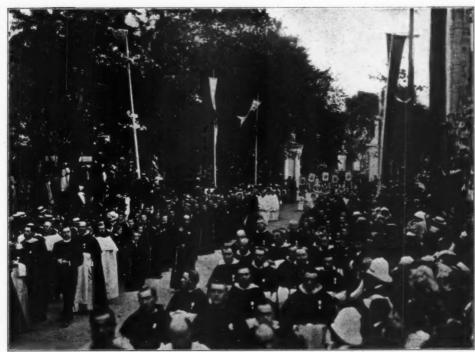
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A SPECTACULAR MOMENT AT THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

Montreal witnessed one of the largest as well as one of the most important gatherings under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church ever held in this country, the supreme moment being the procession bearing the sacred host through the streets.

according to existing arrangements, leaves Germany this very month and returns to the fatherland next February. He will deliver a set of official speeches couched in his father's most characteristic style, and when the reports of what he says reach Berlin, there will, the *Débats* thinks, be more journalistic sensations.

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ESPITE the reports that Pope Pius X. has been suffering from angina pectoris, he was well enough last month to follow with interest and satisfaction the display of enthusiasm for the Holy See which marked every stage of the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal. Whatever may be said in anticlerical organs of the misfortunes brought upon the Vatican by its diplomacy, observes the Indépendance Belge (Brussels), the religious history of the present pontificate has been bright. The propagation of the ideas for which the Eucharistic Congress stands "satisfies his Holiness that his reign has been a success, at least for the faith." France may persecute the church, the Portuguese may suspend church journals and even faithful Spain may rise in revolt against a concordat; but the general acceptance of dogma by the faithful-an acceptance never heartier than it is now, say clerical dailies-proves that the Holy Church is flourishing. Such is the purport of a recent conversation between the Pope and a French bishop which has found its way into the Paris Gaulois. His Holiness made special reference to the Eucharistic Congress then on the eve of its assembly in the metropolis of Canada. "The Church sustains none of the losses over which her enemies exult. She grows in moral power daily. She makes constant gains all over the world as the reports from the bishops everywhere indicate." These are the impressions of the Pope himself, and when they are questioned he quotes the reports of the proceedings of such gatherings as that so recently and so brilliantly concluded at Montreal.

SO EGREGIOUS is the misunderstanding of the Eucharistic Congress in the non-Catholic mind that the promoters of the his-



INDIAN TRIBES IN 'THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS PROCESSION

No feature of the great parade through the streets of Montreal attracted so much attention as the representatives of the tribes of savages whom the Catholic missionaries have won to Christianity.

torical gathering wish to emphasize the essentially religious nature of the event. There is no foundation, says the London Tablet, for persistent statements to the effect that the Eucharistic Congress assembles to agitate a restoration of the Pope's temporal power. As Pius X. not long ago celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, it was merely graceful, when an expression of loyalty to the Holy See was moved, to add a word of congratulation to the sovereign pontiff. But the chief purposes of the Congress are the reading and discussion of papers in explanation of the central dogma of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church the real presence in the holy eucharist-for the information of Protestants and as a means of promoting among Roman Catholics a more intense devotion to the mass and to the blessed sacrament. Catholics are thus engaged in a great and public act of faith, proclaiming to the world their unswerving belief in the central mystery of their religion, the belief that our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, true God and true man, ever offers himself as a sacrifice on the altars of their churches and unceasingly dwells in their tabernacles. The sacrifice of

the mass, the real presence—these are the doctrines which the Eucharistic Congress proclaims. and

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RACH year the Eucharistic congress has become more and more international. The assembly in the Canadian metropolis of Montreal proved by far the most representative that has yet been held. It was the twentieth of the Eucharistic congresses. Hitherto, we learn from the London Tablet, its places of assembly have been chiefly altho not invariably in France and Belgium. The first congress was held at Lille in 1881. Two years later it gathered at Liége. The fourth was held at Fribourg, Switzerland, in 1885. Paris was the scene of the sixth congress in 1888. In 1893 it assembled at Jerusalem. It celebrated its silver jubilee at Rome in 1905, when Pope Pius X. said mass at its opening and was present at the procession of the blessed sacrament when it closed. The eighteenth congress met two years ago at Metz and the government suspended the law of 1870, forbidding processions in order that the procession of the blessed sacrament might be held. The Archbishop of Westminster was among the prelates



CHOIR BOYS AND ALTAR BOYS IN ATTENDANCE UPON THE PRELATES

The outpouring of young people was one of the noteworthy features of the Eucharistic Congress, which had, as one of its themes, the education of the children. The little participants in the procession were of all ages, and they were attired in the picturesque garb appropriate to their function on the altar.

who took part in the proceedings at Metz and his proposal that the following meeting be held in London was cordially accepted with consequences exceedingly sensational. was last year. The procession of the blessed sacrament, which was to have formed the culminating event of the gathering in London, as it was actually the supreme incident of the congress at Montreal, was prevented by the intervention of Prime Minister Asquith at the eleventh hour. The excitement in London over this episode was unprecedented and intense. "It would be better in the interests of order and good feeling," Mr. Asquith said, "if the proposed ceremonial, the legality of which is open to question, be abandoned."

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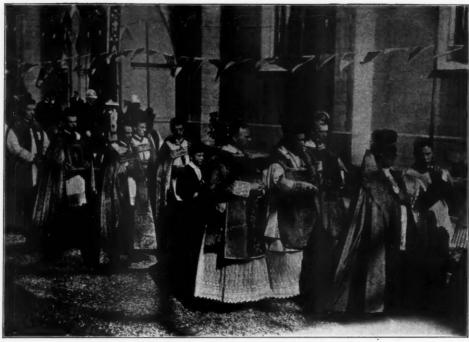
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SHORN of those special religious features which are forbidden by the law of Britain, the procession of last year's eucharistic congress in London, which inspired vehement comment, was only less magnificent than that in Montreal last month. There was in London, of course, no breach of the act of emancipation, which distinctly prohibits the exercise of any of the rites or ceremonies of the Roman

Catholic church except in places of worship or in private houses. Unfortunately the organizers of the London procession had been left under a misapprehension. They appear to have thought that the law in question was an obsolete one and that it, like the ancient statutes on Sunday observance, had, as the London Mail puts it, "lost force by the effluxion of time." This misapprehension was not removed by the Home Office, which appears to have granted permission for the procession. At the last moment, after this permission had seemingly been granted and all the arrangements for the procession had been made, objection was taken to it by those who regarded the proposed ceremonial as something approaching an open challenge to Protestantism.

DRAMATIC was the contrast between last year's London procession—confined to the streets within the immediate vicinity of the Roman Catholic cathedral—and the interminable marching columns which marked the culmination of the twenty-first Eucharistic congress in Montreal. The host was preceded in the Canadian metropolis by fully a hundred



THE BISHOP OF ST. JOHNS LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL

So many bishops were present at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal that even exalted dignitaries looked common, but the most distinguished ecclesiastic among them was Most Reverend Michael Howley, of Newfoundland, who has long been noted for his championship of the fishermen's cause in his diocese and who is shown in this photograph wearing the cope and bearing the crozier of his office.

thousand marchers. Some half a million spectators lined the route. The sacred host was borne by the papal legate. This exalted dignitary happens to be one of the most distinguished members of the Vatican court, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, who must not be confused with another member of the sacred college of the same name, Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli. The presence of Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli in London last year was historic, for it was the first time that a papal legate had set foot in England since Cardinal Pole was appointed to that dignity in 1554 with the commission of restoring the realm to the Roman Catholic faith. His appearance in Canada enabled multitudes to behold for the first time a papal legate wearing over his scarlet cassock the alb-a long linen garment, heavily fringed with lace—and over this a cope of white and gold.

PIUS X. in the Vatican followed with fervent interest, say the press despatches, the progress of the Eucharistic congress in

Montreal, the ceremonial splendor of which was not marred by the awkward crisis which arose last year in London. His holiness viewed the occasion as "one of the greatest manifestations of the Catholic faith and of loyalty to the Holy See which ever took place on the American continent." The Church finds itself, after seven years of the present pontificate, in the midst of difficulties greater and more numerous than those which have beset it at any time since the loss of the temporal power; but in the piety evoked by the Eucharistic congress, says the Osservatore Romano, official organ of the Vatican, His Holiness finds consolation for every misfortune. The occasion brings out, we read, the essential nature of the present reign-its religious tone, the importance it attaches to morals and to piety as distinguished from the successes of diplomacy and of statecraft. It is possible that the Pope may signify his satisfaction at the success of the last Eucharistic congress by elevating to the college of cardinals Mgr. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal.

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HEN the British House of Commons resumes its sessions in the middle of November, Prime Minister Asquith will confront the same crisis that proved so acute when the death of the late King Edward suddenly shelved it. The resolution abolishing the veto of the House of Lords in matters of finance and the resolution limiting their Lordships' veto on legislation have lost nothing of their piquancy through postponement. Dexterous as is Mr. Asquith in the details of party management, it seems doubtful to English dailies that he can succeed in his suspected intention to postpone these issues. King George is understood to be with his Prime Minister in longing for delay. He had followed, while still Prince of Wales, the progress of the fierce controversy between the two Houses with keenest concern, attending the debates constantly. One of his first acts as King was to suggest to the leaders on both sides, the London Chronicle notes, that their difference be settled by negotiation instead of open warfare. There ensued a species of truce under his Majesty's own auspices. Should this truce be continued, the House may be adjourned in the interest of his Majesty's peace. If, however, the party leaders should have failed to agree, the session will be wound up not less speedily, according to the London Post, and the constitutional battle will be opened in the constituencies, to be waged without intermission until a general election early next year.

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RRITAIN'S sense of the exceptional gravity of the crisis upon which she is about to enter has been blunted, avers Arthur James Balfour, who still towers among the conservative-unionists as the solitary man of light and leading in the international sense. The ministerialists will have many famed leaders in the coming fray, but among the conservatives, as the London Chronicle feels, "Mr. Balfour stands in isolated eminence like a lofty peak rising out of a featureless table land." He now beholds the framework of the historic British constitution tottering and in all his speeches he dwells upon the imminence of the catastrophe. Mr. Balfour does not feel that the country is yet fully alive to the magnitude of the question the Commons have postponed so long. "All subversive revolutions have owed their success to the unscrupulous violence of a small band of determined men, aided and abetted by the ignorant apathy of the many." The real object of Mr. Asquith, as Mr. Balfour sees it, is perfectly plain. He wishes to make any majority in the House of Commons for the time being the absolute masters of the whole constitution. "It may be a majority not more homogeneous than that upon which Mr. Asquith now depends. It may include Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Richard Haldane, the most respectable figures in the existing cabinet, at one end, and Mr. Keir Hardie and the avowed Socialists at the other." In any event, the ruin of the constitution is "in sight" unless the coming session belies many of Mr. Balfour's prognostications.

REVOLT among his labor supporters in A the Commons is understood to have caused the Prime Minister far more anxiety last month than any of the fiery utterances of the opposition. He has been threatened with a serious defection of laborites and radicals when Parliament meets again, unless the law in the Osborne case is amended. The Osborne judgment is for the time being a critical theme to a ministry so dependent upon radical opinion as is that of Mr. Asquith. This Osborne judgment in effect prohibits labor unions from assessing their members for funds to support the political labor movement which is so numerously represented just now in Parliament. There have been fierce debates upon this crucial grievance of labor in the Commons. Mr. Asquith was deemed evasive when last the theme was broached in a crowded house. The laborite resolution in favor of conferring upon trade unions the statutory right to make compulsory political levies upon their members was last summer the first preliminary skirmish, says the London Times, on a question profoundly affecting public life in Great Britain. "Sooner or later Parliament will have to face it in earnest. The labor party is in agitation over it and but for the unprecedented political situation it would have undoubtedly come up in a practical form long ago." It is clear to all English dailies that if the law as set forth in the Osborne judgment be not revised by statute, the whole political labor movement in the realm of George V. is threatened with well nigh irrevocable disaster. "The proposal is to compel men to support politicians out of their wages."

NO LABOR representation will be possible in the House of Commons if the Osborne judgment stands, according to Mr. Keir



THERE AIN'T GOIN' TO BE NO CORE-A -Newark News

Hardie. He lays stress upon the value of labor representation, "which," declares the London Times, "nobody denies." Since they first appeared at Westminster, adds our contemporary, the direct representatives of trade unions and workmen's interests have always met with due appreciation inside and outside the House of Commons. "Nobody wishes to see them excluded or proposes to exclude them. That is not the issue. Trade unions remain as before at perfect liberty to promote the election of members to represent them, and to finance them, if necessary. They can do so by means of voluntary funds." But to deny the trade union the right to assess its members is to deprive labor of its easiest and best working machinery for the collection of the party contributions, so The Labour Leader (London) says. The trade unions exist partly to procure favorable legislation for their members and the Osborne judgment prohibits the application of the organization fund to its most legitimate purpose.

THILE the political excitement over the Osborne judgment was at its height, a story found acceptance in some London dailies to the effect that the Irish Home Rulers have formed an alliance with the laborites for the

promotion of their legislative interests during the coming session. The Home Rulers are to wage war on the Osborne judgment, while the laborites clamor for Home Rule. The story seems fantastic to the London News, which is a Liberal and ministerial organ, but it fills the conservative London Post with dismay. It sees reason to hope that in view of the coming coronation of King George, which is to be conducted upon a scale of unprecedented this ca grandeur next year, all parties may compose their differences. His Majesty is affirmed to cherish no delusions on this score. The laborites, according to Mr. Keir Hardie, will tolerate no more proposals for delay upon any pre-The coronation cannot be used, The Labour Leader says, as a shield for the privileged classes. It predicts that the vote of the Lords "will go." So will the Osborne judgment. In that event, says the London Post, the throne "will go."

EEN was the dismay of the suave Prime Minister of Japan, Baron Komura, when he took note last month of the efforts of certain European dailies to impart an anti-American significance to the pact between his sovereign and the Czar. There is not the slightest foundation for insinuations, he said, that the new agreement between Japan and Russia is aimed against the United States. The egregious misunderstanding must be the result, the Baron fears, of irresponsible utterances in disgruntled Paris and Berlin dailies. When it was pointed out to the Japanese Premier that even Russian dailies here and there-notably the important Novoye Vremya of St. Petersburgsaw in the new agreement a check to Washington, the Baron seemed pained. The dailies in Tokyo which draw their inspiration through him were soon proclaiming the unalterable attachment of the Japanese for America. Europe is scarcely convinced. Newspapers in London incline to echo the hints in newspapers throughout France and Germany that the pact affecting Manchuria bodes little good for the "Taft policy" in China. Russia and Japan agree to coöperate in Manchuria "with a view to the improvement of their respective railway lines" as well as with a view to their mutual interests generally. This seems to the Paris Débats "a glove thrown into the visage" of our Secretary of State, Philander C. Knox. That statesman is assumed in European dailies

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during E LABORATE festivities to be held in Tokyo as evidence of popular satisfaction at the pact with the hereditary foe were suddenly put off by the great floods. The streets of the Mikado's capital ran rivers and countless lives were lost. A tithe of the horror and anguish experienced by the sufferers in this catastrophe, says the Paris Temps, will never be known. The need for relief is still pressing, altho public and private benevolence responded nobly to the cry for aid going up on every hand. The Japanese character emerged grandly, our French contemporary says, from the catastrophe. Whole quarters in the suburbs looked as if forever dead and washed over by a deep sea. Now that the cataclysm has been definitely averted, the people of Tokyo face with a light heart the disasters in the wake of the flood. Many streets, altho not inundated, were for days in comparative ruin. Prime Minister Komura spent days and nights in passing over the drenched thorofares of the suburbs. Tokyo has now lost her Venetian aspects and the papers are once more agitating the political situation.

It proved a bad omen, from a Japanese standpoint, for the new diplomatic era of peace

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WHEN it was established beyond a doubt that Japan and Russia had reached an agreement on the subject of Manchuria, the Prince Regent of China sent for the grandest mandarin in the Wai-wu-pu, which conducts the empire's diplomacy, and, according to the Paris Débats, berated that functionary There were instant rumors of a revival of the power at the court of Peking of the disgraced Yuan-Shi-Kai. named statesman, altho the ablest administrator his country possesses, has been in disgrace for some reason never disclosed. Last month's despatches were filled with stories of his sudden restoration to favor. It was at his instigation, it is said, that the Prince Regent has set to work to refill Manchuria with Chinese settlers, a task somewhat sluggishly undertaken last year and only now prosecuted with energy. Multitudes of Chinese peasants of the best type have been despatched to the region embraced by the new agreement be-



WHAT JAPAN AND RUSSIA HAVE AGREED TO DO The partition of China will proceed in the most amicable fashion.

-Kladderadatsch (Berlin).

tween Tokyo and St. Petersburg. "This," says the London Post, "is but a part of the new policy of China, the effects of which can already be divined." Neither Russia nor Japan can foil Peking's colonization scheme in Manchuria.

JAPAN had to annex Korea, explains Prime Minister Komura, because a mere protectorate fostered every abuse. "Korean officials paid little respect to the Japanese advice given them so long as they were free to reject it. Evils had taken deep root. The incapacity of the same officials and their habitually defective governmental organization handicapped the Japanese program of reform." But a remedy had been found or was supposed to have been found, protests the London Standard, in the appointment of Japanese officials to the number of over two thousand. It was confidently expected, according to the Japanese resident, that they would serve as models of official routine and moral integrity. Under their tuition, the Koreans would rapidly learn how to govern. The insurrection which had been a grave obstacle to progress was "yield-



POLICE BOATING THROUGH AN ANCIENT HIGHWAY NEAR TOKYO

In the houses on either side of the flooded street the dying and the dead were numerous, and the people who had lost all their possessions numbered thousands.

ing to treatment." The happiest augury was the recent visit of the Crown Prince of Korea to Japan. He is a lad of eleven, "whose retentive memory and brightness in making practical application of what he learns" amazed his preceptors. What is to be done with him now that Korea is annexed does not appear in the despatches.

KOREA'S somewhat sudden annexation was accompanied by the usual official assurances of friendliness to all the powers, the United States included. Europe, through her inspired organs, sees in this step another check to Washington policy. Its consummation, altho anticipated as a certainty of the future, took the London press somewhat by surprise. It seems to the London Standard to subject the Anglo-Japanese alliance to an unnecessary strain. It does not accord with the idea of equal opportunity for the commerce of all nations in Korea. Is it not a slap at the principle of John Hay's open door? Our contemporary has its doubts. "It may not be altogether easy to find a plausible explanation of the fact that not long ago an official report was issued by the Japanese resident-general in Korea the tendency of which was to prove

that under the existing system things were going admirably." Now all is changed. The Prince Regent of China is reported as peculiarly exasperated. The v

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THERE is, however, no mystery regarding the change of Japanese front that precipitated the annexation of Korea, according to British organs in general. The astonishment attributed to the Prince Regent of China is presumed to be histrionic and for the sake of effect. He knew what was coming and Prime Minister Komura knew that he knew. "Unprejudiced observers," says the London Standard, "have borne witness to the failure of an attempt to treat Korea as some of the feudatory states in the Indian empire are treated. The Koreans were incapable of ruling themselves and equally incapable of administering their own affairs under the tutelage of Japanese official agents." Prince Ito's successor at the Korean residency, the able Japanese diplomatist Viscount Sone, had been forced lately to retire through ill health. He died last month. A new resident, Viscount Teranchi, the former Minister of War at Tokyo, has succeeded him at Seoul. He is past the prime of life and he spent his time



RAFTS IN THE FLOODED STREETS OF A TOKYO SUBURB

The waters invaded the homes of the poor and the beautiful villas of the well-to-do, forcing all classes to navigate under difficulties.

at first in amiable assurances that Japan had not the slightest intention to annex Korea. His surprize at what took place the other day is presumed to be analogous to the surprize of the Prince Regent of China.

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IF IT were not for the blow to the prestige of the United States, the annexation of Korea and the pact between Japan and Russia need concern the world very little, opines the Berlin Tägliche Rundschau. The whole series of episodes can be traced, it feels confident, to the dread of American diplomacy which now actuates all that Prime Minister Komura does in world politics. The Berlin journal professes to derive its information from well informed sources in St. Petersburg. Yet any idea that recent events in the far East reflect Japanese antagonism to any other power, the United States included, may be dismissed as absurd, insists the London Post. "It is better for Russia and for Japan to develop the territories which they effectually control. Japan is mistress in Korea and in the peninsula of Port Arthur. Russia holds the lower Amur and the Amur province. There is plenty to do for each of them in these regions and meanwhile they can make the best use of the railway in Manchuria which the treaty divided between them." These considerations do not at all please the Prince Regent of China, says the Paris Débats, and he has already begun a series of negotiations through the Wai-wu-pu which may bring Germany upon the scene in a new aspect altogether, to say nothing of the United States. "America is thwarted for the moment, but her turn is to come."

ORFIRIO DIAZ, whose seventh term of office as President of the Mexican republic expires this month, and who, as all the world knows, has been chosen to succeed himself in his high office, remained the central figure in the festivals which brought so many distinguished foreigners to the capital of his country. The excellent health which impresses all beholders who come into personal contact with the venerable ruler is ascribed by himself to a fondness for outdoor exercise. He confidently anticipates surviving his next term, in which event, according to the sarcastic refugees who maintain so active a press bureau in this country, the general will be a candidate for a ninth term. The re-election of General Diaz, however, the London Times declares, is "the inevitable and satisfactory sequel" to his acceptance of renomination to office more than a year ago. Whatever criticisms of the Diaz system may be heard in our own land, it remains a fact that abroad the standing of the Diaz administration seems unassailable. was in the face of his own protest and against his personal wishes, observes the London daily just named, that the General consented to serve his country once more. On the first of next month, therefore, at the age of eighty, he enters upon his eighth term. "He will do so amid the good wishes of the whole world, which has come to regard modern Mexico as the splendid crown of his labors and to take for granted his continued occupancy of the highest position in the republic." It seems, indeed, to be the general expectation of European dailies that General Diaz will remain in office to the end of his days, and they appear to be glad of it.

A SSOCIATED with Diaz in the good opinion of Europe is Señor Ramon Corral, whose retention in the vice-presidency, according to the London Standard, strengthens the faith of Europe in Mexican stability. Every foreign nation of any importance was represented in the capital upon the supreme occasion of the centenary on the sixteenth of last month of the great proclamation of freedom by Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla. The thirty subsequent days had, by enactment of the federal authority, been allotted to a prolonged celebration. The peon population was told that no native with a dirty face or destitute of a shirt would be tolerated in the thorofares of the capital. It must be borne in mind, observes the London Times with regard to this drastic legislation, that barely a century has elapsed since Mexico became an independent power and it is only now that the people are learning the true significance of modern civilization. The experimental stage is barely past and the precise results of the essays of the period now closed have yet to be ascertained. On the whole they are, most critics agree, beneficial. The United States Embassy at Mexico informed its Government of the regret of President Diaz, expressed by him to the Embassy, according to the officials of the London Foreign Office, that the American press should have published inaccurate and misleading articles about the Government of Mexico.

MEXICAN papers have noted with professions of regret during the past month recent hints that diplomatic relations between the two great republics of North America are strained. This assertion, we read in The Mexican Herald, has no foundation in fact, and seems to be based merely upon the personal attentions accorded a Nicaraguan revolutionist by the Diaz government. Central American policy of both Mexico and the United States is in harmony, this authority says. That all the republics were not long ago embroiled in revolution extending throughout the whole of Central America is due to the concerted action of both the United States and Mexico. Nevertheless the London Post sees reason to affirm that "by Mexico the trend of the policy that is now being developed in Washington is regarded with considerable suspicion." Last December, when American intervention in Nicaragua seemed imminent, a special envoy was sent from Mexico to the United States with a view either to securing joint action between the two countries or, as an alternative, to arranging for a settlement of their respective spheres of influence in Central America once and for all time to come.

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RESOLUTE refusal even to consider the claims advanced by Mexico in Central America was returned by our Department of State to the emissary of General Diaz. English dailies profess to know that with certainty and they seem unable to accept at their face value recent assertions that the diplomacy of the two republics harmonizes completely. "It seems clear that the United States is determined to assert its right to dominate the whole of the country between the Panama Canal and the Mexican frontier." How jealous is American feeling on the question is manifest to the London daily in "the keen irritation caused by the recognition which in an unwary moment the German Emperor accorded the late President of Nicaragua." This "recognition" turned out to be no more than formal acknowledgment of a letter from the ruler of one state to the ruler of another, conveying a perfunctory announcement of his accession to office. Whatever friction may have existed between Mexico and Washington is a thing of the past, nevertheless, if we may accept the assurances of the inspired press in the republic south of us. President Diaz is satisfied, say Mexican dailies, with American policy in Nicaragua.

Persons in the Foreground

WOODROW WILSON, A PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY

THE head of Princeton University is being groomed for the presidential race in 1912. Two years ago he was prominently mentioned for the Democratic nomination. His "boom" never assumed enough vitality to reach as far as the national Its chief-almost its onlysponsor was Colonel George Harvey, who is the executive head of the Harper Brothers publishing house. Dr. Wilson is one of the authors of that house, having written a brilliant sketch of American history, which, by means of thick paper, large type and a profusion of interesting illustrations, has been expanded into a five-volume History of the American People. It is safe to say that Dr. Wilson's presidential possibilities in 1906 never kept Mr. William Jennings Bryan awake

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With Mr. Bryan apparently eliminated from the next race, and with no other dominant personality to take his place in the Democratic situation, Woodrow Wilson's candidacy for the nomination becomes something more than a smiling matter. With his nomination and election as governor of New Jersey this year, his candidacy for the higher office would become a real factor in practical politics. It will not be the first time that a college president has become a participant in national politics. Garfield was a college president at one time. So was Congressman William L. Wilson, the brilliant author of the Wilson tariff bill. So was Julius H. Seelye, who went from Amherst to Congress and "made good." So was Champ Clark. And Governor Hughes was a college professor. In fact, it is doubtful if any other profession can produce a list of men who have made such uniformly brilliant success in politics as has been made by the college presidents and professors who have all too rarely left the academic shades for the fierce light of the political arena. Dr. Wilson's pedagogical career is not, therefore, an insurmountable barrier to a large political success if he once gets into the race.

Tho he is a university president and was before that a professor, Woodrow Wilson is by no means a mere academician. He looks forward rather than backward. He was a lawyer

before he was a professor. In his academic work he specialized on political history and government. He has not confined himself, as president of Princeton, to the university surroundings, but has lectured and made afterdinner talks to all sorts of societies and clubs in all sections of the union, on all sorts of living topics. The keynote of his educational theory is that the college must fit a man or woman to become a good citizen. "I am not an educator," he once said to Robert Bridges, "and never have been one nor want to be. I despise the mere accumulation of knowledge. But I want our students to feel the formative influence of the university in their lives. I want to make them good citizens of this democracy. They can't get that from an exclusive association with a small coterie of congenial spirits. They must have contact with many kinds of men and have a chance to know their professors and instructors. All college men can't be great scholars, but they should become good citizens. I have, all my life, looked upon education as a public question, intimately connected with the welfare of the State."

His endeavor to apply this theory has caused friction in Princeton. His "quad system" was interpreted as an effort to break up the clubs into which Princeton students, in the absence of Greek-letter fraternities, have organized themselves; and because of the hostility aroused by this effort among the alumni he was requested by the board of trustees to withdraw his recommendations on this line. The recent turmoil in Princeton over the Proctor gift of half a million dollars for the establishment of a graduate school was the result of this same view held by Dr. Wilson that the university should be a great nursery of democracy. He interpreted the conditions of that gift as antagonistic to his view, and the effort to change the conditions caused the withdrawal of the gift. For a time wild and whirling words came from the alumni, which ceased only when a much larger gift from another source, for the same purpose, was announced, the conditions of which were more acceptable to the president.

Born in Staunton, Virginia, of Scotch-Irish

ancestry, reared and educated in the same section, and yet for many years identified with Northern institutions and activities, it is thought that his name would appeal strongly to Southern delegates to secure him the presidential nomination, but would not arouse the distrust with which many Northern voters would view any candidate more actively identified with Southern politics. Emotionally he is not a typical Southerner. The personality of the Southern political leader is usually of more importance than his intellectual conclusions. The reverse seems to be true of Dr. Wilson. He is not picturesque. His personality has no surprizes in it. His career has been a consistent, logical development, molded by the intellect rather than by impulse or sentiment. "To those who have known him longest," says Mr. Bridges (in The World's Work), "he has always seemed to be growing according to a well-thought-out plan." He is of the Hughes type rather than the Roosevelt type of man. A writer in the New York Times some time ago described him as "the antithesis of Roosevelt." He is tall, spare, solemn-looking, with a long face and the look of a scholar rather than a fighter. "To say that Mr. Wilson is solemn," the same writer goes on to say, "is not necessarily to suggest that he is in any way lacking in humor. It needs but one glance at the man's face, however, with its long, somewhat severe chin, to convey the impression that he looks on life as a serious proposition, and, while he enjoys telling or hearing a joke, he is nevertheless strongly of the opinion that it is well to think long and hard before doing or saying anything in a spirit of levity which may have an effect on another purpose." His mind is analytical, as is that of Governor Hughes, and some observers even detect a resemblance at times in the facial expression of the two men. But he (as well as Hughes) has both wit and humor, and can say things in an unusual way as well as in a mercilessly lucid way. The Constitution of the United States, he once remarked, "guarantees to every man the right to a certain amount of loafing." "No man," so runs another remark, "should be accepted as a husband who cannot drive a nail." He is an excellent speaker, of the convincing rather than the impassioned style. His exposition of the Short-Ballot reform a few months ago before an after-dinner audience of newspaper and magazine men in New York City was a model of clearness and strength. His manner of oratory is that of an easy level-toned talker

who is trying to impress his ideas upon you rather than his personality. He is very much interested in the Short-Ballot reform and is president of the association organized to push it before the nation.

Dr. Wilson, if he figures at all in the presidential campaign two years from now, will doubtless figure as a "safe and sane" candidate and will receive his strongest backing from the same forces that compelled the nomination of Judge Parker six years ago. Those forces were the conservative moneyed Democrats of the North and the Southern Democrats. His views sharply antagonize those of Mr. Roosevelt in the matter of regulation of the corporations by the federal government. "Mr. Roosevelt's plan for government control," he says, "is only depriving the people of their right to operate the business of the country." But Dr. Wilson has his own way of putting a bit in the mouths of the corporations. He says: "I believe a statute could be drawn up compelling the officers of corporations to file in the office of the people's executive officer of the State a complete report of their directors' meetings. Such a rule would make stock transactions a matter of official record for the people, and with a law governing the limit of such competitive incidents of corporation business as came up, any violation of that law would entail the imprisonment of the executive officer of the corporation."

When the recent panic was on, Dr. Wilson declared that it was due, in his opinion, "to the aggressive attitude of legislation toward the railroads that made it impossible for them to borrow money." Our currency system he has stigmatized as "almost the poorest in the world," but, needless to say, any reform he would make in it would not be in the direction of free-silver, or other populistic views, but along lines endorsed by the American Bankers' Association. The general problem of government he defines as "the finding of the individual in the maze of modern social and commercial and industrial conditions, finding him with the probe of morals and with the probe of the law." Governmental supervision should be of the kind that seeks not to determine the processes of business, but to bring home to individuals the obligations of the law. In other words, "government must regulate not as a superintendent does, but as a judge does; it must safeguard, it must not direct." Fining a corporation for violations of the law he regards as a very ineffective mode of punishment. A plundering corporation will get

HEADED TOWARD THE WHITE HOUSE

Woodrow Wilson, the head of Princeton University, is being urged as the next "safe and sane" presidential candidate on the Democratic ticket. "Corporations," said Dr. Wilson last month, "do not do wrong. Individuals do wrong, the individuals who direct and use them for selfish and illegitimate purposes." To continue to treat the corporation as a "legal person" he regards as childish, futile and ridiculous.

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the amount of the fine out of those plundered. The individuals responsible, not the corporation, must be found and punished. A few weeks ago he was denounced by the State Federation of Labor in New Jersey as a foe to organized labor. This brought forth from him an earnest denial. The federation, he said, had been misled by the newspapers. He has always been "the warm friend of organized labor." It is not only desirable, but "absolutely necessary" for labor to organize if it is to secure justice from organized capital. He is much more afraid that the great corporations will harm the country than that the labor organizations will harm it. Our attitude should not, however, be one of hostility toward them any more than it should be hostile toward the labor unions. "There has been hostility enough all around." What is needed-and here the learned Doctor seems to grow rather hazy and futile-is "to take common counsel as to what is for the common benefit, for the good of the country and of the several communities in which we live and earn our bread not only, but our happiness." Which sounds to our ears very much like the non-committal utterance of a man conscious of the fact that he is being groomed for a political race.

Well, all public men have to do more or less

of that sort of talking on thorny subjects. And Dr. Wilson does not believe in blurting out one's views too quickly. On this very point he criticizes Mr. Roosevelt. "I am told," he said a year or two ago, "that as soon as Mr. Roosevelt thinks he talks,—a simultaneous miracle that is not, according to our education, the customary way of forming an opinion."

There are indications that Dr. Wilson would welcome a change from his present position to an active career in politics. He expressed his dissatisfaction some time ago-even before the trouble over the Procter gift-with the position in which many college presidents find themselves. He said: "A danger surrounding our modern education is the danger of wealth. I am sorry for the boy who is going to inherit money. I fear that the kind of men who are to share in shaping the future are not exemplified in schools and colleges. So far as the universities go the side shows have swallowed up the circus, and we in the main tent do not know what is going on. And I do not know that I want to continue as ringmaster under those conditions. There are more honest occupations than teaching if you cannot teach." That is plain talk. There is no reason to suppose that the recent trouble in Princeton made him feel any less keenly on the subject.

YOUNG J. P., WALL STREET'S HEIR APPARENT

OWN in Wall Street they have a harmless little affectation of calling each other not by one's name, but by one's initials, preferably the first two initials. Mr. Rockefeller is referred to as "J. D.," Mr. Morgan as "J. P.," Mr. Hill as "J. J." "Young J. D." and "Young J. P." therefore are the familiar Wall Street way of designating John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., tho nearly two decades have passed since those "young" gentlemen presumably cut their wisdom teeth. "Young" J. P. is now well into the forties and is the father of four children.

The financial crown of Wall Street undoubtedly rests to-day upon the well-furnished brow of the senior Mr. Morgan. When he steps completely down and out, there may be more or less of a struggle over the succession, for the claims of heredity are not viewed as sacred down on the Stock Exchange and thereabouts. But the younger Morgan will have claims other

than those arising from the fact that he is the son of his father. In the first place he will be in personal control of the greatest financial machine ever developed on this side of the sea, and a machine which he has helped to build and knows how to run. In the second place, he has apparently the training and the brains necessary to utilize his advantage. In the third place there is no man in the younger group of financiers who is likely to dispute the succession with him. To all appearances there is no man now visible in this half of the world whose shadow is likely to loom larger for the next few decades than that of "Young J. P."

It was James J. Hill who called him, years ago, "a chip of the old block." He is now something more than a chip. He is a pretty good-sized block himself. He is a big, broad-shouldered, deep-chested man. His speech is, like his father's, brief, blunt and almost brutally direct. His bigness, however, according to close observers, has something gentle about



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IN TRAINING FOR A MODERN ATLAS

This cheerful gentleman is expected to take at least one half the world upon his broad shoulders as soon as his father, J. Pierpont Morgan, relinquishes the load entirely. "Young J. P." has been in training for that event for twenty years, and all the intricacies of international exchange are at his fingers' ends.

it which many contests with bulls and bears has rubbed out of his father's manner. His kindliness, says one writer of the son, is well known, and there is a natural note of cheerfulness in his temperament. He is not only, therefore, cheerfully big, but he takes his greatest pleasure in doing big things. "It is not so much the desire to make money," one newspaper interviewer reports him as saying, "but the feeling that you are doing something and something big. There is a fascination about it that none who gets in touch with the Street can resist. I confess I am like the rest." He ought to be, if blood counts for anything. His grandfather, Junius Spencer Morgan, put his own stamp on more than one big financial affair in his day, and the number of big enterprises that are running around in our day with the brand of "J. P. M." on their flanks is as large as that of the steers on a Texas ranch.

Morgan the younger went to Harvard (where his father had gone before him), and graduated as an honor man in 1889 at the age of twenty-two. He entered his father's banking house almost at once as a clerk and began his schooling under the rough but effective tutelage of his tremendous sire. One of the ways to this day in which a clerk of that house warns another, if he is guilty of carelessness or error, is, it is said, by the terrifying words, "Look out or you will get what Jack got!" Jack, of course, is Morgan Junior. Well, he came through the strenuous drill in good shape, and when he was well out of the awkward squad period, in the course of eight years, he was shifted to London to finish his education in international finance. It was during this period of his pupilage in London and New York that the big development of American industrial concerns into trusts and the listing of their stocks and bonds on the Stock Exchange was taking place. Railway after railway was reorganized by the Morgan house, trust after trust was created and financed. Around the old-fashioned marble building at the corner of Wall and Broad streets as a center the continental tides of high finance whirled and eddied. All of these great movements young Morgan has seen: part of many of them he was. The floating of the "ship trust" was largely his work. He was to a considerable degree instrumental in financing the underground railway system in London. When the panic of 1907 came, Morgan the son had to a great extent obtained the direction of affairs in the New York office, and his two hundred pounds, more or less, of avoirdupois, his mas-

sive head, high forehead, commanding gray eyes, large and well-shaped nose, firm mouth. heavy chin and bushy brown mustache had become a familiar sight at that Broad street window through which, in the years past, the form of his sire had been seen so often by the awed devotees of financial power. The elder Morgan had been gradually growing a less and less familiar object in his own office. But the clang of the doors of the Knickerbocker Trust Company as they closed on that fateful day in the fall of 1907 and the hubbub that ensued and spread to the confines of the nation called forth the old leader to his post, and he took command of bankers and trust magnates and railway kings and issued orders to them like a general directing an army in time of battle. Through all that strenuous period, so they say, young Morgan wrought like a first-class brigade commander, alert, precise, unexcited, unhurried, making no mistakes, executing orders, sparing in his words, but unsparing in his labors. When the chaos ended he had added greatly to his own prestige and called forth the brusque but meaningful praise of his

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But the question whether the younger Morgan will rise out of the class of brigade commanders and become a great dominant commander-in-chief is one that remains unanswered as yet. Careful training and conscientious application to duty can make a George B. McClellan. It takes genius to make a Ulysses S. Grant or Robert E. Lee. The work of William H. Taft as a cabinet official and the work of William H. Taft as President are two different kinds of work and call for different degrees of daring and power. Young Morgan has not even yet passed beyond the cabinet stage. No one can get the full measure of the man until his father has passed on and the son finds there is no one but himself to put the final "O. K." on great ventures and new methods required to meet unprecedented situations.

"Young J. P." has a fine country home near Glen Cove, Long Island, said to have cost a million and a half. He has a city home adjoining his father's in Madison Avenue. He is reasonably fond of out-door sports, especially of horses and golf and sailing his little thirty-foot sloop, the *Ibis*. He belongs to numerous clubs, but seldom visits any of them, spending most of his leisure time in a very small and select coterie of six members, including himself, his wife, who used to be Miss Jane N. Grew when she lived in Boston, and four little Morgans, the eldest of whom

is just beginning to get an idea of the place destined for him in the world and the hard training he will have to undergo to fill it. A taste for reading, especially of biography and history, and an educated taste for art form part of "Young J. P.'s" personality. Sir Casper Purdon Clarke, until recently the director of the Metropolitan Museum, is quoted as saying that the son's taste and judgment in art are superior to those of his father. He has a strong aversion to newspaper notoriety and will in all probability make the same mistake made by most of the big financiers, Rockefeller, Harriman and the rest, and discovered by them later on in life—the mistake, that is, of refusing to take the public into confidence on measures of vast import in which the public is vitally concerned.

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Well, it is a wonderful thing to wield such power as "Young J .P." is wielding and seems destined to wield in the days to come. But we can not help speculating on the extent to which the power is, on the other hand, wielding him-how far his real personality has been repressed or warped out of its natural growth, and distorted by the mighty surge and sweep in which he found himself as soon as he left We are all the creatures of the university. heredity and environment, and in young Morgan's case the environment has been of such a tremendously urgent and impelling sort that one wonders whether the inherited qualities have not been more or less overborne and dominated by them. That may be and then again it may not be the case in this instance.

The photograph we reproduce does not indicate a heart bowed down with weight of woe, and the picture given us by a writer in *Munsey's* of the younger Morgan in action, in his office, does not suggest the victim of a cruel Frankenstein:

"In the house of Morgan, if you should go into that long, glass-enclosed office which runs parallel with Broad Street, you would see, almost any afternoon, a big, broad-shouldered, deep-chested man walking around with his hands dug deep into his pockets. He might be leaning casually up against one of the many desks where sit that remarkable group of financiers known as 'Mr. Morgan's partners.' He might be gazing out of the windows into the tumult of the Curb Market, or watching the human ebb and flow around the white marble portals of the Stock Exchange.

"You could spot him for a Morgan at first glance, not so much for the bigness of his bulk, but because he is in so many ways the embodiment of his father. He has the Morgan eye that searches, the Morgan alertness, and the Morgan nervousness of movement. He is no ordinary-looking man. If a messenger-boy should hand him a paper, he would read it at a glance and give an order in a monosyllable. With a look or a nod he directs.

"This apparent carelessness of manner does not betoken indifference. It is simply part of the life of the Morgan office. Perhaps no other great business institution in this country tolerates so much informality. You can see the humblest bookkeepers smoking at their work; men come and go without restraint; there is none of the tension so often found in huge financial concerns. And yet here is the throne-room of the money powers."

THE LEADER OF SPAIN'S WAR ON THE POPE

RATORY is always a formidable weapon to that Señor José Canalejas y Mendes who, by plunging Catholic Spain into conflict with the sovereign pontiff in the Vatican, has concentrated upon himself the attention of the Señor Canalejas has made himself master of a sonorous and exquisite rhetorical art in which grace of gesture heightens grace of diction. Distinction is the very flower of his oratorical manner-not the theatrical distinction of some stagy hero of a play, but the natural and unforced majesty of the leader born. That is the way the Madrid Heraldo sums him up. Señor Canalejas is an aristocrat, we read, well born and well bred, a

man widely traveled and still more widely read; but above all else is he the orator, whose accents persuade, arouse and inspire. But for this gift he could not have stirred great audiences all over Spain, audiences often hostile or indifferent or at most but heated to a momentary partisanship. But Canalejas has traveled and talked in every part of Spain for years until by this time he knows his countrymen and can sway them as he will.

Were the famed Spanish anticlerical a Russian, points out the *Matin*, he would be referred to as "an intellectual." He has essentially the modern mind. His tastes are for the sciences and the new knowledge, while his

pursuits, altho in the main political, have kept him in touch with every idea that is of to-day. His instincts are journalistic and his methods sensational. He loves mobs and noise and avoids the traditional methods of the Spanish politician. In appearance, he reflects the modernism of his mind. One sees him, notes the French daily, in trim new sack suits and natty straw hats, swinging a slim cane and holding in his hand some fresh French novel. He knows everybody in Europe worth knowing, but his companions are the men who do things. He longs to see Spain as modern as himself and herein, we read, is the secret of his career.

The appurtenances of the twentieth-century man surround Canalejas when he is active politically. His office boasts its typewriters and its telephones, its filing cabinets and its roll top desks. These things never please the statesman of the old school. Maura and Moret are finished grandees of the Spanish type-affable and courteous, but very dignified and prone to hold aloof. Canalejas is quick and nervous, never standing on ceremony, shaking hands freely instead of embracing, knowing no antique code of honor and never thinking of his rank as Prime Minister of the most Catholic of Kings. "He is up to date," as the London Mail says, "and he dreams of bringing Spain up to date." He uses a motor car and makes speeches in the street-expedients quite too unconventional for political purposes to the way of thinking of those who prefer their Spain quaint and medieval.

Business is the great aim and end of things to Canalejas. He chafes and fumes to see Spain lingering in the thirteenth century. He dreams of schools of commerce in every convent. He longs to cut up the ancient cemeteries into building lots and to sell them to the poor on the instalment plan. Thus the London Telegraph interprets the Canalejas temperament. Nothing so aggravates the Señor as to be assured that Spain must wait to be modernized. "Wait, wait! To-morrow, tomorrow!" he cried in the Cortes. "That has been the curse of Spain." Poor Canalejas can not wait for anything, even a Madrid railway train. He is the incarnation of punctuality, a species of Chicago grain speculator, as the Paris Temps says, breathing by some freak of destiny in the flesh and blood of a Spanish grandee. For Canalejas is by birth and breeding a grandee, allied with many noble houses, a circumstance he ignores and to which he prefers to make no allusion.

The enemies of Canalejas love to affirm that he would have made a splendid actor. He has the presence-the Señor is tall, handsome, well formed. He retains in middle life the perfect physical frame that enabled him to chastize a bull fighter who refused to stop swearing in the presence of some ladies at Seville. The Señor is an athlete in a variety of ways and he runs foot races to-day for the improvement of his health. He had the misfortune when young, according to a clerical paper, to fall in love with Voltaire, whose works made him an atheist. This is denied in the Heraldo, a liberal organ which assures the world that the Prime Minister has profound respect for religion, altho he inclines to rationalism and was never very assiduous in his attendance at mass. Nevertheless, he believes in a supreme being and remains a deist, "just as he was when a boy." He reads contemporary German literature with devotion, and one of his favorite authors is Tolstoy. He thought once of becoming a painter and executed many fine landscapes in his youth, and the Heraldo greatly admires his skill on the guitar.

That marked partiality for the society of Señor Canalejas which King Alfonso has shown in recent years is attributed to the sense of humor they have in common. The Señor is one of the finest talkers in Spain, as has been noted already, but at a dinner table he is said to be ravishing in his wit and inimitable as a retailer of anecdotes in a dry, grave, sarcastic vein. King Alfonso is said to have assured King George that no one could listen to a story told by Canalejas without roaring. Yet there is no suggestion of the droll or the buffoon in the manner of the Spanish statesman. There comes over him at times a fanatical spirit and a fierceness of mood which have caused animosity in many political bosoms. Canalejas seems unable to assume the haughty pride of demeanor for which Spain's statesmen are famed. Mauras and the Morets make no concealment of their contempt for his vulgarity in aping the methods of rough and tumble Socialists. Canalejas got into an encounter with a Socialist at Bilbao and condescended to use his fists—a proceeding utterly abject and ill bred from the traditional standpoint. Canalejas never fences.

The sweetness of disposition which contrasts so strikingly with the natural pride of Canalejas was never so characteristically displayed, observes the French daily, as when the



THE SPANISH CATHOLIC FOE OF THE VATICAN

Altho he has achieved international fame by his fierce conflict with the church, Señor Canalejas, the Spanish statesman, insists that he is a Roman Catholic and a very practical one at that. He has not separated himself from the church, so he declares.

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1f social boycott aimed at him recently collapsed. The women relatives of the grandees are almost without exception of clerical sympathies. No sooner had Canalejas accentuated his quarrel with the church than his invitations to great houses ceased. For a whole year prior to the formation of the Canalejas ministry the present head of it received only stony stares from the feminine leaders of Spanish society. He was cut pointedly by an Infanta. The criticisms of his attitude went so far as to imply that he was not really a gentleman, that he was engaged in a vulgar and ignoble procedure, that he had become a traitor to the traditions of the best society. Canalejas seemed to be unaware of the boycott. He long went nowhere. Finally the King with the aid of the Queen took a hand in the social war. Word was passed about that their Majesties would cut all who cut the Prime Minister. The boycott collapsed. Canalejas cherished no rancor and greeted cordially those who had cut him so cruelly.

One tragedy has made somber the whole course of the great anticlerical's life-the death of the woman he married in the days of his obscurity. She belonged to a pious and important family to the members of which the political opinions of the youthful Canalejas were loathsome. Canalejas began as an "intellectual" early. At twenty he was an avowed Republican, and but a few years ago, comparatively speaking, he was accused of plotting to overturn the monarchical form of government in Spain. In spite of his brilliant abilities and the promise of his glowing youth, the family into which he married would not countenance him as a relative. Señora Canalejas remained true to her faith and to her love. She fled with her husband when flight seemed the only alternative to arrest, and she stood by his side when, as a cabinet minister ten years ago, he was ostracized socially for speaking against the church. On the eve of his greatest success, the Señora Canalejas passed away. It is still related in the Spanish press that the last act of the dying wife was to make her husband pledge himself to continue a Catholic.

In spirit, according to the assertions of the Prime Minister, he has kept faith with his dead wife. He placed the crucifix in her coffin and he saw that she was interred in accordance with the laws of the religion she so loved. Nor has Canalejas severed his own connection with the faith of his fathers. Time and again in the Cortes and on the platform

he has declared himself a true Catholic. It can be affirmed upon the authority of the Madrid Epoca that he receives the sacraments with regularity. The aged Spanish priest at whose hands Canalejas partook of the communion for the first time is reported to have said to the Premier lately: "My son, are you regular in your attendance at mass and do you approach the sacraments?" The answer was so satisfactory, we read, that the priest departed happy. Nevertheless, Canalejas continues to wage relentless warfare upon Vatican policy. He asserts that it is furthest from his intention to separate Spaniards from the faith to which they have adhered adown the centuries. Some clericals explain Canalejas as a hypocrite, but the weight of opinion is overwhelmingly in favor of the idea that he is honest and sincere.

Canalejas remains poverty-stricken after a long political career, a circumstance much to his credit, the Matin thinks, in a land noted for the sudden wealth of statesmen. Prime Minister holds no shares in Riff mines or in African plantations. He lives simply on a small income derived partly from an inherited estate and partly from his practice as a pleader. He has one body servant, as the Europeans call it, an old man who serves his master's coffee from sheer affection. The morning is devoted to getting up speeches, for the Prime Minister believes in the most careful preparation of all the oratory in which he indulges. There is a meeting of the cabinet once a week, at which the King presides. When the Cortes is in session Canalejas never misses an hour. He seizes as if by instinct the psychological moment, foiling many a coalition against him by timely utterance. Never is he conciliatory. "Canalejas," says the Matin, "prefers to fight for victory over the church. He does not want a reconciliation." His finest device is sarcasm. No man caused such loud laughter among the law-makers of Spain. This is the basis of the charge that he lacks reverence.

It is as the least Spanish of Spaniards that Canalejas impresses the student of his personality who writes in the Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung. The Spaniard is indolent and Canalejas is a pattern of industry. The Spaniard is haughty and Canalejas is modest and even humble. The Spaniard believes nothing matters very much and Canalejas is zealous for everything. Finally the Spaniard is perpetually procrastinating, whereas Canalejas refuses to wait for even the most drastic reforms. The

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modernism of his mind reflects itself in his domestic circle, where electric lights supplant candles and gas and where the native Spanish dishes give way to new modes of cookery. Seriora Canalejas remained while she lived as modern in standpoint as her husband altho she had not broken with the church and went

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piously to mass. Nor should it be supposed that the relations of the Prime Minister with the clergy are strained except in the political sense. He has many priests among his personal friends. One venerable prelate is persuaded that the Prime Minister is mad and therefore free from censure.

THE HOMERIC GRANDEUR OF THE NEWEST KING IN THE WORLD

T LAST the principality of Montenegro has elevated itself to the dignity of a Kingdom. Prince Nicholas, in the fiftieth year of his reign, assumes the glorious title of King. The powers, after tortuous negotiation, consented. The sovereign of Montenegro, ruling some quarter of a million people in a realm some hundred miles at its maximum length and perhaps eighty miles wide here and there, is now, to the great powers, on a plane of equality with the sovereign of the British Empire. Every generous spirit, comments the London Telegraph, will be "a little amused." Montenegro does, indeed, boast a constitution and even a parliament, yet it continues as truly the personal appanage of Nicholas as if it were Bagdad in the days of Harun-al-Raschid. Majesty always appears in the native costume that assimilates him to American minds with a Spanish bull-fighter. He can not reconcile himself to the high silk hat or feel comfortable in a long frock coat-habiliments to which he submits while in Paris. His daughter, the Queen of Italy, sent him a dress suit from Rome four years ago and this gift, according to the Paris Action, is utilized still by the King and his youngest son turn and turn about when they go to France. The sovereign's head dress is ordinarily a flat scarlet cap not unlike the Dalmation. The King's daughters-when they are at home-wear an ordinary skirt and bodice and over them a loose flowing garment. Feminine fashions, like the royal power, date from a dim past.

A day in the life of the King of Montenegro is compared in the Gaulois with a day in the life of a Paris shopkeeper, "the latter being more exciting as a rule and fuller of diversion." The morning may be passed in the Skouptchina among the members of parliament, his Majesty passing freely about without any escort at all. Montenegrin etiquet

permits any subject to address the King whenever and wherever convenient. His Majesty, who has long been an inveterate smoker, exchanges cigars and cigarets with all and sundry and discusses the possibility of tourist travel. Nicholas helps his people to attract visitors and readily gives his advice to innkeepers who know nothing of the mysteries of European furniture. The evening finds the King at home in the great front room of "the This is a somewhat shabbily furnished apartment with a billiard table in one The princesses knit and the Prince corner. reads the newspapers, especially those from Paris. His intellectual interests are mainly literary. King Nicholas follows the stage with attention and never misses the dramatic criticism upon which he makes spirited comment

Just before the members of the royal family separate for the night, there occurs, as a prelude to prayer, the singing of a patriotic ballad, composed sometimes by his Majesty, or, as often as not, by some bard dear to Montenegrins, but little known to the world outside. Every one of the daughters bears a name renowned in Serb history. Militza, for instance, was christened in honor of the virgin who saved the "black mountain" from the Turk ages ago. Stana is so called because her shrine immortalizes the heroine of one of the Moslem wars. Helena, the Queen of Italy, Anna, Xenia and Vera have all learned by heart the life history of their respective namesakes. Altho two of the daughters are now Russian Grand Duchesses and one is on a European throne, their mode of life, when visiting their father, remains uncompromisingly patriarchal. Queen Helena still asks her parents' permission, while in Montenegro, before helping herself to a second goblet of The King himself is always waited upon by one of his own daughters, while the remaining members of the family wait upon themselves. The bread is baked by the Queen. All dishes are native.

The enthusiasm of the King of Montenegro for large families-he has ten children-is presumed in the Paris press to be based upon the success His Majesty has had in contracting matrimonial alliances for them. One of the six daughters, as all the world knows, is now Oueen of Italy, her domestic traits being ascribed to the severity of the life she led as a girl at home. The marriages of his sons and daughters has gradually made King Nicholas the relative of most of the reigning families of Europe, observes Reno Pinon in the Revue des Deux Mondes. The European courts generally entertain for Nicholas to-day the same profound respect they felt for the late King Christian of Denmark. Nicholas is now, as Christian was before him, one of the "grandfathers of Europe." "His noble figure, rendered all the loftier through the pedestal his native heath provides, stands on the threshold of the Orient like some survival from a heroic age of the human race." An unaffected benignity has permitted the Montenegrin sovereign to maintain the peace within many a royal domestic establishment which, but for his intervention, might have been broken up.

One must actually have resided in the capital of Cettinje, observes the Paris Gaulois, to realize the adoration of which King Nicholas is the object among the Montenegrins. He is in a peculiarly literal sense the father of his people, whom he visits in their homes and who visit him in his with an astounding lack of ceremony and etiquet. No inspired Montenegrin youth hesitates to invade the "palace" if he chance to have written an ode or a ballad which he deems fit for royal per-Nicholas has listened to innumerable poetical compositions by youthful subjects of his and he has in turn read his own, submitting to criticism and accepting suggestions with perfect humility. Nor does he devote himself to poets alone. Cab drivers and peasants are equally welcome as visitors. He has decided views regarding the settlement of domestic difficulties, which are referred to him by the mountaineers as a matter of course. King Nicholas once had to suspend his deliberations at an army council to decide a controversy between a peasant and his father-inlaw over a wooden table. His Majesty decided the issue with perfect equity on the spot to the satisfaction of all.

One of the heroes of the King of Montenegro is the late English statesman, William E. Gladstone. He never wearies of discussing the career of the British worthy, to whom he refers as the "savior of the Balkans." It must be acknowledged that Gladstone deserved the esteem in which he is held by King Nicholas. "In my deliberate opinion," said the English Prime Minister fifteen years ago, "the traditions of Montenegro, now committed to his Highness as a sacred trust, exceed in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylae and all the war traditions of the world." Gladstone -whose eager championship of Montenegro. we are reminded by the London Telegraph, gave the mountaineers their coveted strip of seaboard-was referring to the fact that the black mountain, from which the principality takes its name, heroically maintained its independence during the many centuries when the conquering Turk was undisputed master for hundred of miles of the wild country by which Montenegro is surrounded on the land side. King Nicholas, who is a poet by temperament and a master of the epic muse, has consecrated his genius to the narration of these epics.

As a poet, in truth, the King of Montenegro has won a place in the literature of the Slav peoples which would of itself have sufficed to render him illustrious were it not for his royal rank. The Paris critics-who make and unmake reputations-are reluctant to praise kingly poets. They shrink from the imputation of sycophancy. For all that, the beautiful drama "Balkanska Tsaritza," wherein King Nicholas has told the story of his country's greatest heroine, has received enthusiastic commendation from the Revue des Deux Mondes. Not that the King is a playwright only. He has done brilliantly in many forms of poetical composition. His themes are almost invariably patriotic. He exploits in vivid verse the circumstance that when the old Serb kingdom fell at Kosovo, Montenegro was for two centuries the only safe asylum for the Serb race. By no bard has the racial spirit of Serb patriotism been more burningly kept alive. His hymn to the sun is esteemed in the Balkans as a classic, altho, like most Serb literature, it remains unknown to the western world generally through lack of an inspired translator. King Nicholas still produces an occasional ballad.

Simplicity remains as characteristic of the new King of Montenegro as it was fifty years ago when first he assumed patriarchal sway Pho

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EUROPE'S GREAT RULER WHOSE KINGDOM IS EUROPE'S SMALLEST LAND

Nicholas of Montenegro has just received recognition from the powers as a full fledged and independent monarch, after a rule of half a century, in which, as most authorities abroad agree, he has shown himself one of the ablest of living statesmen, one of the finest of living Christians and one of the most delightful of living men.

over the kingdom, which does not much exceed the area of a typical Ohio county. No earthly ruler, avers Mr. Harry de Windt in the London Westminster Gazette, is so adored by his subjects. The state of society in Montenegro has been styled Homeric because of its primitve artlessness. As in the Iliad princesses washed clothes, so in Montenegro do the daughters of the royal house wait at table and pass the dishes. The palace of King Nicholas is described as just such a mansion as a retired grocer would feel most at home in. The "Palace" boasts an ample but treeless garden. One encounters a sentry or two at the door. Otherwise there is no evidence of kingly state. The heir to the throne has manifested a modern luxury of taste to the extent of rugs and a major domo, but the second son, Prince Mirko, is content with a squalid-looking abode in a mean street of the capital city. The authority of the parent over his many children seems absolute.

Nikita is the appellation of his Majesty among his aged subjects, who deem him an elder brother and treat him accordingly. Venerable as are his years, he has lost none of his early interest in sport. It is said that he can still remove a cigar from the lips of an old friend by the primitive expedient of shooting it away with a revolver at thirty feet. He can throw an egg in the air and shoot it into fragments while yet aloft. His traits reflect a stern frugality. The expenditure of his married daughters upon clothes still worries him. The Montenegrin King still puts money in the savings bank and urges the habit upon his people. He remonstrated with a hotel keeper who bought himself a gold watch, pointing out that his own was brass. His Majesty makes no concealment of his conviction that European kings are too extravagant in their mode of life, thus setting a bad example to their subjects. His Majesty carried this passion for economy to the length of forbidding the only millionaire among his people from buying a costly motor car in Paris. "Your sovereign can not afford such a luxury," his Majesty is quoted as having said. The car was not purchased.

In ability and in character, notwithstanding his absolute simplicity, the King of Montenegro is pronounced by the London *Telegraph* the first monarch of this age. "Fifty years ago, the present head of the state, now King, succeeded to the throne, and his own career has been an epic worthy of the poetchief that he himself has been," At the out-

set his territory was hardly a thousand square miles, "a microscopic speck upon the map of Europe." Half a decade had not elapsed since the close of the Crimean war, and Turkish suzerainty still prevailed in nearly all the lands south of the Danube. "To have spoken at that time of kingship in connection with the black mountain would have seemed as absurd as if one should discuss as a serious consideration for modern politics the fact that there was once a King of Brentford." But King Nicholas, we are told by our contemporary, does not represent merely certain statistics of population and a small stony territory. "He stands for a great historic and racial legend." Morally he is not less worthy to be a King than any sovereign in the Balkans. than ever he will represent to a whole great section of southern Slavs the vague dream of some revival under altered conditions of Servian unity." Nicholas is King of the Montenegrins not in the sense in which George is King of the Britons, but in the heroic fashion that made Ulysses King of the Ithacans. This Homeric simplicity is most characteristically revealed in the spectacle of his Majesty borne uproariously through the streets of his capital upon the shoulders of some half dozen of the brawny mountaineers he rules, sovereign and subjects laughing and chaffing one another like warriors in the Iliad.

Perhaps one can not take leave of the subject of the Homeric King of Montenegro more gracefully than by a citation of the Manchester *Guardian's* estimate—an estimate no whit more eulogistic or appreciative than that of its contemporaries:

"No prince on the continent of Europe to-day deserves better of his people or of their neighbors among the nations. From the former he has the affection and honor which fervid nationalism and paternal government in the best sense of that dangerous term have as their due; from the latter the credit of having kept the peace in at least two situations full of menace for the whole of Europe. As Prince he has endeared himself to his people by the establishment of a Constitution which, tho perhaps less democratic than Western ideals would demand, has worked for five years with entire success; by the making of roads and railways in a country where such enterprizes are, more than in most, the springs of civilization; by the sedulous encouragement of agriculture and by wise law-making; and, above all, by a simplicity of life, open-handedness, and accessibility which have brought him into the closest and friendliest relations with the humblest of his subjects."

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Science and Discovery

EFFECT OF EARTHQUAKE ON THE EMOTIONS

ANY reports describing the mental state and behavior of people on experiencing the sensation of an earthquake in this country have been brought together and elucidated by Professor J. A. Udden, of Augustana College. He says in The Popular Science Monthly that "in the epicentral tracts some were terrified, many left or fled their homes" or from the buildings in which they were working. There were several small panics among laborers and among employees in factories. People were alarmed and excited and ran on the streets. Some schools were dismissed for the day and instruction was interrupted in two university classes. From farther out in the disturbed region some papers state that the people in the upper stories of some high buildings were frightened, and from still farther out reports mention that people were surprized or merely that they perceived the physical sensation, evidently unattended by any emotion.

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"The tendency of the human mind to make inferences and draw conclusions is pointedly illustrated by many of the reports. In cases where the earthquake was not recognized, the disturbance noted was nevertheless invariably ascribed to some cause, more or less remote, but suggested through the bias of previous experience. people thought the jar they felt was due to an explosion or a blast in some quarry, and others thought it was due to the moving of some heavy object in the building they occupied. A janitor in a school building thought that a man engaged to repair the flag pole had fallen on the roof. A grocer who had piled up some sacks of flour in the second story went up to see if these had fallen down. People living near car lines and railroads referred the commotion to passing cars or trains. Residents in the cities were reminded of the passing of heavy vehicles. Two unsophisticated children jumped out of a bed that shook, ran crying to their mother and reported that the bed was falling to pieces. A young lady stenographer in Chicago, more versed in the ways of the world, felt her chair rocking and promptly rebuked a supposed offender at her back with the command: 'You stop that.'

"Projected forward instead of backward, reasoning results in the vision of things impending. Here also the bias of earlier experience and of training plays an important rôle. Remembering the recent disasters in Europe, Italian laborers in

Chicago quit work to fall on their knees and pray. Recalling a prophecy of the coming of the end of the world three days later, some Zionists are reported to have concluded that the earthquake was the beginning of the fulfilment of the prophecy. Some persons who had left their houses refused for hours to enter them again, fearing a repetition of the earthquake. A prisoner in a jail is said to have speculated on his chances of getting away, in case the walls of the jail would fall, and some people in Chicago feared the coming of a 'tidal' wave from Lake Michigan.

"It is well known that afferent impulses, especially if they are powerful, have the effect of inhibiting or interfering with central psychic activities. Such inhibition was probably responsible for the forgetfulness of a reporter who sent in his account of the earthquake in a neighboring city to a newspaper in Clinton, but forgot to affix his signature. It explains also the action of a woman in a hospital who was walking on crutches and who ran out without them, to escape from the building. With the inhibition of man's reason, his instincts take its place, and it would seem that many of our instinctive actions are not much different from those of the brute. They are exemplified in the panics that took place in a few factories and schools. When people rushed from buildings and started to run on the streets, they acted on instinctive impulses. These actions must have been prompted by a nervous mechanism quite like the mechanism that started several runaway horses in places where the earthquake was sufficiently severe to appear alarming. launching of sensational rumors during a general excitement is traceable to a related instinct, only more refined and exclusively human. The reflex was started on this occasion by a fire in a kitchen in Aurora, and the reaction announced that 'Aurora is burning up.'

"One phenomenon in this connection is almost embarrassing to mention, in view of the present growing sentiment in favor of women's rights and woman suffrage. It appears from the effects of the recent earthquake on the American people, that human reason is more readily inhibited in the gentler sex and in children than in men. The statement may be worded in another and perhaps a better way by saying that human instincts are relatively stronger in woman than in man. This statement will hardly pass as anything new. This distinction is implied in the wording of one report which states that 'men were excited, women and children frightened.' It is stated that in Dubuque a panic was narrowly averted in a shop

where women worked. In an office building in the same city it happened that the women rushed in a panic to the stairs, and that men met them and quieted them. In a home for young women the jar is said to have 'scared the occupants out.' Several panics occurred in schools."

Nurses, too, were alarmed in a hospital.

Telephone girls, says Professor Udden, left the switchboards in Chicago, and "were scared" in another nearby town. A particular mention is made of a seamstress who was alarmed and of another woman who sank frightened on a bed. But in no case is a man mentioned as having been specially afraid.

THE GROWING PERIL OF ANESTHETICS

THATEVER the cause may be, declares a high authority in London, quoted with approval in the London Lancet, deaths under anesthetics are becoming too frequent all over the world. Last month, in one week alone, four inquests were held in England on persons who had died under an anesthetic. In 1866 there were five such deaths in England. In 1900 there were considerably over a hundred. In 1905 there were 155. Last year there were 235. This was in the case of one nation. In the United States the figures seem to be fully as startling. One thing, according to the expert whose article in the London Mail we copy here, is certain:

"The use of anesthetics should be controlled by legislation. At present they may be administered by anybody. If I sell a glass of beer to another the law will punish me; but I may drug my friend to my heart's content and the law will ignore me. Moreover, if I (supposing, as an illustration, that I am an unregistered practitioner) call in a medical man to administer an anesthetic to my patient while I, let me say, am setting his broken bone-bone-setters are numerous-that medical man will be punished by his professional authorities; but if I call in my cook to anesthetize my patient, then nothing will be said by anyone. Seeing that an enormous number of minor operations are carried out under anesthetics by unregistered and unqualified men, is there not here at least one ground for these deaths?

"Let me consider for one moment what placing a patient under an anesthetic really means. It means nothing more or less than that I am going to poison my patient to the verge of safety. I am administering to him a deadly poison, and only knowledge, care and skill will make that administration safe. If my patient dies from the anesthetic I administer—not merely under the anesthetic, which is a very different pair of shoes—then I have killed him, and it remains for me to justify my action. Consequently, it is of the utmost importance not only that my dose of poison should be the right dose, that the administration should be skilful, and any complications

that may arise should be promptly and properly met, but, above all, that the anesthetic I have chosen should be the right one in the circumstances."

For, unquestionably, many of the deaths recorded have been due to the administration of a drug which may be harmless to one person, but deadly to another, or of a drug of which so little is known that it should be avoided altogether.

"Thus I come to the second point—certain drugs must be forbidden to certain practitioners.
"Which, then, is the safest of these poisons,

some of which are inevitable?

"To answer this question it is necessary to consider for one moment the action of the anesthetic. This, in the case of the respirable kind-such as nitrous oxide (laughing) gas, ether, chloroform. and mixtures of the two last-may be said to be the inhalation of vapor into the lungs, which passes thence to saturate and intoxicate the blood flowing to the brain and thus paralyze the higher nerve centers while depressing the heart. Both the blood-circulating and the breathing machines are at once affected. The effect of the new and dangerous 'local' anesthetics-such as cocain, stovain, eucain, and the like-is to paralyze at once the immediate locality and often, subsequently, to produce a general condition which may be highly dangerous or deplorable.

"Other things being equal, unquestionably the safest anesthetic is nitrous oxide (laughing) gas. In over a million recorded administrations of this gas not one mishap occurred. The disadvantage of this vapor is that it lasts for so short a time that it is generally only used for brief dental operations; but it is now recognized that, when mixed with oxygen, longer operations—lasting over half an hour—can be performed under it.

"Next in order of general safety comes ether. Of the advantages of ether, the fact of its stimulus on the heart is most noteworthy. Its chief disadvantage is the extremely distressing preliminary effect on the patient. But some distinguished anesthetists who prefer ether obviate this by beginning with nitrous oxide. After ether come mixtures of ether and chloroform, the ether largely predominating: the mixture ACE, which means

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Undoubtedly chloroform is the most deadly of these anesthetics—partly because of its depressing qualities and partly, perhaps, on account of its being so generally preferred by surgeons for long operations, and the longer a patient is kept in a state of anesthesia the greater the risk. Of 132 deaths of males under anesthetics last year, seventy occurred under chloroform, four under ACE, six under ether, two under ether and chloroform, one under ethyl chloride, one under nitrous oxide, and in forty-eight cases, where the drug is not reported, the great majority almost certainly took place under chloroform.

Of the new local anesthetics, cocain is the least dangerous, but in many conditions it may be fraught with serious risk; while stovain, eucain, novocain, and similar new and highly dangerous drugs should be used only by highly qualified persons, and then under exceptional circumstances.

"At any rate, the use of stovain and similar drugs for intra-spinal injection should be forbidden to every practitioner but a specialist. They have resulted in many deaths and have frequently produced the most serious and unexpected after-effects—such, for example, as general paralysis.

"Next, no operation, not even a dental operation, under anesthetics should be conducted by an
operator unaided by an anesthetist. Of thirteen
fatal cases carefully examined into, twelve occurred when the two functions were discharged
by a single person. Nothing is more dangerous than this. The operator has to attend to
his own serious work, and the anesthetist must
watch with unremitting attention the effect of the
drug on the patient's condition, and, in particular,
on his breathing, and be ready to act instantane-

"Thirdly, no dentist should be allowed to use any anesthetic but nitrous oxide gas, unless he has a registered medical practitioner acting as anesthetist; and, fourthly, the ordinary medical practitioner himself must be better equipped in the future for the anesthetic operation. A practical course in the subject should be compulsory on all medical students in order to qualify, and greater facilities should be provided for the creation of a special class of anesthetists.

"One encouraging word in conclusion. I believe that the proportionate increase in the number of deaths under anesthetics will not continue. There is already in existence a tendency among the best anesthetists to produce as light a form of anesthesia as is compatible with the need—that is to say, to obtain the painless state with the minimum of unconsciousness. This in itself makes

for a far greater degree of safety. And, further, the invention of a most ingenious apparatus by which the exact proportion of vapor given may be accurately known and immediately controlled—a difficult and often impossible matter by the 'open mask' method—has enormously reduced the risk of chloroform. With such an apparatus in use, Sir Victor Horsley has declared that he knows of no death due to chloroform, and he does not hesitate to give chloroform with it to anybody.

"But legislation is needed to ensure the presence of an anesthetist in addition to the operator; that that anesthetist shall be, except in the case of nitrous oxide gas, a qualified medical man; and the abandonment of all intra-spinal injections of stovain, eucain, and the allied drops except under the strictest conditions and at the hands of qualified specialists."

Dr. Wendell Reber, of Philadelphia, has done good service, says the London Lancet, in collecting cases of the ocular palsies associated with the induction of spinal anesthesia by various solutions. He communicated his paper to the section of ophthalmology of the American Medical Association. Of the 36 cases brought together 33 showed involvement of the external recti alone, two exhibited incomplete ophthalmoplegia externa, and one presented fourth nerve palsy.

In the Journal of the Royal Army Medical Corps Captain J. Dorgan, R.A.M.C., has reported an interesting personal experience of spinal anesthesia. He lay on the right side on the table with his knees drawn up and lumbar region arched. Stovaine was injected between the second and third lumbar spines. He felt the slight prick of the needle in the skin, and after waiting anxiously for the further introduction of the needle into the spine, from which he expected pain, he asked the operator when he was about to inject the stovaine and was agreeably surprised to hear that it had been done some time previously. After a minute or two he began to feel a warm glow spreading down the right leg, accompanied by a sense of tingling and a feeling as if the leg was becoming swollen. Five minutes after the injection a pin-prick in the third right lumbar area was felt only as a pressure. About two hours after the injection all signs of the action of stovaine seemed to have disappeared. As sensation returned intense pain was felt in the wound; it lasted for six hours and then gradually passed off. Tho free from pain he suffered from insomnia for three There was never any headache or backache.

THE STEAMLESS BATTLESHIP SENSATION

O NAVAL news of recent years has created such excitement in the engineering world, to say nothing of the naval experts, as the announcement that the Dreadnought battleship type of the immediate future is to be without funnels, boilers, stokeholds and the other prominent features of steam. The internal combustion engine is to work these marvels and, in the words of London Engineering, to render the mighty battleships now in the British navy obsolete. At present, it appears from what our expert contemporary says, the internal combustion engine of the marine type has been used only in submarines and other small craft. Whether it has yet been brought to such perfection as to develop the forty thousand horsepower that would be required in the great battleships soon to be laid down for King George's fleet is problematical. A solution of the problem-which our contemporary deems practically found-brings us to the dawn of a new era in naval affairs. There are to be placed on the seas smokeless squadrons of great speed, with no funnels to hinder foreand-aft gun fire, and an enormous saving in space which would be devoted to saving and increasing fuel and ammunition. This would add enormously to the radius of a battleship and to its effectiveness in action. In other words, our contemporary declares, the mighty

battleship Orion, launched for the British navy a few weeks ago, is "an obsolete vessel."

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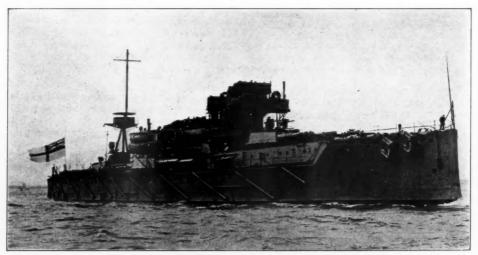
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The question whether any such development is possible in the present state of engineering science, observes Mr. Spencer Wilkinson, one of the famed naval experts of Europe, is one for engineers to decide. Their technical press inclines to view the matter as practically expedient, not to say feasible. Engineers have looked rather to the substitution of oil fuel for coal, says Mr. Wilkinson in the London Post, and they have pointed out that the gas engine proper, if sufficient power could be developed by means of it, would give far greater advantages than could be had from any installation of producer gas plant.

The belief that the future lies with some form of gas engine, to the exclusion of coal, is now firmly established. Such famed marine engineers as Sir William White and Sir John Thornycroft, to mention no others, have associated their names with it, so that the general attitude has for some time past been one of expectancy.

expectancy.

- "Of course the advantages to be gained from the use of internal combustion engines would be very great. If speed was to be the constant, the engine-room weights would be much reduced, and, in an increased proportion, so would the size, and consequently the cost of the ship. Conversely, if size was the constant, either a higher



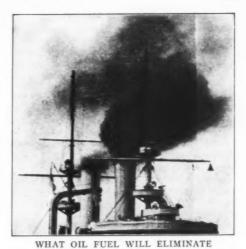
HOW THE BATTLESHIP OF THE FUTURE WILL LOOK

The smokeless idea as applied to battleships would not, in the opinion of the naval constructors, materially modify the aspect of the Dreadnoughts in reality, however they might be changed in the eye of the layman. There would be merely an elimination of the smokestacks and funnels.

speed could be attained, or a vastly increased radius of action-should that be judged necessary or perhaps the armament could be proportionately augmented. It must be remembered, however, that the weight saved would be low down in the ship, so that it is by no means certain that any such addition of weight could be made to the armament, which is now placed very high above the water line. In any case it is clear that a motor-driven ship would not need the large engine and boiler room complement which steam engines and boilers demand; and, perhaps most important of all, the filling up with oil fuel would be a speedy and clean proceeding, instead of the laborious and filthy task coaling is. It will be a great gain when a ship can simply go alongside a jetty or tank and fill herself up with fuel through a pipe. The gain in time, and above all in fatigue to the crew, will be an inestimable advantage in time of war. Also it is reasonably certain that it will be possible to take oil fuel on board safely at sea, a thing which, despite the exercise of much ingenuity, has never become feasible with coal. The absence of smoke and of vulnerable funnels are other obvious advantages. Lastly, the claim is that the abolition of funnels would greatly increase the arcs of fire of the guns. It may be suggested, however, that this last-named advantage has probably been over-estimated. Anyone who will look at the deck plan of a modern battleship, the Orion, for instance, or even the Neptune, will see that very little advance on their arrangement is to be expected. There must always be some deck hamper. Standard compasses, conning-tower, central controls, navigating bridge, and even boats must be carried. It may be doubted, therefore, whether the abolition of funnels would make all the difference which is expected in some quarters,

"As to the disadvantages of oil fuel in itself it is perhaps too early to speak. The fuel when carried in the double bottoms, as at present, is not dangerous in peace time, unless the ship should ground and force it up into the boiler-rooms—as has happened. With boilers abolished this danger would be abolished too. It has been often pointed out that a man-of-war at present relies on the arrangement of her coal bunkers for a reasonable share of her protection. This protection would, of course, be gone and a danger substituted for it if the side bunkers were filled with oil."

It has long been generally accepted by motor engineers that at some future date all classes of seagoing vessels will be fitted with internal combustion engines of some sort; but, in spite of the optimism in naval circles, the motor expert who discusses this theme in London Engineering dissents from many of the conclusions that have been set forth above. In spite of the positive announcement that the



The topheaviness and the smoke of the battleship are no essential feature of the craft as a floating fortress. They are shown here apart from the main structure.

British battleship of the future will be smokeless, he insists that the time is scarcely ripe for the innovation. One of the great points made in favor of the use of internal combustion engines for seagoing vessels is economy of space, he remarks; but this is not a gain peculiar to the "petrol" or heavy fuel explosion motor, because this economy of space would occur chiefly through the use of liquid fuel instead of coal, and marine engineering has been developed so rapidly in other directions that now we can use liquid fuel in connection with the generation of steam power. It is likely that long before we reach the age of the internal combustion engined Atlantic liner or full scale battleship all the trouble, the dirtiness and the space problem of coaling will have ceased to exist because we shall have long been using liquid fuel in connection with steam engines.

"Why, it may be asked, does such a development seem nearer the possibilities of this age than the giant-scale internal combustion engine using liquid fuel? The answer is that it is a moot point if we shall not have evolved the explosion turbine, on which many of our greatest marine engineers have been working for years past, before we shall be able to construct petrol or heavier fuel internal combustion engines capable of developing the enormous horse-power necessary to propel battleships and big merchant or passenger vessels. As far as present knowledge goes there are very strict-one might also say narrow-limits to the sizes which it is possible to make the cylinders of the liquid fuel internal combustion engine.

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"So far the internal combustion engine has been suitable only for water craft of compartively small power, that is to say, anything short of 1,000 or 2,000 horse-power, whereas one wants scores of thousands of horse-power to improve on present-day battleships driven by steam. Some of our greatest authorities, including Sir Trevor Dawson, the managing director of Messrs. Vickers, Sons and Maxim, prophesied years ago that ultimately we should have internal combustion engined battleships and Atlantic liners, but even at that period they laid far more stress on the coming use of liquid fuel than they did on the particular manner of its application.

"There is another kind of internal combustion engine, however, which presents no difficulty in the matter of using large cylinders. I refer to the giant stationary gas engine. In this country Messrs. Thornycroft, among others, have experimented for some years with gas engines for water craft and which manufacture their own gas; while in Germany the belief is widely entertained that in a few years we shall have no steam-driven battleships, but that the Diesel oil engines, which are familiar the world over in connection with electric light generating plant and so forth, will have entirely superseded water vapor power."

The need of emancipation from steam and coal-particularly coal-is the problem of getting more power in the given space and of being able to save labor and time in the matters of coaling and stoking. The navies of the world have come very near to the limits of what is practical as a business proposition in connection with the combination of steam and coal, notes the expert we have quoted so extensively already. The proportion of fuel that is needed in order to get another knot out of a vessel beyond her normal speed is not by any means in economic ratio to the fuel consumption under ordinary running conditions. That is, perhaps, largely a question of hull design and that is why even those marine motor engineers who are working on the problem of adapting the internal combustion engine to the uses of large seagoing vessels are at the same time seriously studying radical departures in the matter of hull design.

"We have got very near the commercially practical limits of speed for the cost of generating power in our present designs of hulls; but we have learnt already, for example, that a hydroplane using a 20 horse-power motor can go as fast as a racing motor-boat fitted with a 200 horse-power. Moreover, the hydroplane will ride the better for having more crew aboard than can be carried by the rival type of craft in question. It is all a matter of designing to increase speed by

reducing the resistances offered to the travel of the vessel. Sir John Thornveroft has been experimenting for years on hydroplanes, and in his latest examples has got some extraordinary results. At present there are disadvantages to this form of craft, particularly for naval uses, in that the 'bumpiness' of them does not give a steady gun platform. We are, however, merely at the beginning of such developments. Meantime one very interesting thing has been learnt, namely, that tho such vessels appear to have only two speeds, there is little or no cause for anticipating embarrassment in handling them, because at the slower speed such machines appear as very broad boats, whereas at the faster speed, when the prow shoots up in the air, they are true skimmers that meet with little resistance because they displace a mere film of water. We are yet, however, many years from being able to produce large skimmers on the scale either of war vessels or of merchantmen, tho undoubtedly in the future that will be our mode of progress on the face of the waters. In the present we have to wrestle with the power problem for hulls as at present understood. The fuel question is practically settledthat is to say, we shall use oil of various specific gravities."

There is a tendency, writes Archibald S. Hurd in Cassier's, to judge the power of a ship by the amount of metal which can be thrown if all the guns were fired simultaneously and without regard to whether they could be brought to bear upon an enemy or could be fired as fast in war as they can be fired in theory—on paper.

"A battleship, or battleship-cruiser of the Inflexible type, is merely a floating gun platform. It is the child of the modern gun, and the modern gun is of a very different character from the weapon which was mounted in the navy even forty or fifty years ago. It is now a weapon of precision and of very high power. Some years ago Sir Andrew Noble gave some most interesting particulars of the guns which in 1850 formed the principal armament of British frigates or line-of-battleships, and we thus obtain material for comparison with the weapons carried by the newest ships being built and of the strides which the science of gunnery—of hitting an enemy first and hitting him hardest—has made. The progress of gunnery has been due to the marvelous series of triumphs achieved by the gun makers of the world, spurred on to further effort by a spirit of emulation, and by recurring improvements in armor manufacture. As a result, strategy and tactics count for nothing if the ship's officers and men cannot use the guns so as to hit the enemy. The only object of a man-of-war and of all the laborious training of the crew is to hit first, to hit hard, and to keep on hitting."

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THE TYPES OF CHARACTER THAT RETURN FROM THE DEAD

NLY the evil spirits ever incarnate themselves in those ghostly visitants who are materialized by mediums. Hence we should never concern ourselves with spiritualistic investigations. is the summing up of a long investigation of the question which Reverend Robert Hugh Benson, son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, has made. He reports a case of an evil spirit which assumed the form of a beautiful girl and haunted a youth who had loved her while she lived. As a matter of fact, it was not the ghost of the dead girl, but a devil -at least that is Father Benson's conviction. The ghost was wonderfully like the dead girl and was materialized in the presence of many people.

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But the types of character which return from the dead are not necessarily evil, according to the distinguished Sir Oliver Lodge.* The man in the street, he observes, does not believe in ghosts at all, does not deem it proved that spirits ever return from the dead. There is really no harm in doubting that the dead come back from the grave, Sir Oliver Lodge thinks. The Anglo-Saxon prejudice in favor of "common sense" is healthy and it necessarily prejudices the judgment by preconceived notions of the absurdity of the belief in return from the dead. Andrew Lang, retorting to this argument-and Mr. Lang has been for years a careful student of ghostsinsists that we all have prepossessions when we come to look into the return of the dead from the grave.

"Many persons do not want to go on existing consciously after death; many are what Huxley called 'dreadful consequences argufiers,' and ban this study because they fear 'a recrudescence of superstition,' with witch-burnings probably. My own prepossession is dislike of popular science, which damns psychical research as a venture, without taking the trouble to read or learn anything about it. To be fair, I must also confess to a prejudice against all experiments in the way of attempting to communicate with departed spirits: tho I think that in the course of such experiments some very strange facts about the faculties of the minds of the living have already been discovered. Psychology has much to learn still about what is called the 'sub-conscious' or 'subliminal' self, and attempts to communicate with the dead at least increase our knowledge of the obscure faculties of the living."

What reason is there to suspect that the visitants from the next world-granting their reality-are wicked? Mr. Lang confesses his incapacity to appreciate the argument favoring either the morality or immorality of ghosts. The evidence in recent literature makes for the theory that the late Doctor Hodgson, so eminent as a psychical expert, is trying to come back from the grave. But the impression that only evil spirits do this implies that one of the devils in hell has been palming himself off as Doctor Hodgson in recent spiritualistic seances. It may be so, but to the mind of Andrew Lang the thing is a hypothesis merely. To him it seems as if the real explanation were, if not obvious, at least not supernatural. It is a matter of obscure human faculty. The mind gains knowledge in ways not hitherto suspected, but becoming more and more evident as our knowledge of psychology is incidentally enlarged by investigations of spiritualism:



THE MOST SKEPTICAL LIVING STUDENT OF GHOSTS

Andrew Lang, after careful investigation, feels impelled to deny that there is anything in recent "communications" from Doctor Hodgson and Professor William James.

^{*} THE SURVIVAL OF MAN. By Sir Oliver Lodge. Harpers.

"We have an analogy in our dreams, when we feel ignorant of some fact which is communicated to us by a person in our dream. Thus Dr. Hilprecht, the American Assyriologist, was told in a dream, by a person attired as a priest of Nippur, the sense of an Assyrian inscription which had puzzled him while awake. Or, again, the schoolmaster at Carthage was perplexed by a sentence on Cicero, which was explained to him in a dream by St. Augustine, who was then at Milan. The dreaming self discovers what the waking self failed to discover, and puts its information dramatically through the lips of another person. In the same way the self of the automatic writer poses dramatically as a spirit of the dead, 'a control,' signing, for example, in Mrs. Verrall's writing, the names of Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Mr. Edmund Gurney, and so forth. A highly educated and intelligent automatist, like Mrs. Verrall, is not, of course, deceived by these signatures, or by the dramatic personations of the manner, tone, and ideas of the supposed 'com-municators.' These are often rendered with astonishing success, both in the cases of Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Piper. Through Mrs. Piper the late Dr. Hodgson recognizes friends, and speaks of his own and their most private and intimate concerns, and generally conducts himself so like his old self,-a very marked personality-that many people can scarcely help feeling as if they were in actual communication with his spirit. But Mr. James discounts all this! Mrs. Piper knew Dr. Hodgson well; and, if he often speaks of matters which, as a very secretive man, he would not have spoken about to her, still, 'the sitter'-any friend of his-knows or may have known about them, and the theory of telepathy from the sitter's mind is less revolutionary than the theory that the dead Dr. Hodgson is communicating. The mimicry of his manner is probably beyond Mrs. Piper's normal self; and probably Mrs. Verrall could not consciously produce such excellent imitations of Mr. Myers's style of eloquence as she writes automatically. Again, Mrs. Piper is not familiar with obscure points in Roman mythology (points unknown to myself, tho mythology is my business). Yet, in her trance, she writes fluently about Ovidian variations on Greek myths, which is certainly puzzling.

The difficulty, then, is to get the supposed communicator to produce knowledge which would be proof of his identity. I cannot but think that if Dr. Hodgson were alive, and were trying to convince a sceptic at the other end of a telephone that he was Dr. Hodgson, and not an impersonator, his answers through Mrs. Piper would

satisfy the sceptic."

No one who has looked into the subject impartially, adds Mr. Lang, will believe that the late F. W. H. Myers is really striving to come back from the dead. His spirit has not

caused conviction by utilizing the curious invention of cross correspondence. This system is not easily to be explained. Mrs. Verrall, writing automatically, produces matter in Latin, Greek and English, not in French, which normally she writes with equal or greater facility. Soon after she acquired this automatic faculty the communicator, purporting to be Mr. Myers, kept writing such messages as this: "If you can not interweave, keep on writing: carefully consider all known material: then will come the light of the Sibyl." Meanwhile another lady, unknown to Mrs. Verrall, was writing to what purported to be Mr. Myers' dictation in India. A third lady was writing, usually to what purported to be the dictation of her son who fell in the Boer war.

"All the writings were studied by Miss Johnson, who found out that these writings, by ladies ignorant of each other's existence, at first supplemented and completed each other. The idea of the dictating agency whatever it may be was to exclude the possibility of telepathy between the living by making A write what was meaningless, till elucidated by comparison with what B or C, or both of them had written. To grasp the facts, long papers by Mrs. Verrall, Miss Johnson and Mr. Piddington must be carefully studied. The 'scripts' are chaotic and some of the parallels may be forced. Still, in my opinion, there are distinct proofs of the working of a single agency throughout. To explain by telepathy we must suppose the subliminal Selves of Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Holland and Mrs. Forbes to have invented the system, unknown to these ladies, and to have dictated to them complementary matter, while personating Mr. Myers and Lieutenant Forbes; and all this with that intent to deceive and produce the impression that the agents were Lieutenant Forbes and Mr. Myers in the spiritual world. In fact, the agency, whatever it is, did impress Mrs. Verrall with the belief that it had communicated to her the matter written by Mr. Myers in life, and left by him in a sealed envelope. The matter concerned the Symposium of Plato, but there was nothing of the sort in the envelope. The agency was deceptive, tho in other cases-even case of predictions wholly beyond human foresight-it was truthful. Thus we get no further forward. Things not explicable have

The latest important communication or alleged communication from the dead is that received from Professor William James, regarding which little that is definite can be gleaned from the experts either in this country or in Europe. The facts in the case are still subject of dispute.

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THE PORTENTOUS FACTORS IN THE MONTH'S CHOLERA SCARE

HREE important facts must be borne in mind with reference to the cholera panic which after affecting Europe for weeks past, has to some extent invaded the western hemisphere. The facts, as set forth by The British Medical Journal (London), are, first, that if properly taken in hand at its inception a cholera epidemic can be checked without great mortality; second, that if medical aid is obtained but a short while before death might normally be supposed to ensue, the patient's life can generally be saved; third, that countries even at a considerable distance from the infected region are likely to become infected, in spite of all reasonable precautions, by bacilli carriers.

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We are reminded by the contemporary from which we glean these details that the United States has been infected on four or five occasions from countries at a considerable distance from the ports where the disease appeared. Nevertheless the United States has succeeded in holding the disease in check through its quarantine service. The American quarantine authorities are quoted in European medical organs as saying that the United States is "impregnable to cholera," but in view of recent discoveries made at Rotterdam, our contemporaries, including the London Lancet, deem this too optimistic a statement. The authority last named thus sets down the particulars on which its judgment is based:

"Among 188 persons bacteriologically examined at Rotterdam in 1909, eight, or practically 4 per cent., were found to be bacilli-carriers, which means that, tho the persons in question were not sick, they nevertheless harbored cholera bacilli in large quantities in their bodies. In these eight persons germs were found for a period of five to twelve days, with no knowledge as to how long the bacilli were there before the first examination. The meaning of this to a port even as far from Rotterdam as New York needs little explanation. Among 100 people leaving Europe for America, four may be supposed to harbor bacilli in their system. They may carry these germs for twelve days, while the voyage of passenger ships from Europe to New York is very seldom over ten days and is usually less. Upon arriving at their destination these infected people will be passed by the quarantine doctors as healthy and allowed to go their way, tho investigations at Rotterdam tend to show that they are still a cause of public danger.

"For ports closer to the source of disease the danger naturally becomes greater. It must also be remembered that the class of persons most likely to be infected are poorer people coming from the cheaper, filthier parts of large cities, who, upon arriving in a new land, will doubtless settle in comparatively dirty localities in the densely populated parts of a city where danger from a rapid spread of any disease which obtains a foothold is greater than in the better sections.

"The experience of Rotterdam has thus shown that in a clean country, with an efficient force of doctors and sufficient hospital accommodation, cholera epidemics, if taken in time, can be checked. It has further been proven that the terrible death-rates which have usually accompanied outbreaks of this disease are avoidable if modern methods are promptly applied to stricken patients; but it has also been shown that the bacilli-carrier, a factor hitherto regarded as more or less negligible, is one of the greatest dangers to surrounding countries and is a spreader of disease who can neither be detected by the usual methods nor debarred by anything short of an entire discontinuation of commerce between an infected country and its neighbors."

Unfortunately, observes the London Medical Journal, the greater part of continental Europe must feel that Russia is a cholera menace too great to be resisted altogether. All through the summer and well into this autumn, Russia lay prostrate before the cholera. Then it was reported in Italy, and during the first week in the month that has just ended all Roumania seemed to be in the throes of the greatest cholera scare in her history.

Yet the peril of a general spread of the malady through Christendom is the result not of the number of victims, but of the fact that the bacillus carrier-the human being with the latent cholera in him-can move about so freely. This point has not been generally appreciated, thinks the medical organ already quoted, because the late Doctor Koch's work on the "vibrio" has not been made widely known to the laity. Cholera, as all vaguely understand, is caused by the infection of the intestinal tract by the cholera vibrio, the "comma bacillus" of Koch, one of whose signal services to mankind was the cultivation and description of this organism. "It is an active motile microbe of curved form resembling a comma without a head. When in active growth, the individual vibrios are often seen linked into long corkscrew chains." It is

a delicate organism easily killed by heat, for it has not the power of forming resistant spores. On the other hand it can remain alive and capable of virulence in the water for some time. It is immediately killed by boiling. Yet so contradictory is medical opinion on the subject of the treatment of cholera that the question whether the disease can really be cured is still open. Here, for example, is one expert medical view of the true and "new" mode of dealing with a cholera patient, given in the London Lancet:

"Cholera as a disease manifests itself by violent pains in the bowels, accompanied by terrific vomiting and diarrhœa. In these efforts of the system to throw off the bacilli great quantities of moisture are needed, so that a person looking hearty and hale when taken sick will, in a few hours, present the appearance of one in the last stages of consumption. His body is wasted away, his eyes are sunk into his head, and he may have lost twenty-five or more pounds through the sapping of the moisture from his body. The danger from actual cholera may be over, but still death will often result from exhaustion and heart failure. To meet these conditions the local doctors fin the Holland epidemic] resorted to hypodermic injections of a physiological salt solution up to quantities of several quarts a day. The effect of this mild salt solution is not only a replacing of the moisture which the system has lost, but a direct stimulation of the heart, and also an indirect stimulation of the heart by diluting the blood and thus reducing friction. The marvelous reduction of the death-rate resulting from this treatment is shown by the figures."

Definite as these statements are and high as seems the authority upon which they are based—the data being fresh and based upon the experience gained mostly in Rotterdam—the assertion is made categorically in the French hospitals that no cure of palliative treatment has proved itself availing. In the words of an elaborate study of cholera which we find in *The British Medical Journal*:

"For those actually suffering from cholera little can generally be done; nearly all die. Among well-marked cases probably not more than two or three per cent. recover. In the main they must be so treated as to be of as little danger to others as possible, and must take what small chance they have. The disease is so rapid that very little can be done to stay its course in the individual case. But for those not yet infected certain simple and obvious precautions would, if they could be carried out, practically do away with danger. Drinking water, the great vehicle of infection, can, even if contaminated, be made safe by boiling; infected clothing and bedding

may be burned or boiled, and its dangers come to an end. Hands may always be washed and effectually disinfected, and even the personal attendants on cholera patients run the very smallest risk if they are sufficiently disciplined never to relax their precautions. Unfortunately, it is next to impossible to see that even such simple methods as these are carried out among crowded and ignorant populations, and the disease must often 'wear itself out' in an infected population by the destruction of the more susceptible or by the coming of the rains and the flushing out of the water-tanks.

"There seems some promise of success from serum treatment, not of the diseased person, but of the uninfected, by way of precaution. But here again the difficulty of numbers and the opposition of ignorance are likely to prove insuperable as obstacles to any large degree of success. There is no probability that cholera will ever be stamped out by such methods as these."

Cholera, unfortunately, is one of the "water borne diseases" and it spreads chiefly by means of river basins. Existing at all times in either an active or a latent form in the far east and especially in India, it periodically becomes epidemic, passing down the great rivers. Fresh areas are affected by mild "ambulatory" cases in much the same way in which smallpox is often carried to new centers and a fresh focus for the epidemic spread of the disease is thus created. From the south it spreads to central Asia, Turkestan and southern Russia, and thence, if unchecked, it sweeps through central Europe as far as the Baltic and the shores of the North Sea, whence it is borne by ocean traffic to the Unites Cholera, therefore, is a disease against which organization and quarantine discipline are the great defenses. Any reliance upon therapeutics after infection is pronounced by this authority-contradicting others-to be sheer delusion.

The month's cholera news embraced a wide area. One report covers the interior of Russia in Asia and indicates that the authorities have been unable to cope with the scale of the epidemic. Hundreds have died, and hospital facilities are inadequate. The statement is also made that the Russian government has long been in the habit of concealing from the outside world the gravity of the epidemics with which it has been dealing.

This is denied in St. Petersburg, whence encouraging reports of the progress of the measures of relief have just emanated. The Italian health authorities insist that their quarantine is ample and efficient.

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THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS OF X-RAY MARTYRS

HAT mysterious disease which attacks those who have had to do with X-rays as scientists and which remains, in spite of assertions to the contrary, baffling to physicians, has claimed its most famous victim in the person of the late Harry W. Cox. The recent death of this celebrated expert reminds the Paris Cosmos that when Röntgen discovered the rays some fourteen years ago the medical profession in France at once recognized their value in the alleviation of pain. "The possibility of actually seeing the shape of a fracture or discovering the whereabouts of a bullet was an alluring one." The chief difficulty in the way of an immediate use of the new aid to surgery was that the apparatus could not easily be managed except by an electrician. The expedient, while valuable, was out of the reach of the medical man.

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The distinguished electrician, as he then was, Harry W. Cox, of London, was the first,

according to The Chemical News, to step into the breach. As an expert in electricity he devoted himself to the study and improvement of X-ray apparatus. In less than seven years he had taken out sixty patents. It was during these years of intense activity that he contracted the malady which has now given his name such prominence in the scientific press. He was ever ready to extend help and advice to others. He demonstrated his methods with himself as the subject of experiment. In this way he was constantly exposed to the influence of the rays. More especially was this the case with his hands, which were the first to show the ill effects. "With our present knowledge," says The Chemical News, "we may be apt to think that he was reckless at that time, but it must be remembered that the earliest reports of what was known as X-ray burn, and which was said to be akin to sunburn, were received with the utmost scepticism by the medical world. As further accounts came in from



APPLYING THE X-RAY THROUGH THE SAFETY DEVICE

The patient is seated in the chair with the usual protection against inhalation of deleterious vapor covering his breathing tubes. The operator is removed from all direct contact with the emanations. There could, it is declared, be no "martyr" to radium therapy in consequence.

all sides of people becoming bald, of curious eruptions of the skin, of inflamed eyes and partial blindness, the necessity for protection was recognized. Workers afterwards used gloves and aprons of india-rubber, impregnated with sulphide of lead or other heavy metallic substances, which were impervious to the rays. But in many cases irreparable injury had already been done."

The first symptom of disease in Mr. Cox's case was irritation at the roots of the nails of his right hand. One of these betrayed such alarming symptoms that his finger had to be removed. In no long time it became apparent, according to some facts reported in the London Medical Journal, that the pigmentation of the patient's skin had been seriously affected. It seemed to the attending physicians as if some fundamental alteration in the cutaneous issue had been affected by the rays. Nor were the modifications confined to the outer surface of the skin. Every membrane penetrated by the rays had been in some baffling manner modified in function. The flow of the

juices of the stomach was checked seemingly. The sensitiveness of the bodily frame to treatment-the effect known as reaction-was almost gone. The tissues were, one might say, fried out. The symptoms were not unlike those seen in certain stages of leprosy. There did not appear to be any mental degeneracy. At no time was the mind affected. The lay mind would best understand the phenomena if the idea of a drying up be formed of the bodily changes. Just as the sunlight will take the color out of a wall paper or a fabric, the X-ray seemed to have drawn the life, the vitality, the freshness out of this martyr to the latest form of therapy. The trouble began seven years ago. From that period until his recent release from suffering, the case of Mr. Cox had received the attention of some of the most renowned specialists in Europe, who were baffled in their efforts to alleviate the agonies of the patient. Every now and then, observes the London Lancet, there are announcements of some new method of protecting X-ray workers from the disease.

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APPEARANCE OF AN X-RAY CABINET FOR TREATMENT OF HOSPITAL CASES

The intricacy of the mechanism is more serious in some respects than the patient finds pleasant. The slightest will disturb the operation, and if the adjustments of the patient's body be not contrived by an expert, serious consequences would follow.

Religion and Ethics

THE RELIGION OF SUCCESS AND ITS SHORTCOMINGS

THERE is a new cult forming in America to-day-the Cult of Success. It already has its literature, its teachers, its journals; and its power is gradually extending. To W. J. Ghent, the Socialist author of "Our Benevolent Feudalism" and "Mass and Class," it already seems "a sort of religion." A horde of priests and oracles, he remarks, interpret its dogmas and disseminate its practical precepts. They tell you not only that you should win, but that you can win. They tell you that no matter how fierce the struggle, no matter what obstacles stand in the way, you can, by the exercise of courage and persistence and abstinence and thrift, attain the goal. Some of them tell you that you can attain it by merely thinking it, provided only that you think hard enough and directly enough; that "thoughts are things," and that the flower-like idea of success, well cultivated, brings of itself the fruit of realiza-"Many roads," says Mr. Ghent, "lead to the goal. There is room at the top for everybody. Make haste, rest not, sleep not: but like a star in its course speed onward and the victory is yours."

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And what do the exhorters mean by success? Mr. Ghent replies (in The Independent):

"One and all, this is what they mean: the attainment or the state of attainment of high place and rich rewards. No definition less material of aim or less opulent of promise would be thought by the instructors of the multitude to be worth while; nor, indeed, would any other satisfy the common desire or the common understanding. This is an age of material achievements and the meaning of the word necessarily takes on the form and pressure of the age."

Dr. Orison Swett Marden, of Success magazine, is selected by Mr. Ghent from amidst a host of minor lights as "the fountain head of the success religion." In his book, "Peace, Power and Plenty," Dr. Marden lays down the argument that poverty is unnecessary, that the Creator did not intend it, that "there is no providence which keeps a man in poverty, or in painful or distressing circumstances." You are told that "poverty itself is not so bad as the poverty thought. It is the conviction that

we are poor and must remain so that is fatal." You are told that "if we can conquer inward poverty, we can soon conquer poverty of outward things, for, when we change the mental attitude, the physical changes to correspond."

Difficulties are admitted; there are great obstacles to preferment and distinction; but yet, Dr. Marden urges, the strong of heart and the resolved of soul need not be troubled. As he puts it:

"I do not overlook the heartless, grinding, grasping practices of many of the rich, or the unfair and cruel conditions brought about by unscrupulous political and financial schemers; but I wish to show the poor man that, notwithstanding all these things, multitudes of poor people do rise above their iron environment, and that there is hope for him. The mere fact that so many continue to rise, year after year, out of just such conditions as you may think are fatal to your advancement, ought to convince you that you also can conquer your environment."

All our limitations, the argument proceeds, are in our own minds. "We starve ourselves in the midst of plenty because of our strangling thought. The opulent life stands ready to take us into its completeness, but our ignorance cuts us off." Then comes the counsel:

"If you want success, abundance, you must think success, you must think abundance. Stoutly deny the power of adversity or poverty to keep you down. Constantly assert your superiority to your environment. Believe that you are to dominate your surroundings, that you are the master and not the slave of circumstances. Resolve with all the vigor you can muster that since there are plenty of good things in the world for everybody. you are going to have your share, without injuring anybody else or keeping others back. was intended that you should have a competence, an abundance. It is your birthright. success, organized and constructed for happiness, and you should resolve to reach your divine destiny."

All this and much more the oracles of success tell you, but there are many things of equal importance, in Mr. Ghent's opinion, which they neglect or forget to tell. One and all, for instance, they neglect to tell you the mathematical and logical chances. Like the

agents of a great lottery, they tell you of the big winning made by Brown or Snigglefritz, and they appeal to you to duplicate their suc-They are not even as fair as lottery agents who at least tell you how many grand prizes there are and how many secondary prizes and tertiary prizes, and so on down to the least reward that any on can win. Nor do they tell you how many blanks there are. "They inflame your imagination till it sees the whole world richly hung with prizes, and you a certain winner. Under even favored conditions of birth and training, with innate energy, native capacity and agreeableness of personality, there may still be enormous chances against you; in certain states and conditions of life not one of you in ten thousand can reasonably hope for a prize. Yet you suffer the Arabian Nights tale of fabulous riches within attainable grasp to possess you and to control your thought and action."

Mr. Ghent goes on to cite the conditions in a single industry—that of the interstate railroads. Of the 1,458,244 employees in the United States (1908), how many, he asks, can hope ever to be numbered among the 5,767 general officers?

"You are an employee, we shall say; and in mere numbers you have about one chance in 252 of reaching your goal. No matter how efficient you become, no matter what hours you give to study and plan and fit yourself for 'higher' things, it is not likely that the number of general officers will be greatly increased. If all of you become the executive equals of the 5,767 general officers, there would still be places for only I in 252 of you. But the proportion of mere numbers is not enough. There are other factors to consider. In many of the branches of railroad service the qualities needed for efficiency are not the qualities needed in 'higher' places. You might be an expert tracklayer, a brave and skilful locomotive engineer. Your expertness in these lines fits you rather for continuance in your present work than for translation to other spheres, and you will find your special excellence a bar to advancement. There are casualties also to account for, and thus there is a further qualifying of the numerical chances. Suppose you are a trainman. Every year about 1 in 10 of you is wounded; about 1 in 135 is killed. You have thus a much better chance of achieving death or wounds than of achieving

Or supposing you are not a railroad employee, but a factory worker in a mill, condemned from early morning until evening to some mechanical task. "Your every faculty has been hardened about this one task, unfit-

ting you for any other. Your meager earnings just suffice to keep you and your dependents alive. You cannot move from your environment. Your life and the life of others depend upon the work-place to which you are attached. What other thought can you possibly have than the 'poverty' thought?"

There is another thing, Mr. Ghent continues, that the oracles of the success religion

neglect to tell you:

"In the vast and complex scheme of things, the 'lower' places are just as necessary as the 'higher' The 1,452,477 railroad men other than general officers are not employed through philanthropy. They are not employed by reason of the rich man's pleasure in paying wages to the poor man. They are employed because upon a hard, unsentimental cash basis it takes that many men to do the work. It cannot be done by machinery, nor by thought transference. It must be done by muscle and brain. No matter how efficient and masterful you become, these places would still have to be filled. You never heard, did you, that any of these places went begging? No matter how many men, according to the oracles, have scaled the walls of the earthly paradise, the common work has still to be done and there is ever an eager army pleading for the chance to do it, How shall it be done if all listen to the oracles of success?"

The pursuit of material success, Mr. Ghent contends, solves nothing in this world worth solving. "It is a cult which deceives and demoralizes and ruins, which blinds men to their actual situation in life and which evades or ignores the real solution of poverty. stead of fostering co-operation, the natural tendency of social man, it foments strife. It dooms the multitude to stumble about in privation and ignorance, led by a false light and a vain hope. By joining hands for a common purpose, you might achieve a material success in which all would share-or which would be the enduring basis of a higher success, a success of the social instincts and feelings, a success of moral and intellectual endeavor. By striving for individual material gain, you but wreck your own and others' opportunities." Mr. Ghent says, more specifically:

"There is thus another success than that taught by the oracles—a success often characterized by a chain of apparent defeats. It is a success which defies poverty; or which, tho sensible of its blight and pain, accepts it unflinchingly in its quest of higher things. It is the success of a Jesus, a Mazzini, a Marx. It is the success of thousands of lesser men in all times whose deeds are ungene vidu men rewa moto envi gain vidu Kar migl

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sands e unchronicled, and whose names, long forgotten, can never be resurrected. It is the success which, tho generally uncrowned in the lifetime of the individual, achieves its crown in the social advancement of the race. Is this too remote or barren a reward for which to strive? But barren or remote as it may seem to the being nursed in the environment of fratricidal strife and of material gain, it bears its immediate guerdon to the individual life. There is a luminous passage in Prof. Karl Hilty's little work on 'Happiness' which you might well memorize and make a part of you:

"'One of our own contemporaries, Thiers, a man who had in high degree attained success, and who at certain points in his life pursued it with excessive zeal, once made this striking remark: "Men of principle need not succeed. Success is necessary only to schemers." In other words, a genuine victory over the world is not to be achieved through that kind of success which the French call succès, and which for many men makes the end of effort. He who plays the game of ambition may as well abandon the hope of peace of mind or of peace with others, and in most cases he must forfeit outright his selfrespect."

Success then, as ordinarily understood, seems to Mr. Ghent no success at all, but rather defeat and impoverishment. He concludes:

"In the strife for worldly success you waste energies which would enrich the world. You rob yourself and all men. However poor in nature you may be, you can yet contribute to the real success of mankind. There is everything to do. What tho the event men call defeat forever recurs to you?

"In an ill-adjusted world, where brutality and selfishness triumph, there is no humiliation in the thing called defeat, so only that the goal striven for is the common good. The humiliation is rather in the misuse of our fellows for our own material gain, in the obstructing and halting of the onward march of mankind. Tho the oracles rave, and their followers imagine a vain thing, be it yours to emulate rather than to compete, to help rather than to harm, to struggle for and with rather than against mankind, to forego the lure of what men of the modern jungle call success and to seek the success of one in the success of all."

THE SECRET PURITANISM OF BERNARD SHAW

AN it be that Bernard Shaw, the apostle of moral revolution, the scoffer at conventions, is in secret a Puritan? Such at least is the claim of a brilliant young German critic, Julius Bab, who hails Shaw as the greatest ethical figure in the Protestant world.* Shaw, we are told, is a religious figure, a true representative of the old Puritan faith, the last outgrowth of Protestantism which he revivifies and reforms. He is the ethical wolf in the sheepskin of drama, the fiery prophet concealing the thunder sleeping within his brow under the bays of the poet. So far, maintains Dr. Oscar Levy in The New Age (London), this criticism is nothing new for Englishmen, for Mr. Chesterton called our attention some time ago to the strictly Christian origin of his azzzling contemporary. Herr Bab, however, Dr. Levy thinks, is superior to Chesterton in his knowledge of European art, literature and philosophy, and is therefore able to prove several important points which English critics, owing to their close relationship to Mr. Shaw, are prone to overlook, which Mr. Chesterton has not seen and which might even be interesting to Shaw himself.

Shaw has often evinced his contempt for those who worship art for its own sake. To him, Herr Bab points out, all things, thoughts, sciences and arts are only weapons to assert his "life will," the peculiar urge of his being. There is nothing definite in Shaw, except his indomitable will. Words and realities, conceptions and emotional values, he changes with every breeze that carries him backward or forward. We must look upon him as the captain of a schooner sailing the seas of time. Aboard, he imagines, is everything valuable and affirmative in modern civilization. He sets his sails according to the wind, he takes advantage of every breeze because he is determined to reach his goal. He has the practical, vital will to land at a predetermined harbor; and he is not swayed by the academic ambition of holding his rudder straight against the wind. The values he carries aboard his brave ship and the unselfish aim of his intellectual endeavor, lend universal interest to this adventure. "Bernard Shaw," declares Herr Bab, "is a skilful and successful agent of his own reputation, but I would not deem it worth my while to write three lines about him if I were not convinced this man uses his publicity merely as another breeze to swell the sails of his cause. He is not one of

^{*} Bernard Shaw. Von Julius Bab. S. Fischer, Publisher. Berlin.

those who burn up the entire world in order

to illuminate their puny ego."

In other words, Shaw is neither the pure artist nor the pure egoist, but above all the Protestant, the reformer, one might almost say the fanatic. He uses the drama as an instrument for the attainment of his ethical ideals, but an instrument he despises, and discards when he can. Shaw in this author's opinion is the authentic heir of Knox, Milton, Penn and Ruskin. Tho born an Irish Protestant, he was in touch as a boy with the Methodists, the most vital champions of Protestantism. This sober-minded Irishman realizes that the man of culture to-day looks at life half through the stained glasses of literature. Our conceptions are therefore misleading and narrowbreasted. Shaw rouses Puritanism against the pseudo-romance and pseudo-truths of literature. He addresses himself to those who oppose definitive ethical and intellectual interests to sensual vagaries. True, the Puritans have always hated art, and Shaw is a lover of beauty, but in his preface to "Three Plays for Puritans" he admits in view of the fact that art has become the tool of mere sensualism that he would deem it best to blow up every cathedral in the world, organ and all. we not recognize in this sentiment the kinship between Shaw and Tolstoy? The greater mental agility of the Celt, his strong western intelligence, alone differentiates the London playwright from the Slav preacher of penitence. Both are in arms against the vanities of the world and its dearest child. Shakespeare.

The Germans welcome Shaw as a wit; they did not at first recognize the preacher behind the mask. Are they not now, asks Bab, terrified by the stony guest they invited to their banquet and at whose entrance a storm wind sweeps the clouds of incense from the rosewreathed lackadaisical tables of neurotic romanticism. This storm wind blows upon them from an alien world of duty and of work, of causal necessity and divine compulsion. In Shaw's voice there is more of the wrath of the prophet than of the sweetness of the minnesinger. If Shaw believed that the sensual playhouses of London and Berlin are the final step of theatric evolution, he would burn them without compunction. But he still believes in a spiritual theater devoted to the nobler passion, and so he still writes plays-plays for Puritans. Every play since "Candida" is a

play for Puritans.

All great reformers, maintains Herr Bab,

started as heretics, protestants. The world has been divided into Catholics and Protestants since the beginning of things. Prometheus was the first Protestant; the poets have regarded him as such from Aeschylus to Goethe and Shelley. Christian mythology substitutes Satan for the Prometheus of the Greeks. The devil as a savior is the favorite of the new religious literature. Blake, Baudelaire, Carducci, Hebbel, have hailed the rebellion of Satan. Satan revivifies the religious spirit. In this sense, Shaw wrote his play "The Devil's Disciple." Richard Dudgeon, its hero, like Wagner's Siegfried, is a "friendly enemy of God." His true nature is one of sacrifice and unselfish devotion. The same theme runs through "Blanco Posnet's Awakening." There is a significant passage, in this connection, in one of the "Plays for Puritans," "Caesar and Cleopatra." Cleopatra has executed some one who has slandered her. Caesar tells her that she was wrong, but adds that any man who realizes the wrongfulness of her action must either conquer the world as he has done or be crucified by it. These words, we are told, are indeed evangelical. Caesar preaches tolerance without sentimentality. He kills only where necessity so requires. This character is perhaps Shaw's ideal; his Superman, a synthesis of British activity and Irish spirituality, the same ideal that led his steps from Dublin to London. Caesar is the most subjective of men because he is the most objective. He accepts all external phenomena, nourishes his mind with their law and substance, and so permits only the universally necessary and essential to affect his inner life.

In "Major Barbara" and in "Getting Married," as well as in "Man and Superman," Shaw reveals his contempt for dramatic form. He has changed from the drama to the philosophical dialog. "Getting Married" is more closely related to the "Banquet" of Plato than to the "Oedipus" of Sophocles. When Shaw treats the sex-problem he is never interested in the purely erotic. His interest, being moralist and Puritan, is in results, in marriage and children. In "Widowers' Houses" and in "Mrs. Warren," in fact in all of Shaw's unpleasant plays, the same stern moralist speaks to us. Tolstoy himself is not more forbidding.

Bernard Shaw, declares Herr Bab, is the greatest ethical teacher in literature since Ibsen, yet not a poet; he is the greatest intellectual rebel since Nietzsche, yet not a philosophe intellec Europe Shaw : ousness pose, a in this: er. H by his pendou rean of a poet, compar nerve-1 its gre estant, of acti the fai

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losopher. His wit may be equalled by the little pyrotechnicians of continental intellectual Europe, its Wedekinds and its Wieds, but Shaw stands alone with his tremendous seriousness, one might almost say pathos of purpose, a mental vitality. His greatness consists in this: He is one who builds up, not a wrecker. He is not dominated by his intellect, but by his will. His ethical enthusiasm is so stupendous that it lifts him at times to the empyrean of poetry, but he will be immortal not as a poet, but as an ethical teacher. We should compare this Socialist agitator not to the nerve-racked poetasters of the old world, but its great politicians. Shaw is a militant Protestant, a religious teacher who is also a man of action. From unfaith he has returned to the faith, a new faith, built by himself.

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Shaw has faith in man, faith in fundamentals. Like Nietzsche he stands yond good and evil," but in a different manner. Where Nietzsche places the whim of the Superman, Shaw places the human conscience. Nothing is right or wrong unless it is right or wrong to our own conscience. This sovereignity of conscience, the implicit trust in the inner light, is the basis of Protestantism. Shaw seems to Bab like one of the Irishman's own Supermen, the bearer of a novel secure objectivity and a free subjectivity, a critic, who is also creative, a prototype of the new European.

Dr. Oscar Levy, the English reviewer of Bab's book, takes issue with some of the author's statements. He agrees with him that Shaw's wit is only a means of preaching repentance and "altering" human nature. But, he asserts, Shaw himself, like Wagner, is at heart a romanticist.

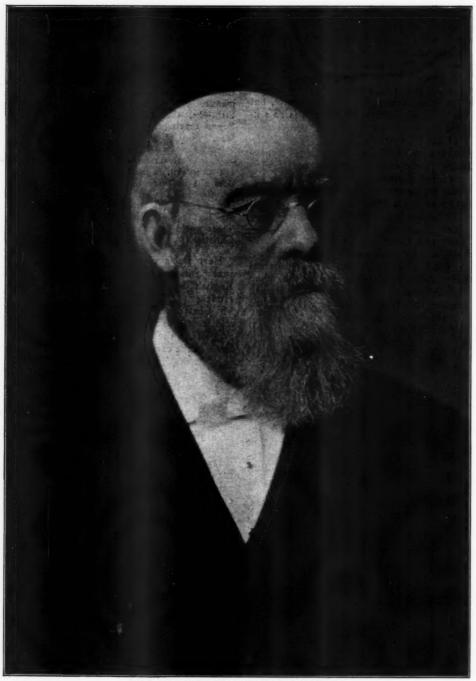
"'What has Mr. Shaw to do with Wagner?" Herr Bab asks again. A great deal, we answer. Both were revolutionary in early, and Christian in later life, which is exactly the career of every romanticist. Their wild beginnings will bring repentance, and must, by nature, force them back to the harbor of religion: the more artistic ones to Roman Catholicism, the ordinary ones, the political economists, to Protestantism. There is no exception to this law. What Shaw called the hatred of romanticism was only his aversion from the false glamor of the contemporary stage, not an aversion from the real romantic art, the romanticism with the big drum of a Richard Wagner. How could the young Shaw, the revolutionary Shaw, have dispensed with Richard Wagner? Didn't he need the big drum, the heroic attitudes, the highfalutin' tunes of the Baireuthian Conjurer, too? Thus every revolutionary is

a romanticist. Are there any further proofs of this? Well, then, the German colleagues of Mr. Shaw, 3,000,000 Marxians, are still waiting patiently for the breakdown of the capitalistic world, which they predicted sixty years ago, as patiently as did the early Christians, their ancestors, for the destruction of the greater 'wicked' world, which did not happen either. Is not that romantic? Shaw, of course, has broken away from them-he, the Anglo-Saxon, with the Anglo-Saxon craving for 'work' must 'do' something. Life is activity, as Herbert Spencer has told him -and off he goes and acts. But he acts upon the presumption that he will change men, will drive out the 'evil,' egotistical spirit. He therefore does not wait for the breakdown of the world, but for the breakdown of human nature. . . . Is not that romantic? Is not that Wagnerian? Is not that waiting for the fairyland? For the 'other world to come' of the Marxians and early Christians?

Herr Bab's views need to be brought into juxtaposition with those already expressed in English by G. K. Chesterton and James "There exists by accident," says Huneker. Mr. Chesterton in his book on Shaw, "an early and beardless portrait of him which really suggests in the severity and purity of its lines some of the early ascetic pictures of the beardless Christ. However he may shout profanities or seek to shatter the shrines, there is always something about him which suggests that in a sweeter and more solid civilization he would have been a great saint. He would have been a saint of a sternly ascetic, perhaps of a sternly negative, type. But he has this strange note of the saint in him: that he is literally unworldly. Worldliness has no human magic for him; he is not bewitched by rank nor drawn on by conviviality at all. He could not understand the intellectual surrender of the snob. He is perhaps a defective character; but he is not a mixed one. All the virtues he has are heroic virtues." Huneker adds, in "Iconoclasts":

"This puritanical vein has grown with the years, as it has with Tolstoy. Only Shaw never wasted his youth in riotous living, as did Tolstoy.

"He had no money, no opportunities, no taste. A fierce ascetic and a misogynist, he will have no regrets at threescore and ten; no sweet memories of headaches—he is a teetotaler; no heartaches—he is too busy with his books; and no bitter aftertaste for having wronged a fellow-being. Behold, Bernard Shaw is a good man, has led the life of a saint, worked like a hero against terrible odds, and is the kindest-hearted man in London. Now we have reached another mask—the mask of altruism."



THE ADVOCATE OF A RELIGIOUS MERGER

Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, Ohio, feels that the time is ripe for a union of churches in every locality which shall take the lead in philanthropic work.

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DR. WASHINGTON GLADDEN'S PLEA FOR A MUNICIPAL CHURCH

HE latest utterance of Dr. Washington Gladden, the veteran Congregationalist minister of Columbus, Ohio, sounds a call for the appearance in every community of a "municipal church." His suggestion is in line with the unifying tendencies of our time, and elicits sympathetic comment in several religious papers. It may be that he has succeeded in forecasting one of the next great steps in religious progress.

At the very opening of his argument (in The Century Magazine) Dr. Gladden puts forward the idea that the slackening power of the church in our day is due not so much to the "new theology," nor to disregard of the Sabbath and of prayer, nor to the lack of evangelical preaching, as to neglect of social and municipal functions. Christianity, he urges, has so far forsaken Christ that it does not lay the same stress that he did on the succor of the poor, the sick, the unfortunate. There are many philanthropic institutions inspired by Christianity, of course, but the main burden of the care of the defective and dependent classes has fallen into secular hands. Dr. Gladden traces the separation of secular and religious philanthropy to the period of the Reformation. Up to that time systematic and organized philanthropy was almost wholly the work of the church. Martin Luther's idea was that the care of the sick and the poor ought to be handed over to the community. His expectation was that the municipality or the State would be so thoroly Christianized that it could properly perform this function. The New England churches cherished a similar idea. When town and church were one, the church carried on the philanthropic work. When a separation took place, the church relinquished this work to the town. It felt that the political community was now sufficiently Christianized to do the work. On all this Dr. Gladden comments:

"It is true that the political community has been so far Christianized that it is willing to care for the poor and the unfortunate. The people, through the State and the county, the city and the town, are ready to tax themselves for the care and the protection of the defective and the dependent classes. That is a great fact and the church must have the credit for having accomplished it.

"Two questions, however, thrust themselves

upon us at this stage of our inquiry. The first is whether the existing political authorities are apt to be, in fact, so thoroughly Christianized that they can really minister in Christ's name to these his brethren—even these least; and the second is whether the church can divest itself of this function to the extent which it is now doing without serious and even fatal consequences to itself. Are not the needy and the unfortunate suffering for the lack of that kind of care which the church, as the representative of Jesus Christ, ought to give them? And is not the church suffering a great loss of vitality and influence through its failure to keep the control and direction of this work?"

Dr. Gladden is disposed to answer both of these questions in the affirmative. "It is highly probable," he says, "that the first Christian churches were municipal churches; that in every town or city was one church with several local congregations, each with its elder or leader, and all coöperating in the work of the city. The need of the hour is the restoration to every town or city of the municipal church. It ought to include all the Christians of the municipality; every Christian organization should be represented in it."

The prime function of the municipal church would be in the direction of embodying and promoting philanthropy in its community. It could take the lead in stimulating charitable work. It could stand forth as the champion of all who are sick, poor and heavily laden. For such service it would require no elaborate creed. Its message to the world would be simply: We believe in the friendship of Jesus Christ, and we live to make it known to those who need it most.

Nor would it need any new machinery, Dr. Gladden adds. In most communities a nucleus of the kind required already exists. These are local federations of churches, or "United Brotherhoods," which hold occasional union meetings and often find it hard to justify their existence. These could be the bases of the new organization.

The municipal church might render invaluable assistance to existing charitable organizations both private and public, but Dr. Gladden would not have it stop there. "The true Christly philanthropy," he says, "is not merely remedial. It must discover and remove the causes of misery." He goes on to lay down a program of social activities:

(1) It should turn the light on bad housing conditions, and secure healthy habitations for the people.

(2) It should provide playgrounds for chil-

(3) It should investigate the drink traffic, and the social evil.

(4) It should look into the problem of unemployment and start an employment bureau.

(5) It should endeavor, as the representative of the Prince of Peace, to mediate in industrial wars between employers and employed.

These are not the only ways in which the municipal church could exert its influence to cure and to prevent social misery, but at least they indicate, as Dr. Gladden puts it, what wonderfully interesting and inspiring work the Christian church will have on its hands when it "comes to itself and comprehends what it means to represent Jesus Christ." He proceeds:

"And this, unless I greatly err, is the straight and practical path to Christian unity. The consolidation of national organizations is a vast undertaking, and it is doubtful whether much headway will be made along this line. Some of the sects which are closely affiliated, and whose polity is similar, might combine, but experience does not encourage any large hopes in the way of national union. Such a consolidation of the churches of the local community for a single definite purpose would, however, seem to be quite within the bounds of a reasonable hope. I am constrained to believe that such an organization as this, whose sole purpose was the expression of the compassion of Christ to the unhappy and the friendless, would manifest the unity of the church in a manner far more impressive and convincing than any formal national union of the denominations. When the churches of any community get ready to concentrate their energies upon work like this, it is safe to predict that a great multitude of men of intelligence and goodwill who now stand aloof from them will stand aloof no longer."

Dr. Gladden's article is given considerable space in the religious press. "The contribution," remarks the Chicago Methodist paper, The Northwestern Christian Advocate, "is a notable one toward the making of the church for our day, and the writer has laid his skilled hand upon the spot where the church is lamentably weak." The Chicago Interior (Presbyterian) says:

"The article by Dr. Washington Gladden is not so radical as the arresting title would suggest.

Dr. Gladden's idea of a 'municipal church' is, so far as organization goes, nothing more than the now familiar proposal for a local federation including all Protestant congregations. He seems to have no idea of getting in the Roman congregations. The particular core of fresh interest in the article is Dr. Gladden's opinion on what such a church federation or 'municipal church' can and ought to do—what its characteristic and permanent function of service should be in its community. . . .

"The essay of the venerable Columbus pastor raises more questions than it answers, but that is nothing said against it. Ouestion-raising on this theme is most useful; Christians assuredly ought to think about much more. Dr. Gladden himself is puzzled to mark out a proper relation between the church and the charitable departments of civic government. He does not want to abridge the charity of the municipality, yet he feels the church ought to have more hand in What adjustment should be aimed at the author in the end leaves still uncertain. Doubtless only practical experiment will work out a suitable and just relation. But in any event it is wholesome to have a word spoken which makes more people realize the overwhelming duty of being not only institutionally, but personally helpful to the unfortunate in the direct, confessed name of Christ."

To the Boston Congregationalist, however, the whole scheme seems perilous and unwise. "With full confidence in Dr. Gladden's sincerity and high esteem for his service to our denomination and leadership in the churches," it declares, "we are obliged to dissent emphatically from his position." It continues:

"We believe that this aim of any one church—or of all the churches united—to monopolize the public administration of philanthropy, education and religion is as injurious to itself as it is to the people whom its leaders would control by claiming exclusive authority from Jesus Christ. We believe that if all the churches were united in one theocratic organization, the peril to liberty of thought and to human progress would not be diminished by such union, but would be vastly increased. . . .

"The mission of the churches of Jesus Christ is to inspire all men to philanthropic, patriotic, educational service, and to persuade them, as far as possible, to do this service in love and obedience to him. But the unwillingness or inability of the churches to act as or to control the organizations that do these things is not an evidence of sinfulness or weakness or failure. The chief business of the church is to inspire men to serve God and to serve their fellowmen through such agencies as seem to the community to be best suited to its needs."

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OUR FOREMOST PHILOSOPHER

NE of the freshest, most vital, most fascinating minds of our time passed from this earth a few weeks ago when William James died. name was known among scholars in all countries. He was honored by universities and academic bodies in England, Scotland, France, Germany, Denmark, Switzerland and Italy, He was a creative thinker in the accurate sense of that phrase, for he literally created issues for others to discuss. He inspired two generations of students at Harvard University. He wrote what is probably the best psychological text-book ever written. made a unique contribution to religious literature in his "Varieties of Religious Experience." He pioneered "pragmatism," and compelled men to do their own thinking. In his eyes, philosophy was not an esoteric matter to be debated by learned men in difficult language-it was the most important concern of human existence.

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There is a sentence of Emerson's that seems to sum up the late Professor James: "His life is a progress, and not a station." From first to last, he grew and expanded. He did not know how to stand still. His father, a celebrated Swedenborgian minister, was characterized by James Russell Lowell as "the best talker in America." His brother Henry was destined to become as famous as himself, but in another field. Many jokes have been cracked at the expense of the two brothers. It is said, with some truth, that Henry made fiction as difficult as philosophy, and that William made philosophy as entertaining as fiction.

While the two were still youngsters their father took them to Europe. They studied under tutors and in schools in England and France. At the age of nineteen, William entered the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University. Four years later, in 1865, he went to Brazil with the Agassiz expedition. He did not see clearly yet, however, what he wanted to do. His dominant interests were physiology and psychology.

In the early seventies he established a little room in the Lawrence Scientific School, very dim, "given up to pickle jars and batteries," and very disorderly. It was the first "psychological workshop" in the United States, and it grew into the present Harvard laboratory. Here, with infinite patience, he made experiments with sheeps' heads and

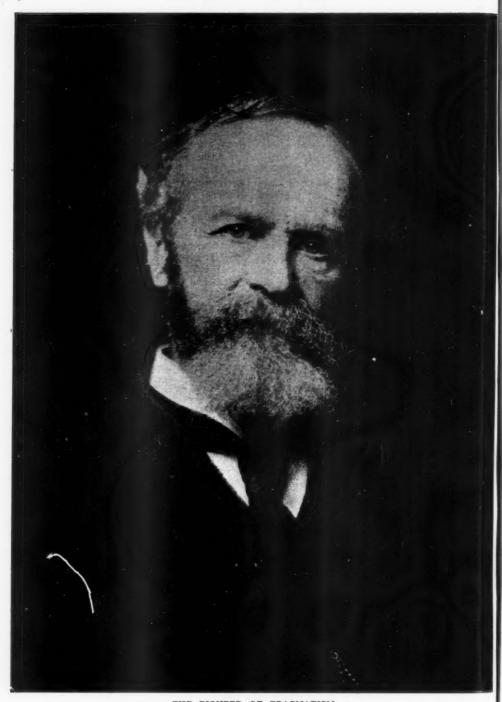
frogs, and attempted to trace the difficult laws that govern the relation of the physical and the psychic.

It was not until 1872 that he became a teacher in Harvard. In that year he was appointed an instructor in physiology. The next year anatomy was added to his duties. As his powers matured he was in turn professor of physiology, philosophy, psychology, and then of philosophy again. He remained in harness until 1907, completing a period of thirty-five years as an active member of the Harvard faculty.

There was a strain of the artist in William James. His friend, John La Farge, has testified that "he had the promise of being a remarkable, perhaps a great, painter." It may have been this artistic strain that contributed the charm in his work. For whether as teacher or writer he evinced a temperament, he exercised a magnetic influence, that inevitably drew the minds of men.

The book which first brought him international reputation was the "Principles of Psychology," published in 1890. "Few scientific works," says the New York Evening Post, "have met with the universal admiration bestowed upon this work." It is so clear, so witty, so sparkling, that one reads it for its own sake. Some of its chapters seem veritably inspired. Upon its appearance it was accepted everywhere as a masterpiece of originality, and the "best systematic exposition of psychology One professor said: "If it were in print." dryer, it would be better for the class-room." A famous literary critic exclaimed: "It slings the best English since Dryden." It was credited with having done more than any other work to "take psychology from its divinity school seclusion, put life into it, waken it with the spirit of our day, and make it a major factor to be reckoned with in the educational and economic factors most nearly affecting human kind." William James's "Psychology" was the product of twelve years' enthusiastic labor.

The next of Professor James's works to leave a profound impression on the public mind were in the field of religion. "The Will to Believe" (1897) came at a time when scientific influences were in the ascendant in the thought-world, and it was fashionable to declare the immorality of believing in anything for which a scientific explanation was lacking. Professor James's book asserted the validity



THE PIONEER OF PRAGMATISM

"William James," says G. K. Chesterton, "was really a turning point in the history of our time, and he had all the sincerity and intellectual innocence that he needed to be such a pivot,"

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the pl tion it con that is no ties. of religious experience. He reinforced this message in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," a volume based on the Gifford lectures delivered at the University of Edinburgh in 1902. The latter book is already recognized as, of its kind, a classic. To its pages the student turns for one of the keenest analyses of religious phenomena, one of the truest interpretations of the religious instinct, published in modern times.

The three last works of Professor James and, as many feel, the most important, deal with philosophic themes. Their titles are "Pragmatism," "A Pluralistic Universe" and "The Meaning of Truth." They are written in his most characteristic style; they deal with some of the deepest and most baffling problems confronting human intelligence; and they convey his maturest thought.

The ideas laid down in "Pragmatism" have been discussed all over the world during recent years, yet very few, even at the present time, can give a clear definition of the word. Professor James himself, in writing on the theme, has been careful to say that pragmatism is nothing new. It is but "a new name for old ways of thinking." It is derived from the Greek word meaning "action," from which come our words "practice" and "practical." First introduced into philosophy by Charles Pierce in 1878, it lay entirely unnoticed for twenty years until Professor James brought it forward again. It means, broadly speaking, considering our ultimate beliefs in the light of their practical consequences. Or, as the Springfield Republican puts it, in an able review of Professor James's career:

"Pragmatism is judging by results. Emerson anticipated in a terse phrase one aspect of it when he wrote, 'An immoral conclusion spares us much trouble in examining the premises,' It may be suspected that Emerson would have been a good pragmatist if he had lived to encounter the word. He would have sympathized heartily with Professor James's growing impatience with mere logic chopping, witi. learned and elaborate syllogisms to prove what is palpably false, with feverish debate over things that do' not matter, or that are insusceptible of proof or disproof.

"All such logomachies James cuts short with the peremptory demand of the human race to the philosopher, 'Well, what of it?' If the question can be settled, settle it; that is science. If it concerns vital ultimate truth, ponder upon it; that is philosophy. If it cannot be settled, and is not vital, let it go; life is too short for futilities. Why muddle our brains with discussing

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whether this or that is this, when the result is in either case the same?"

There is nothing settling or restful in such an attitude. Pragmatism leaves everything open. "Truth," it tells us, "is what is expedient in thinking, and virtue is what is expedient in conduct." This may seem like utilitarian philosophy, but it actually leaves as much room for the idealist as for the utilitarian. Professor James says in effect to every man or woman: "Choose what suits you best, what works best in your own case; but don't imagine that you have found the whole of truth, or that what is true for you is necessarily true for everybody."

Professor James has written many magazine articles, as well as books, and in some of these he appears in his most engaging light. There was an article, for instance, on "The Powers of Men," that appeared some two years ago and was reprinted everywhere. It discussed the fundamental and all-important questions, How much energy have we? and How can we use our psychic powers to best advantage? In this article Professor James laid down his theory of the "second wind" of the mind, which he thought every human being possesses just as much as a second wind of the body. He said:

"It is evident that our organism has stored-up reserves of energy that are ordinarily not called upon, but that may be called upon: deeper and deeper strata of combustible or explosible material, discontinuously arranged, but ready for use by any one who probes so deep, and repairing themselves by rest as well as do the superficial strata. Most of us continue living unnecessarily near our surface. . . . We need a topography of the limits of human power, similar to the chart which oculists use of the field of human vision. We need also a study of the various types of human being, with reference to the different ways in which their energy-reserves may be appealed to and set loose,"

Another of Professor James's recent articles is concerned with the Spiritualistic phenomena with which, in the public eye, he has been so prominently associated. He confessed his belief that there was "something in" these phenomena, but he did not feel that the "something" was necessarily spirits. With true intellectual humility he declared:

"For twenty-five years I have been in touch with the literature of psychical research, and have had acquaintance with numerous 'researchers.' I have also spent a good many hours (tho far fewer than I ought to have spent) in witness-

ing (or trying to witness) phenomena. Yet I am theoretically no 'further' than I was at the beginning.... The peculiarity of the case is just that there are so many sources of possible deception in most of the observations that the whole lot of them may be worthless, and yet that in comparatively few cases can aught more fatal than this vague general possibility of error be pleaded against the record."

A third article, the last that he published, was entitled "The Moral Equivalent of War." In it he raised the questions: If war is abolished, and when it is abolished, what will take its place? What will prevent our young men from becoming "soft"? He replied:

"To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, and to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youths be rafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas. They would have paid their blood-tax, done their own part in the immemorial human warfare against nature, they should tread the earth more proudly, the women would value them more highly, they would be better fathers and teachers of the following generation."

Such utterances as these betoken the sheer humanity of William James. He was much more than a philosopher only. G. K. Chesterton, writing in *The Illustrated London News*, declares:

"Professor James was full of those particularly fine qualities that most people do actually find in Americans, tho most people are surprised to find them. He was full of enthusiasm, generous appreciation, spirituality, and simplicity.

"There are no men less prone than Americans to mere materialism. Indeed, their fault is quite the other way. In so far as Americans have really worshipped money, it has been not because money is tangible; rather it has been because money is intangible. The Americans cultivate it always in its least tangible form. In the form of shares, interest, promises, intricate understandings and illegal powers they worship its invisible strength. The money they adore is a sort of airy magic.

"No men on earth will think less of the actual pleasures that it stands for. The Yankee millionaire likes adding more noughts on the figures of his private books. It is a spiritual pride with him. Nothing can make him see that in adding noughts he truly and, indeed, is adding nothing. Thus, even when the American is avaricious, the American is not greedy, and when he is the re-

verse of avaricious—when he is like Professor James, naturally magnanimous and idealistic—he is capable of being more childishly unworldly and even saintly than all the other white men of this world.

"William James was really a turning point in the history of our time, and he had all the sincerity and intellectual innocence that he needed to be such a pivot."

William Marion Reedy, editor of the St. Louis *Mirror*, sums up Professor James as "in many respects a radical."

"His utterances were never qualified into meaninglessness by his desire not to interfere with established forms of thought. The tendency of all he wrote and said was towards freedom, towards individualism. He was not dogmatic, but was positive. He had in him a great deal of hale and happy human nature-and he was interested in anything that might concern any human being, There was much humor in him, too, and all the qualities that go to the making of a real good fellow. There was no trace of pride of intellect in him and he would express his thoughts in language of the common sort, language which would have shocked philosophers who went before him. Those who knew him at Harvard loved him much for his forthrightness and for his simplicity of character. His ideas were received with respect in all civilized countries, and indeed it is not unlikely that he is held in more exalted esteem in other lands than in his own. Of the value of his contributions to the science of ratiocination, it is perhaps too soon now to speak, but of a certainty it may be said that he brought philosophy more within the comprehension of the man innocent of the logomachies thereof than any man who ever wrote upon the eternal problem of good and evil. He made metaphysics intelligible to others than the bewildered and bewildering metaphysicians."

His temper, the Springfield Republican remarks, was never that of the specialist; "he was anatomist, physiologist, psychologist, philosopher, religious teacher, man of letters, at all times the humanist." The same paper adds:

"His death removes the most distinguished and influential American philosopher of our day. Others may have made more brilliant and enduring contributions to thought; it was the distinction of James to stand in the front rank in many important fields of investigation and to convert the results to the use of humanity. . . . His service to science was great, but the man was greater than his work. . . . It will probably be the consensus of European opinion, not that he was the greatest American scholar, but that he was the greatest American of his time."

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THE SAVING POWER OF BEAUTY

HE Puritan has ever been inclined to regard beauty as a delusion and a snare; but George Bourne, an English writer, has just published a volume* to show that art is the foundation of all true religion. He takes his title from Emerson's phrase, "No statement of the Universe can have any soundness which does not admit its ascending effort," and his argument is greeted by Bliss Carman, the poet, as "one of the most helpful in a decade."

Mr. Bourne's book comes as an antidote to much of the fatalistic and materialistic reasoning of our day. So far from conceding that "natural selection," "evolution," "economic interest" are the ruling factors in human progress, he contends that there are hidden forces of inspiration welling up within each one of us that may, and often do, exert an influence far exceeding that of environment. As he puts it:

"Observe, to begin with, how, as we are, so to speak, overflowing with adaptiveness, we are in love with the exercise of it. As the roots of a strong plant fill out a flower-pot or force their way into the crevices of a wall, the human vitality takes advantage of every opening afforded for its expansion, accommodating itself to the strangest conditions and accepting the most contorted growths, so long as there is room to grow. Yet this is but the least of the wonder. Since nature provides so few opportunities, we set ourselves to making more: we do unnecessary things, and exceed all the requirements of our environment in our eagerness to be more completely alive. Merely to meet circumstance with an adaptation that will serve contents none of us. It is misery to suffer such restriction; it is like the fretting of the schoolboy at his cramping task. The longing for change, the ennui of the rich, the 'divine discontent' of the poor, the depression and gloomy spirits of the successful business man, all tell the same tale of vitality chafing under suppression. And if we grow roses, or stitch samplers, or play at cards, or collect first editions; if we seek the exhilaration of mountainclimbing, or the sensation or speed in a motorcar, or stimulate our emotions at the opera, or steep our spirits in the peace that broods over the summer landscape, or make acquaintance with the dead through their memoirs, or go about to reform the living or to study the spectrum of a star, it is not because environment necessitates our doing these things as a condition of existence, but because we have faculties to spare which find outlet in exercises of the kind. The insatiable versatility of the race invents those expedients rather than lie idle for want of something to which to adapt itself."

These manifold expressions of human vitality may at first seem meaningless and utterly capricious. The impression one gains of them is that they are heedless of direction and follow complacently the line of least resistance. "Yet that," Mr. Bourne remarks, "can be only a first impression. Under a closer scrutiny evidences of something purposeful in all this stir of life begin to make their appearance." He continues:

"Now here, now there, to-day in one quarter, to-morrow in another, the seeming chaos is found to be threaded through with indications of law. Tendencies setting in one constant direction emerge, like the ripples that betray an ocean current; and the longer one watches the stronger grows the persuasion that somewhere in this 'law,' somewhere amongst those tendencies, Taste and Conscience have their being."

Taste and conscience—how deep they cut into human destiny! In all the affairs of man, whether it be in choosing a wife, or tying a shoe-lace, or clenching a bargain, they play their part. Mr. Bourne is disposed to treat these two qualities as almost identical, and he feels that both may mislead us unless they are guided by the art instinct. But art, as he defines it, is something much more than what we usually associate with that word. It is "a constant source of power," he explains, "a mode of human energy, a pervading influence potent to mold character and give new colors to life." Its purpose is to guide us to "choice ideas."

By "choice ideas" Mr. Bourne means those conceptions we deliberately choose out of our own individuality against all the world. "Choice ideas," he says, "originate in the revolt of mankind against the unsatisfying results of natural selection." They "set up a new criterion of fitness which far exceeds the other in its exactions, and is not seldom at variance with what appear to be the other's decrees." To quote further:

"The essential feature of choice ideas therefore stands out prominently: they are ideas of what we 'like.' In this they differ usually from the ordinary kind, which are concerned merely to know our circumstances and what will suit them; and differ always from scientific ideas, whose sole interest is truth, whether we like it or

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^{*} THE ASCENDING EFFORT. E. P. Dutton & Company.

not. . . . Choice ideas therefore begin where natural selection leaves off; and as they form, the great wonder of man's existence is slowly revealed to him, in the discovery of an environment he never dreamt of, or needed to dream of, so long as all he cared for was mere 'prosperity' and animal success. For choice ideas strike new ground. It is not only that they set free the better human being that waits within us; they discover also a new world outside us-a world marvelously existing amidst and between and behind and all round the ordinary things discerned by ordinary ideas. It is a world invisible until we have the ideas of it, and then literally conspicuous to our senses. From the shabbiness of streets and the meanness of business it starts out upon us; from the stupidity of talk an accent of it may greet us; even between the lines of the daily paper we may get glimpses of it; for it is as near and as far as that."

Timid souls are ever looking to tradition, convention and authority for the justification of their "choice ideas," but Mr. Bourne would have them look into their own hearts. "Selection of choice ideas," he thinks, "is a matter as personal to one's self as the digestion of food . . . an almost unconscious process, almost inevitable." And art, he maintains, ought more and more to be able to help us aright in our selections. "What we require from art is what nature offers seldom or capriciously: the gift of the unusual moment, the fitness seen in a glimpse that passes too soon and may chance not to be offered again." Mr. Bourne proceeds:

"For this beauty a prudent people would strive with their utmost endeavor, dreading to see life of any sort neglected, or shamed, or abused, and seeking the enormous benefit that its welfare bestows on us all unawares. But the true entry into this secretly open world still depends upon choice ideas. It all comes back to that. A man perhaps obtains his first momentary experience of beauty by good luck, without effort; but if he fails to treasure it up and correct it by fresh experiences-such as he may command from art -he will fail to unfold the dormant powers to which beauty becomes visible. We will put it as plainly as we possibly can. The power to be aware of beauty comes by practice-practice in singling out the elusive impressions and knowing where to look for them. Because the practice is to produce growth, it should be begun in childhood and carried on in youth; and that is when art's help is most effective. If art has been used rightly, the matured man may almost dispense with its help; for he will have acquired the power of seeing through the things that change and die into the world of constant and undying things behind them."

The chief shortcomings of modern civilization are attributed by Mr. Bourne to the fact that individuals are ill-developed in their faculties of choice understanding. They do not know the true meanings of taste and of conscience. Eugenic ideals, sanitary and hygienic science, the economics of social service, even such elementary truths as that national welfare is imperilled by the starvation of children or by the want of care for mothers, cannot get into the national outlook, because the choice ideas to welcome them are not there. The argument concludes:

"The furtherance, whether of art or of science, is but part of the wider effort with which our times are ringing. Neither eugenics nor any other science is everything, nor yet is art; but choice recognition and exact theorizing are both to be exercised in the interests of the national conscience. To be constantly on the watch for beauty; to criticize the realities that come and pass, and to question the theories that affect to account for them, is the way of all progress, and art is serviceable because it aids us to be on the watch for beauty. Ugliness, whether in form or color, in conduct or policy, in fashions or feelings-ugliness and dulness and unhappiness and want of sympathy should always be suspect: wherever they occur their necessity should be questioned. We might take example by medical men. If one has a morning headache, the doctor surmises a mismanagement of one's evenings; and if a fever breaks out, he does not call it the act of God, but suggests that it is the act of polluted water or bad drains. Just so should the thousand forms of ugliness that embitter human life be questioned. We have no right, and ought not to dare, to attribute them to the necessity of everlasting law, so long as there is a possibility that they result from some bad theory of our own. Beauty is far more likely to be the rule than ugliness. With an environment like oursan environment of unseen processes that break upon us in the realities of shining cloud and mountain and valley, and all the enigmatic charm of animal and vegetable life-it is rather hard to believe that man's existence is doomed by an inexorable fate to be sorrowful and ugly. Still less easy is it to believe so, if man's own organism is appreciated, inhabited as it is by a power which, from the remotest ages, has not ceased to put forth in him delicate organs capable of understanding and loving these environing things. To that power we owe our service. hereditarily into ourselves, its tendencies towards a fitness of its own are the sources of our character; their advance is progress; and art and science working together to promote religious outlooks are the best means at our disposal for helping on the advance."

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Music and Drama

"THE FORTUNE HUNTER"—WINCHELL SMITH'S WINSOME COMEDY OF AMERICAN LIFE

7 HEN a play holds New York for two seasons, we may take its worth for granted. A New York run is to the modern playwright what ordeal by fire was to the culprit in the days of Torquemada. He who survives it deserves our felicitations. We cannot tell to what extent the author of "The Fortune Hunter," Mr. Winchell Smith, is indebted to John Barrymore's inimitable impersonation of Nathaniel Duncan, the titular hero, but no small share of the success is due to his own indisputable skill in dramatizing Louis Joseph Vance's ingenious novel. Mr. Smith is an extraordinary young man. A year or two ago his name was unfamiliar. To-day it flares simultaneously from the placards of three or four metropolitan playhouses. Mr. Smith is responsible for the dramatization of Anstey's "Love Among the Lions." He is also the adaptor of "Bobby Burnit." Neither Wilde nor Fitch in the acme of their dramatic careers could boast of triumphs more signal. We would hesitate to call Mr. Smith a great playwright, but he certainly has a sense of situation and his dialog is refreshingly witty. He is not a Titan, but he is decidedly pleasing. We may speak of him as the American Maugham. His career and the multiplicity of his successes run parallel with those of the young British playwright.

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The first act of "The Fortune Hunter" takes us into the Bachelor Apartments of Harry Kellogg, a rising young financier. We find Kellogg in serious consultation with his erstwhile college chum, "Nat" Duncan. Duncan has received from his father a classical education and a course in higher mathematics. But when it comes to the arithmetic of life, he is utterly at loss. "The trut' of it is," he remarks, "I haven't got it in me. I hate work as much as you like it, but at that I had a good try. . . . I wish," he sighs, "I understood the burglar business."

"Would you steal to get money?"

"I can't think of anything I wouldn't do to get it."

"I know a way," Harry replies, "if you're not too particular, that you can be worth a million in a year."

NAT. (Turns front.) Oh, don't kid me, Harry. HARRY. Never more serious in my life. you want to try it, and will follow the rules I give you I'll guarantee you'll be a millionaire in a year.

NAT. (Seeing Harry is in earnest, speaks very rapidly with excitement.) I'll follow all the rules in the world. Come on! I'm getting palpitation of the heart. What have I got to do?

HARRY. Marry! NAT. Marry? HARRY. Marry! NAT. Who?

HARRY. A girl with a million,

NAT. (He sinks back in his chair despondently). Say, Harry, it's a shame to stir me up like

HARRY. I'm not stirring you up. I mean what I sav.

Oh, come off; do you suppose a girl with a million dollars would take a chance on

HARRY. I'm sure of it.

NAT. What's the matter with her?

HARRY. There is no particular her. You can take your pick. I've no more idea who she is than you have.

NAT. (Losing patience.) What the devil are

you getting at?

HARRY. I'll tell you. This is a pet scheme of mine. Have you ever lived in a small country town? A town with one measly hotel, about twenty stores and five churches?

NAT. NO.

HARRY. Well, I have. Do you know what becomes of the young people who grow up in a place like that?

NAT. (Impatiently.) No.

HARRY. Then, let me tell you. The boys who've got stuff in 'em get out and become the biggest men in our cities. The yaps stay there and clerk in father's store. But it's not so easy for the girls to get away. A few of them do by going to boarding schools and colleges and meeting and marrying some chaps from a city, but most of them have to stay at home. Why, by the time kids are old enough to think of getting married there isn't a small country town in America where you won't find four times as many girls as boys, and such boys! There isn't one in ten that a girl who's got any sense at all could force herself to marry. Do you see? Demand forty times the supply. Do you know there are twenty times as many good-looking old maids in country towns as there are in the cities. It's a fact; because when they were young they couldn't lower themselves enough to accept what was left in the local market. Do you see what

I'm getting at?

NAT. (Who has been listening intently.) No. HARRY. Well, you will in a moment. Now, take a young chap from the city with a good appearance, educated, more or less of a gentleman, who doesn't talk like a Yap, or walk like a Yap, or dress like a Yap, or act like a Yap, thrown into such a town!

NAT. It's wonderful to listen to you.

HARRY. It's good sense, anyway. Now, here you are, down on your luck, don't know how to earn your living, refusing to accept anything from your friends, ready to lie, steal, or murder to get some money, and, on the other hand, here are hundreds of country heiresses with plenty of money for two, who you may easily fall in love with, leading the most unhappy lives. Now, why not take one—and her money, make her happy, be happy yourself and be on Easy Street for the rest of your life?

NAT. (Takes deep breath and turning front.) I can't help thinking there's a catch in it some-

where

HARRY. Not if you follow my instructions. Everything depends on how you go at it. There are a lot of things to contend with at first. But I'll show you how it can be done to a moral certainty.

NAT. (Turning away.) Well, it's a pretty rotten thing, deliberately starting out to marry a woman for her money—(Turns back to Harry) but it isn't rotten enough to stop me. What have I got to do?

HARRY. Then, you'll try it?

NAT, I'll try anything.

HARRY. Well, then, first pick out your town, one of about two thousand inhabitants. Most all of 'em have a few rich men with daughters, but we'll make sure of that when we select one. Of course, the town that is the suburb of a city is barred.

NAT. Why?

HARRY. Oh, they don't count. The girls in 'em always know people in the city, and that spoils the game.

NAT. I see.

HARRY. Now, here's the hard part for you, but necessary to make it a sure thing.

NAT. Go ahead.

HARRY. Well, here are things you mustn't do: You mustn't—

NAT. Wait a minute. (Takes out notebook and writes as Harry talks.)

HARRY. You mustn't swear or use slang, you mustn't smoke and you mustn't drink. (Nat suddenly looks up at Harry.) It might be fatal if you were ever known to go into the hotel bar. And, for a time, you mustn't accept any invitations to dances, parties or even Sunday dinners.

NAT. (Whose face has fallen somewhat.)
Why Sunday dinners?

HARRY. Sunday is the only day you'll be invited. Dinner on weekdays is from 12 to 12.30 and no time for guests.

NAT. Oh!

HARRY. Now, here are the things you must

NAT. Go on. (Nat begins writing again.)

HARRY. You must dress faultlessly but quietly. Clothes all dark and plain, but the very best style; in fact, the best of everything—shirts, collars, ties, hats, socks, shoes, underwear—

NAT. Ain't I apt to be raided?

HARRY. You must keep your shoes polished, be clean-shaven and manicured.

NAT. (Whose face has grown more and more gloomy.) Is that all?

HARRY. No! You must work!

NAT. (Looks at Harry and then turns away.) I knew there was a catch in it. You mean I must get a job.

HARRY. Yes.

NAT. (Giving up.) That settles it. (Starts getting up, when Harry stops him.)

HARRY. Oh, no; I'll tell you how, easy enough. And, then, to cinch the whole business, you must go to church!

NAT. (Looking up.) What for?

HARRY. That's the most important thing of all.

NAT. Does going to church make a hit with
country girl?

HARRY. It makes the biggest kind of a hit with her popper and mommer, and that's very necessary when you're looking for their money. You must work and you must go to church.

NAT. (Writing.) Can't you think of some-

thing more?

(Smiling, but continuing.) Church and work are the biggest parts of the game, but you've only got to keep them up until you've landed what you're after. As soon as you get to your town hunt up some old woman who'd like to take a boarder; make arrangements with her and move in. Be sure and find one who talks a lot, so she'll tell the neighbors all about you. Don't worry about that, tho; they all talk! When you've located, stock up your room with about twenty of the dryest-looking books in the world, have drawing instruments, pencils, pens, red and black ink, and all that sort of thing on the table, and make the room look as if you were the most profound student ever. Be sure and have a well-worn Bible, too.

NAT. I'm going to have a swell time, I can

see that.

HARRY. Next make the rounds of the stores and ask for work. Try and get into the dry goods store if you can. The girls all shop there; but anything will do except a grocery or a hardware store or places like that. You mustn't take any job where you'll soil your clothes or get your hands rough.

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NAT. I'd have a fine chance to cop out a millionaire's daughter if I was a ribbon clerk, wouldn't I?

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HARRY. The best in the world! The ribbon clerk is the social equal of the rich girls in towns like those. He calls her Mary and she calls him

NAT. (Writes.) All right. I'll be a dry goods clerk. What next?

HARRY. The storekeepers are not apt to employ you at first; they'll be suspicious of you.

NAT. I dare say.

HARRY. But don't let that worry you. Just call and say, "I'm looking for employment."

NAT. (Writing.) "I'm looking for employment."

HARY. Yes; but don't press it. Say it and go out.

NAT. (Writing.) "Say it and go out." I can get that right easy. It's always that way when I ask for work.

HARRY. They'll send for you after a time. When they see you'll draw trade. And every Sunday, church! Pick out the one the rich people go to. Go in quietly and do just as they do. Stand up and sit down, look up the hymns and sing. Be careful not to look as if you were trying to show off. Don't sing too loud or anything like that, but do it all modestly, as if you were used to it. Better go to church here two or three times and get the hang of it. Now, nearly all the wealthy old ducks in those towns are church deacons, and tho they might not speak to you for months on the outside, it's their business after church is over to shake hands with you, hope you enjoyed the sermon, and ask you to come again, and they'll all take notice of you from that time on,

NAT. (Admiringly.) No wonder they made you a partner!

HARRY. Now, if you follow these rules not only will all the girls in town be falling over themselves to get you, but their fathers and mothers will be helping them. Then all you've got to do is to pick out the one with the most coin and let her propose to you.

NAT. Let her propose to me?

HARRY. Yes; let her propose to you.

NAT. (Long sigh.) Whew! How am I going to live until I get in the dry goods store?

HARRY. I'll stake you.

NAT. No, you won't. I wou'dn't-

HARRY. No! Stop! It's not the slightest risk, if you'll play the game out. For a while the dulness will drive you half crazy.

NAT. I don't mind the dulness.

HARRY. Then, listen. To-morrow go to the tailors and furnishers, and don't pike about it. Get plenty and the best of everything, and I'll pay for it.

NAT. Now, see here.

HARRY. Wait—this is a business proposition. No friendship in it. You give me your word of



THE AUTHOR OF THREE PLAYS NOW RUNNING IN NEW YORK

Winchell Smith has not only "The Fortune Hunter," but also "Bobby Burnit" and "Love Among the Lions," to his credit.

honor to see this through and faithfully follow instructions, and after you are married to pay me a thousand dollars besides what I advance you, and I'll consider it a mighty good deal for myself.

NAT. You really mean it?

HARRY. Every word of it.

NAT. (Offering hand.) Then I'll go you. Word of honor.

HARRY. (Shaking hands.) Right you are. You can be ready in two weeks' time. I'll get you your wardrobe and give you five hundred dollars' cash. That's more than you can spend if you don't get any job.

(The servant enters with two cocktails on tray.)

HARRY. (Taking glass and rising.) Well, here's to the fortune hunter!

NAT. (Rising also and raising glass.) God help the future Mrs. Duncan!

CURTAIN.

The second act introduces us to Samuel Graham's drug store in Radville, Pennsylvania. Graham is a dreamer and an experimenter. His shop resembles more an alchemist's laboratory than a modern drug store. Financially he is at the end of his tether. He has given his brain and his energy to fruitless invention. His supplies have run out. His daughter Betty has not a presentable gown to her back. The village banker, Mr. Lockwood, a squinting individual, holds an overdue note of the druggist, and threatens to oust him from his few remaining possessions. And here it is that the young Fortune Hunter applies for a job.

"If you are really looking for a job," the old druggist kindly remarks, "I'd like to give

you one first rate."

"You're the first man I ever met who felt

that way about it."-

"The trouble is, my boy, that my business is so small. There isn't much of anything to do here."

"That," Nat quickly replies, "is just the sort of place I like. I mean," he corrects himself, "I'm willing to do anything, no matter how

little there is to do."

When Graham explains his impecuniosity, Nat offers to work for him for nothing to learn the drug business. He offers his employer five dollars to buy a fresh supply of syrups for the soda fountain, and determines to "build up the business." He starts by looking for a broom in the cellar in order to clean up the store a little. While he is groping in the darkness of that subterranean vault, the druggist's daughter appears on the scene wildly excited. "Father," she cries, "can you get me some money?"

GRAHAM. Well—how much? BETTY. Have you got any money now? GRAHAM. Well, no; not at present.

BETTY. And you can't pay Mr. Lockwood what you owe him on the note, can you?

GRAHAM. No, not to-day; but he'll give me a little more time. He's kind, very kind.

BETTY. Then, if you should get any money you'd have to give it to him?

GRAHAM. (Soothingly.) Well, I think it will come out all right.

BETTY. (Wildly.) Oh, what's the use of talkin' that way? I know you can't do anything for me and so do you. (With savage resentment.) I can't understand it. (Nat appears in door with broom, stops undecidedly.) Why is it that I

have to be more shabby than any other girl in town? I don't mind cookin' and doin' the housework and all the rest, but why is it that you never can give me anythin' at all? Why is it that every one looks down on us and laughs at us and sneers at us? Why is it half the time we don't have enough to eat? Other men can take care of their families and give their children things to wear. You have only us two to look after and you can't even do that. It isn't right, and if I were you I'd be ashamed of myself—(Stops suddenly, full of rage, but secretly sorry for what she has said.)

Graham. (Rises slowly, looks at her a moment, and when he speaks his voice trembles.) Why, Betty—I—I— (Brightens with an effort. Rises.) Oh, but things are going to be better soon. You must have a little more patience. (With sudden thought.) Why, there was a gentleman here this morning from New York City

talking about an invention of mine.

BETTY. Invention! Oh, father! Everybody knows they're no good. You've been wastin' time on them ever since I can remember and you've never sold one yet.

GRAHAM. But this gentleman seemed quite interested. He's over at the hotel now. I'll go over and have a talk with him; you wait here. (Sees Nat.) Oh, this gentleman is going to be with us in the store. This is my daughter, Mr.—

NAT. (Bowing.) Durcan. Nathaniel Duncan. How do you do, Miss Graham?

Betty. (In great astonishment, forgetting to return bow.) Goin' to be with us?

NAT. Why, yes. Your father has been kind enough to take me in. I'm to be the soda clerk. Graham. (Smiling kindly.) You wait here, Betty, till I get back. (He goes out.)

NAT. (Has his trousers turned up at the bottom and has a broom and dustpan. There is a long pause. Betty, not recovered from her surprise, stares at him steadily. Nat smiles sweetly.) I—I'm going to sweep, if you don't mind. You'll excuse me, won't you. (Sweeps.)

excuse me, won't you. (Sweeps.)

Betty. You don't really intend to work here?

NAT. (Sweeping up stage.) That is my in-

tention, yes.

BETTY. (Annoyed at his tone. Thinks he is making fun of her, says sharply.) Where do you think your pay will come from?

NAT. (Solemnly, sweeping.) Heaven, perhaps.

BETTY. Huh! You're making a mistake. Father can't pay you anythin'.

NAT. He'll pay me all I'm worth.

BETTY. Of course he thinks he can. But he can't. You don't know him,

NAT. (Stands broom against counter.) I'm afraid it's you who don't know him. (Suddenly dropping ministerial air and tone and speaking naturally and sincerely. Crosses to her.) I'm going to give you a little advice, Miss Graham.

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Don't you talk to your father again the way you did just now.

BETTY. (Furiously.) What business is it of

NAT. None. But just the same I wouldn't if I were you.

BETTY. Yes, I do! You go to church all the me, understand that? When I want advice from you I'll ask for it and until I do, you let me alone, I know why you talk that way.

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BETTY. Yes, I do! You go to church all the time and try to make out you're too religious for anythin' and you like to hear yourself giving Christian advice to poor, miserable sinners, you think it's just too lovely of you, that's why you said it, if you want to know. Folks wonder what you're doing here. I could tell them. You're here to show off your good clothes and your finger-nails and the way you part your hair and all the other things you do that nobody in New York would pay any attention to. (Stops breathlessly.)

NAT. (Thoughtfully.) A pretty good guess at that. (Gets broom and sweeps again.)

BETTY. (Surprised at his answer and somewhat mollified in spite of herself.) Oh, yes, it's easy enough to give advice when you've got plenty of money and fine clothes.

Nat. I know that. But the only reason I spoke was because I'm strong for your father, and I wanted to do you a good turn, too.

Betty. I don't want any of your good turns.

NAT. Then I apologize. Only think over what
I said sometime.

BETTY. (Almost trying to excuse herself.) I had a good reason for saying what I did to him. NAT. (Going on with his work.) I know you

BETTY. (Surprised. Looking over shoulder at Nat.) You know I had. Well, how do you know?

Nat. Because I've been up against it myself for five years and I know how it feels to see other people getting along when you're not getting along; to know they have things you don't have. Why, I've kept out of the way for days and days rather than to let my successful friends see how shabby I looked. Many a time I've run across the street to avoid meeting some pal who I knew would invite me to have dinner or luncheon or a drink—of soda—or something for fear he would find out that I couldn't "treat" in return. Many a time I've gone hungry and slept in the park until an old friend found me and took me home with him.

BETTY. (Greatly interested.) And your old friend started you on the road to fortune?

NAT. He said so. But it's your father I want to talk about. Now, I'll bet he knows more than any other man in this town and besides, that he's a fine, square, good-hearted old gentleman, any-

one can see that. Only he has one awful fault, he doesn't know how to make money, and that's mighty tough on you; but when you roast him for it you only make him feel as miserable as a yellow dog and doesn't help matters a bit. He can't change into a sharp business crook now, he's too old a man. Before long he—he won't be with you at all and when he's gone you'll be sore on yourself—sure—if you keep on throwing it into him as you did just now. (Betty stands looking at him. Nat turns away. Begins sweeping.)

BETTY. (After a pause.) I—I won't do it again.

NAT. Bully for you. (Sees Josie Lockwood and Angie at window.) Sh-customers.

BETTY. (Looking out window.) They've come to see you. Tracey's told them you're here.

NAT. The tall one's old Lockwood's daughter, isn't she?

BETTY. Yes, she's an heiress.

Josie Lockwood and her friend Angie, a country girl, enter the store, and Betty walks out. The newcomers at once bestow admiring glances upon the new drug clerk. His attempts to "mix" a drink of soda for them at the soda fountain are not encouraging, for his knowledge of "soft drinks" is limited by his inexperience.

"We've seen you at church," one of the girls observes.

"Do you have to go, too?"

Josie and Angie. What?

NAT. (Drawing glass of soda.) I mean do

you attend regularly?

Josie. (At counter.) Oh, yes. (Looks at Nat admiringly.) You make it a rule to go every Sunday, don't you, Mr. Duncan?

NAT. It's one of the rules, but I didn't make it. Josie. Won't you join the choir, Mr. Duncan? I want you to awfully.

NAT. Do you? (Offering them the sodas.)
Josie. All the girls want him to, don't they,
Angie?

NAT. Choir? (Takes out note-book and looks at it.)

Angie. Oh, yes, honestly. They're all just dying to meet you. (They take up the glasses.)

NAT. Well, I'll have to write and ask first. (The girls taste the soda and look at each other peculiarly. Nat watches them. Angie tastes soda and gives sudden ejaculation, "Oh!")

ANGIE. Oh!

NAT. I sincerely hope it's not so very bad.

Angre. Do you like it, Josie?

Josie. (Looks around and sees Nat watching her and smiles.) Mine is perfectly lovely, only it isn't very sweet. (Josie sets it down, only having tasted it.)



JACK BARRYMORE BEHIND A SODA COUNTER The droll impersonation of "Nat" Duncan in a drug-store shows Barrymore's art at its best.

NAT. I made them dry, you know. (The girls don't understand. Picking up Josie's glass and moving toward tap.) I'll put a collar on for you. (She motions him not to put any more in.) Josie. Oh, no, thank you.

Angie. (Going to counter and getting down her glasses.) Why don't you try a glass, Mr. Duncan?

NAT. I'm on the wagon.

Josie. What? NAT. I mean I don't drink at all. It's one of the rules.

(Moving toward door.) Come on, ANGIE. Josie, we must go; we've been here ever so long. (Josie looks at her, annoyed.)

NAT. Oh, don't hurry, I beg of you.

Josie. Oh, we haven't hurried. Remember what I said about the choir, won't you?

NAT. (Trying to assume a lover's attitude.) I shall never forget it.

Josie is followed by the Sheriff commissioned by her father to evict Graham from his house. Nat good-naturedly assumes the druggist's obligation. When a smart New Yorker appears, and nonchalantly offers to buy Graham's chief invention-a patented burner-for a song, Nat intervenes. He takes the fortunes of the little family in his hands. "Harry said,"

he sighs to himself, "I couldn't get rid of that stake in a year. He doesn't know what a fast town this is." He starts up as he sees Lockwood approaching. Lockwood looks at him familiarly. The village banker suffers from an affection of one eye which seems to wink continuously.

"I'm glad you're coming in here with Sam." "It's only temporary," Nat replies in his ministerial manner. "I am devoting much of my time to my studies, but I feel that I should be earning something, too." He suddenly begins working.

LOCKWOOD. That's right. You always go to church, don't you?

NAT. No, sir, only Sundays.

LOCKWOOD. That's what I mean. Do vou drink?

NAT. (Working at upper counter.) Oh, no, sir. Don't drink, smoke or swear, and on Sundays I go to church. Dress quietly but neatly, don't accept invitations. O-oh, I beg your pardon. (Turning to Lockwood.)

Lockwood. I'm mighty glad to hear it. I'm at the head of the temperance movement here and I hope you'll join us. Set an example to our fast young men.

NAT. Yes. I'm sure I can set an example to

Lockwood. (Looks about for some little way to show his friendship.) Warm to-day. (Takes off hat and fans himself.)

NAT. Yes, sir, very.

Lockwoop. I believe I'll have a glass of soda. NAT. Yes, sir, certainly. (Goes behind counter.)

Lockwood. I suppose you'll fix this place up some, eh?

NAT. Oh, yes. We'll try to have the best drug store in the State. Would you like vanilla? Lockwood. (At the counter.) No, just soda. (For the first time Nat sees wink from Lockwood's affected eye.)

NAT. (Looks at him, unable to believe his cyes.) I beg pardon?

Lockwood, I say, just-plain-soda.

NAT. On the level?

LOCKWOOD. What? (Winks again.)

NAT. I understand. (Gets whiskey bottle, turns out drink and fills it with soda.)

LOCKWOOD. (Takes a couple of swallows and smacks his lips, then drinks it all.) How can anyone want intoxicating liquors when they can get such a bracin' drink as this. (Nat turns and picks up bottle and smells of it to make sure it's whiskey.)

NAT. I pass.

Before Lockwood goes out, he invites "Nat" to the house. Harry's recipe is working splendidly. When Betty returns to the store Nat offers her the money for a new dress. Betty, however, refuses to accept it. "I've been thinking over what you said to me. I know I'd be out of place at the party. I belong here with father, working in the store."

A marvelous transformation meets our eyes in the third act, a few months later. Graham's dingy drug store has been replaced by an establishment in white and gold, with red and blue bottles, shelves, ladders, telephones, candy, a soda counter, a cash register, and the complete paraphernalia of an up-to-date drug store. Betty is at a finishing school, her father and Nat live pleasantly in a newly furnished house, and Josie has been more than once on the point of proposing to the young Fortune Hunter. On this particular day Nat is anxious to avoid her, for Betty is to return from school. He has taken a fancy to that spirited girl-the one possibility not foreseen in Harry's shrewd calculation.

"Well," the young financier asks him, when he stops at the village, "how is my scheme coming on? Are you carrying out all the rules according to agreement?"

NAT. Every rule. Not a drink, not a smoke and not a swear. And the church thing, well, I own it. that's all.

HARRY. Bully for you! Well? Was I right?
NAT. I should say you were! It's so easy it seems a shame to do it.

HARRY. Good! I knew it. And you made a play for Lockwood's da ighter, eh?

NAT. Certainly not! You're forgetting your instructions. I allowed her to make a play for

HARRY, Of course. My mistake—how far has it gone? Has she won you yet? Are you engaged?

NAT. No, I've got two months yet.

HARRY. So you have. There's no hurry. Let her take her time.

NAT. It's worse than that. It's got to a place where I have to dodge her now.

HARRY. Splendid. Only don't carry the dodging too far.

NAT. Do you really want me to carry out the rest of the agreement?

HARRY. Most certainly I do. Why not?

NAT. When you proposed the scheme I was down and three times out, and willing to take a chance at anything, no matter how contemptible. Now it's different.

HARRY. Good Heavens! You don't mean you'd be willing to live here.

NAT. I don't know. I think I'm beginning to like it.

HARRY. Spend your life here, with nobody



"THIS IS SO SUDDEN, JOSIE"

The "fortune hunter" is never so embarrassed as when the fortune he has been seeking (incarnate in Josie Lockwood) is fairly within his grasp.

around you but a bunch of rubes, slaving away in this measly store.

NAT. Hold on now, don't you call this a "measly store.". . . There ain't a finer drug store in the State.

HARRY. Is it possible that this is Nat Duncan? The fellow who hated work and couldn't earn a living? Gad, I've arrived just in time!

NAT. In time for what?

HARRY. To set you straight. Here's the heiress you came to get, ready and anxious, everything coming your way and you're half inclined to back out.

NAT. See here, Harry, when I first landed here I had about as gay and sociable a time as a bell-buoy in the ocean. (Harry laughs.) I nearly died for something to do and someone to talk to. Then I got in with this old Prince, Graham, and for the first time in my life I was glad to work, to take my mind off the dulness. There was next to nothing in this store. And Graham and his daughter hadn't a penny. It was so peculiar finding someone that was worse

off than I was that I used up all the coin you advanced me straightening them out.

HARRY. Yes, you wrote me about that.

NAT. Then I got dead interested trying to make the store amount to something, and I never was so happy in my life as when it began to show a profit. I realized things were easier for the old man, and I found by scrimping a little we could send the girl to school. She was well worth it, you know, and-

HARRY. Oh! So that's the idea. (Rising and

going down a bit.)

NAT. No-no-no-not at all. Only she-well, she's a nice little girl, Harry; just needed a chance in life, that's all. (Slight pause.)

HARRY. Go on.

NAT. Well, since I've been working here I've stuck to all the terms of our agreement. Singled out this Lockwood girl and worked all the degrees. Didn't say much, no love-making, but let her catch me looking sadly at her once in a while.

HARRY. That's the way!
NAT. Yes; that's the way. But the longer I keep it up, the meaner I feel. I'm getting along on my own account now and-

HARRY. And you want to back out?

NAT. (Going to him.) I want you to agree to let me out. These rubes, as you call them, struck me as being nothing but a lot of jay freaks at first, but when you get to know them they are just as human as city people, I like 'em now, and, on the level, I'm getting kind of stuck on church. And as for work, why, I eat it up.

HARRY. Nat, my poor crazy friend, listen to me. This working and helping Graham is all very noble and fine, and I'm glad you've done it, this drug store is a monument to your business ability; but come on down to earth now. This place is paying a little profit; very good; that's all it will ever do. It's all new to you, and you're good for something. But from now it will get stale, and before long you'll hate it, and next you'll hate the town, and then you'll be right where you were before. Now, I'm going to hold you to your bargain for your own sake.

Their conversation is interrupted by the entrance of Josie. Harry discreetly withdraws. The banker's daughter insinuates her love for the hunter of her fortune. Nat fences, pretending not to understand.

Josie. You know I like you. It's awfully hard for me, Nat, to have folks think that I'm pursuing you and that you are trying to avoid

NAT. (Scoldingly.) Josie!

Josie. Well, that's the way it looks. You don't want it to appear that way, do you?

NAT. Of course I don't.

Josie. Then—then why don't you stop it? Nat. I can't.

Josie. (Coyly.) If you liked me as well as I like you, you would-

NAT. Ah, child, you don't know what you're

Yes, I do. (Nat stops suddenly and JOSIE. looks at her.) I don't believe you care anything about me.

NAT. Oh, Josie, please.

Josie. Well, you've never told me so.

NAT. (Going to her.) Don't you see that I shouldn't? Why, just think. You are an only daughter-an only daughter. (Tears in voice.) Not only your father's only daughter, but your mother's only daughter. Your father is my friend. How unfair it would be to him.

Josie. Oh, papa wants you to; he told me so. NAT. But listen, Josie; you are rich, an heiress; I am a poor man. Would you want it said that I was after your money? (Going to her.)

Iosie. No one would dare even think such a

Oh, yes, they would; you don't know NAT. the world as I do. And, for all you know, they might be right. How could you tell that-

Josie. Oh, don't say such horrid things; I could tell. A woman always can. I know you'd be incapable of such a thing. Papa knows it, too. No one has ever got ahead of papa, and he says you are a fine, steady, Christian man, and he would rather see me your wife than any one he knows.

NAT. This is so sudden. Josie, the time has come-you must know the truth.

Josie. Oh, Nat!

NAT. I am not what you think me.

Josie. Oh, Nat! (Moving toward him.)

NAT. Nor what your father thinks me.

Josie. (Goes back a step.) NAT. Nor what any one in this town thinks me. I am not a Christian. It's all a bluff. I didn't know anything about a church until I came here. I smoke and I drink and I swear and I gamble, and I cut them out just to trick you into caring for me-

Josie. I don't believe it.

NAT. (With pretended grief.) Ah, alas, Josie! It's true; only too true. (He buries his face in his hands.)

Josie. (After a pause.) Nevertheless, Nat, I will be your wife. (Going to him, puts her arms around his neck.)

NAT. (Suddenly looking up in great alarm.)

Josie!

Josie. Nat, my- (Nat drops his head on her shoulder in despair.)

NAT. (With change of manner and real seriousness.) Josie, I'll try to make you a good husband-and that wasn't in the agreement.

Josie's exit is followed by a stormy interview with one of her rustic admirers who thinks he recognizes in Nat an escaped bank thief, and threatens to expose him unless he gives up the girl. Nat forcibly evicts the youth from the premises. When he is alone Betty enters to greet him. She thanks him for all he has done for her.

"Nat," she almost sobs, "you are the very best man in the whole world."

NAT. Don't! Don't, for heaven's sake!

BETTY. I know you don't like me to tell you this, but I am going to just the same. Why, father and I both cried when he showed me how you'd fixed up the house.

NAT. Is it as bad as that?

BETTY. (With a little laugh.) Oh, Nat, don't. You must let me tell you the truth about yourself. It's splendid to live the life you do. You are all unconscious of it, and I want you to realize it. It makes everybody love you.

NAT. (After a long pause.) That's right. That was the idea- (Betty looks at him surprised. There is a pause.) Betty, does it make you-er-feel that way toward me?

BETTY. Why, of course; every one who-(Stops suddenly and turns away embarrassed.) Oh, Nat!

NAT. (Not noticing.) That's why I came here, Betty. (Privy still turned away and not understanding. Nat is facing front and now looks down.) es, I've come here with the idea of getting married. (Betty takes a deep breath and waits, her hands clasped.) You never guessed that, did you?

Betty. (Almost breathing the word.) No! NAT. (Still looking down.) Well, it's the truth, and I can't tell you now-not now-

BETTY. No, Nat dear, not now. (Happily.)

I think I'd better go home. I-

NAT. (Looking suddenly at her, realizing she doesn't understand.) Oh, yes; yes, Betty. I must tell you. I must! (She stands motionless, expecting he will tell her he loves her.) To-night I -to-night-I became engaged to Josie Lockwood.

BETTY. (Stands paralyzed, but not a muscle of her face changes. There is a long pause; when she speaks her voice is perfectly steady and sweet.) Oh, Nat, dear, I'm so glad for you. I wish you all the happiness in the world. Good night! (With a set smile she goes slowly to the door and exits quietly and naturally, without showing a trace of emotion.)

The final act transpires before Sam Graham's house. It is about nine o'clock at night and there are indications of a gathering storm. Harry informs Sam of an advantageous offer for his patent. Sam replies that Nat owns it all.

"But what arrangement did you have?"

"We didn't have any."

He explains what Nat has meant to him and

his daughter, and how he has retrieved their fortunes. The financier is visibly moved. When he sees Betty he is absolutely enchanted. A little later Nat appears. "Well," he declares, "I'm not going through with this thing."

"What are you going to do?"

"The only thing left to do. See Lockwood and his daughter and tell him the whole thing."

Fortunately he is saved from this unpleasant situation by the appearance of Lockwood, with Josie and Roland, the jilted suitor. Roland accuses him of being the defaulting cashier. Nat's first impulse is to rush toward him, but Lockwood interposes.

"Hold on," he cries, "you got my daughter to say she'd marry you to-night, and I want to know more of this bank business before it goes any further. Do you deny it? Answer."

NAT. I refuse to answer.

ROLAND. Ah-ha! What did I tell you? Josie. (Indignantly to Nat.) What does this mean?

NAT. Don't ask me.

Josie. Is it true? NAT. You heard what he said.

Josie. Oh-I-I despise you.

NAT. That's all right. I've despised myself

all the evening. Josie. (Turning to Lockwood.) Papa!

Lockwood. Don't give me the credit. Thank Roland; he got onto him.

Josie. (To Roland.) I do thank you, Roland, and I can never be grateful enough. Won't you take me away from this place?

ROLAND. (Steps out toward Nat.) mighty glad to see you home if you'll let me.

Josie. I'd like to have you very much. Oh, Roland, how foolish I've been. I believe I've liked you best all along. (They turn to go.) . . . Betty. (Coming out of house.) Supper is

(Seeing Nat is there alone, she ready andstops suddenly, embarrassed.)

NAT. Betty, I want to tell you something. Do you happen to remember that I told you a while ago I was engaged to Josie Lockwood?

BETTY. What do you mean?

NAT. Nothing much; only it's broken off.

BETTY. Broken off! Why? NAT. Because I love you.

BETTY. Oh, Nat! I don't understand.

NAT. It was a plan, a scheme, my coming here, everything I did, a disgraceful, contemptible trick, but it's different now. I love you, Betty, and I want to be a man. Won't you forgive me and be my wife? (During this speech rain starts. Graham gets umbrella and holds it over them.)

BETTY. I've loved you from the first day I ever saw you, you know I have. (They embrace.)

CURTAIN.

A MUSICAL PAGEANT IN HONOR OF MACDOWELL

HE first musical pageant ever given in this country was held, very appropriately, in Peterborough, New Hampshire, a few weeks ago. For a while that quiet town, the summer home of Edward MacDowell and his last resting place, took on the aspect of an American Baireuth. widow of the composer became its inspiring force. Three brilliant Harvard men and a Brooklyn organist were her associates. Over two hundred people, mostly gathered from the surrounding country, participated in the performances. "The pageant," says Mrs. Berenice Thompson, to whom we are indebted for the illustrations used with this article, "was an epitome of Edward MacDowell's theories in art, which have placed his name in the foreground of American musical achievement. And just as Richard Wagner was the standard-bearer of a great art movement in Germany, so MacDowell will be viewed when our own musical history shall be written-the leader of a school of greater scope and importance than any which have gone before him in the Western hemisphere."

The performances took place in the heart of

pine woods not far from "Hillcrest," MacDowell's summer home. A natural amphitheater, heaven-domed, provided an ideal setting. The log cabin in which MacDowell wrote much of his music was actually utilized as a piece of stage property. Through a vista in the pines directly back of the stage the audience could see distant Mount Monadnock; and "the shifting clouds and moving shadows," one spectator testifies, "provided all the change of scenery needed."

The pageant was historical in nature, and set forth an analogy between MacDowell's "house of dreams untold," his own rustic studio from which has issued an artistic influence that has quickened the whole country, and the chief events in the development of Peterborough. Mrs. Thompson tells us (in Musical America):

"The historical scenes, all traditionally correct in costume and action, were, many of them, adapted to MacDowell's music, especially that music which was written in this environment and is suggestive of Peterborough or New England life and influences. 'The New England Idyls' furnished



CONDUCTOR OF THE CHORALS

H. Brooks Day, of St. Luke's Church, Brooklyn, trained the chorus for the MacDowell pageant.



THE MASTER OF THE PAGEANT

Professor George P. Baker, of Harvard, wrote the book and took general charge of the Peterborough festival.



THE POET OF THE PAGEANT.

Herman Hagedorn, of Harvard, wrote the lyrics for the musical festival at Peterborough, New Hampshire.



CONDUCTOR OF THE ORCHESTRA

Chalmers Clifton, of Harvard, adapted and orchestrated most of the music for the MacDowell pageant.

the two opening numbers, both of which were rendered in a manner so impressive as to give rise to the belief that this later group of piano compositions may come to surpass the 'Woodland Sketches' and 'Sea Pieces' in popularity.

"The brass-throated fanfare and invocation ('From a Log Cabin' and 'In Deep Woods'), rendered by the orchestra, were fully as sublime and devotional as the prelude to 'Parcifal.' It was the musical expression of the motto or theme of the pageant, 'A House of Dreams,' one of MacDowell's own verses, which is inscribed on the bronze tablet placed on the bowlder which marks his grave, by the MacDowell Club of Boston. It runs as follows:

A house of dreams untold, It looks out over the whispering treetops, And faces the setting sun."

Next came, with stately dance and pantomime, the Muses, in white flowing garments, and the Dreams, in soft gray. Allegorically significant of the historical events of Peterborough, they disappeared in the woods. The dreams were then fully realized in the scenic portrayals which Mrs. Thompson conveys in the following words:

"'The Indian Idyl,' in softer cadence, is now sounded by the orchestra, ushering in an Indian

wedding scene as symbolical of the early life in Peterborough. Miss Wills, the Indian bride, and Mr. Barker, the bridegroom, alternate with the chorus in voicing the melody. The fathers (chiefs) of bride and groom meet and make the arrangements. A bearskin rug is spread on the ground, and the bride and her attendants in Indian costume come out singing. The bride kneels on the rug and the young brave, raising her, leads her to sports and the celebration of the wedding.

"The third scene, representing conditions in Ireland of the Scotch-Irish who settled Peterborough, introduces some excellent dramatic material, in which Miss Beatz figures prominently. The traditional Irish keening is effectively given by the women on the departure of the inhabitants for America. Irish folk music is sung.

"One of the most effective musical episodes is now introduced in MacDowell's 'A. D. 1620.' from the 'Sea Pieces.' It marks the arrival of the settlers and signifies their thanksgiving after the safe voyage. Mr. Clifton's orchestration evidences good taste in the variety of theme coloring here and elsewhere. At the same time the orchestra never obtrudes in a way to distract attention from the music itself."

There were further vivid portrayals of the life of the colonists after reaching America; and, at the close, what Mrs. Thompson de-



DREAMS AND MUSES AT PETERBOROUGH

One of the beautiful features of the MacDowell pageant was the entry of the Muses, in white flowing garments, and the Dreams, in soft gray, allegorically significant of the historical development of Peterborough.

scribes as "the most touching portion of the pageant"—a finale entitled "The Spirit of the Master Speaks":

"As the strains of MacDowell's 'To a Wild Rose' float upon the breeze, the Dreams, clad in soft gray, with gray hoods, appear through the foliage, then begin to vanish, as Miss Bartholomew sings:

Come, oh songs! Come, oh dreams!
In our house is deep rest.

and go into the house and the woods. The closing lines, finishing the song, bear the message of the dead composer to the people of his country:

> Laugh, my dreams, and sigh. Sing, and vigil keep. Call to them that sleep!

"It is an art message for artists. The new education for the young men and women of America."

The Peterborough festival had as its three-fold object the stimulation of interest in the local MacDowell Choral Society; the commemoration of MacDowell's death; and the strengthening of the work of the MacDowell Memorial Association. This last-named body, with its properties at Peterborough, represents the germ of one of MacDowell's dearest ideals. It was his dream to establish a school in which a knowledge of all the fine arts should be imparted. He himself studied painting and belles-lettres before he adopted the profession of music. He felt that the arts were so in-

terwoven as to be inseparable. Owing to his sickness and early death, his dream was never realized. But the fund collected by the Mac-Dowell Memorial Association is being applied toward carrying out his ideas. His house and grounds in Peterborough are the scene of the experiment, and Mrs. MacDowell, in deeding the property to the Association, made the statement:

"It is expressly and especially desired that this home of Edward MacDowell shall be a center of interest to artists working in varied fields, who, being there brought into contact, may learn to fully appreciate the fundamental unity of the separated arts. That in it the individual artist may gain a sympathetic attitude toward the works of artists working in fields other than that in which such artist tries to embody the beautiful by recognizing that each art has a special function, just so far as it has gained a special medium of expression.

"That, while the use of the home should thus materially be given for the most part to productive artists, nevertheless its use might be accorded to artists and to others who are sympathetic with the aims and purposes of the donor."

The MacDowell place is a tract of ground covering more than two hundred acres. It contains a neat, white cottage, used as a dormitory, and several little log cabin structures in the woods, modeled after MacDowell's own workshop and occupied by the young art workers of the community.

FALSE ETHICS IN MODERN PLAYS

ORAL problems are apt to be perplexing wherever we meet them. They are perhaps most perplexing in the realm of the drama. No one, it seems, can decide with any finality whether a play is moral or immoral. There is always a dissenting voice. William Winter still deplores in Harper's Weekly the "obscenities" of Ibsen and the "prurience" of Bernard Shaw. Can it be that his thunders should be hurled not at these, nor yet at their frankly pornographic brethren, so much as at plays generally regarded as "wholesome"? Walter Prichard Eaton opens our eyes, in the American Magazine, to the distressingly bad morals of what pass for highly proper plays.

Dramatists seem to delight in confusing our ethical standards. A play that confuses our sense of right and wrong is more harmful, Mr. Eaton thinks, than a downright immoral play. Can it be that an influence more subtly corrupting emanates from "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" than from the happily defunct "Girl with the Whooping Cough"? Must we shun "The Man from Home" even if it were to fly into the arms of "Alma" or "The Worst Woman in Paris"? In life, Mr. Eaton somewhat facetiously remarks, there are two morals: yours and mine. In the drama there is a third kind which has no relation to life whatever. We are frequently asked to accept as admirable and moral what is in reality contemptibly immoral, and, what is worse, we do so accept it.

"We check our own moral code in the cloak room before the play begins, and then are thrilled with pleasure by the most flagrantly immoral proceedings masquerading as virtue on the stage, or are warmed to a rich glow of sympathetic sanctity by situations which, upon analysis, are the negation of goodness. And this is entirely due to the fact that in the theater we are carried along from moment to moment, without pausing to reflect upon cause or effect; and the dramatist is so carried along also in his desire to make each situation immediately effective, forgetting its larger significance. In other words, in the drama as elsewhere, a lack of clear thinking down to the bed rock of principles is the cause of most of the falsity and misappreciation."

Thus "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was hailed as a drama of great moral import and regeneration. "Mr. Forbes-Robertson enacted the part of a benign stranger, presumably an incarnation of the Christ-spirit, who came to a boarding-house filled with lying, scolding, bickering, cheating, unhappy beings, and by 'calling to their better natures,' reformed them one and all. They went down before the glance of his eye and the soft boom of his voice like nine-pins in an alley. And, as each sinner went down, as each reformation was accomplished, all the women in the audience wept."

Yet, Mr. Eaton thinks, to those men who have labored toilfully to raise their fallen brothers and sisters this play is almost as much a travesty as an allegory. It is a travesty because it ignores the practical side of the human struggle and human will in every true and lasting reformation, and sends away the beholder with a pleasant feeling that all that is needed to set the world aright are a few sweet thoughts and a call to our "better natures."



A VIVID SCENE FROM THE MACDOWELL PACEANT

Showing the settlers of Peterborough, New Hampshire, holding their first thanksgiving service after landing in America.

"Ultimately, there is something dangerously immoral about 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back'—immoral because it makes spiritual regeneration a matter of external and immediate suggestion, a kind of hypnotic process, instead of an inward education of the will and the moral senses; dangerous because it permits an audience to go away amiably self-satisfied, to lapse back fifteen minutes later into exactly their former state. In spite of its allegorical beauty, it inspires no real ethical purpose and no real thought, because it is based by the dramatist on no real thought, tho doubtless his purpose was sincere enough. It does not touch the real principles of moral reformation."

"The Man from Home" illustrates a different phase of the curious morals of the drama. We acclaim it for its glorification of the sturdy virtue and democratic simplicity of Kokomo, Indiana, as against the rottenness and snobbery of effete Europe, but, thoughtfully considered, the play renders these estimable virtues contemptible and mean by ignoring and falsifying all the rest of the picture.

"In the playhouse, having checked everything but our jingo patriotism in the cloak room, we madly applaud Daniel Voorhees Pike, of Kokomo. What he would be, under actual conditions, is a rather uncouth boor, making a fool of him-

self and America.

"If the authors of this play had held up Daniel Voorhees Pike as a type to be studied, that would be another matter. But they have obviously held him up as a hero to be admired. Now, rudeness, ignorance, narrow-mindedness, are never admirable. And the man who thinks, acts and speaks at any and all times on the assumption that the town hall of Kokomo is more beautiful because it is in Kokomo, which is in Indiana, which is in the United States of America, than St. Peter's in Rome, or the Acropolis at Athens, or the Doges' Palace in Venice, is no whit less a snob than the European aristocrat who thinks that his fifteen generations of finemannered ancestors make him the superior of Daniel."

One of the best examples of false ethics is furnished by "The Fighting Hope," where the heroine is intended by the dramatist as a pitiable object because, on the one hand, she feels it right to save an innocent man (whom she has begun to love), and, on the other, feels it her duty to save her son's happiness by building their future on a structure of lies and deceit. "She reaches a solution, not by reasoning the tangle out, not by any real thought for her boys, their genuine moral wel-

fare, not by any attention to principles, but simply by discovering that her husband has been sexually unfaithful to her."

In actual life the thousands of people who have acclaimed the play would probably cut off their right hands before sending an honest man to jail or raising their children on lies. But they refuse to carry their principles to the playhouse; they are moved by falsity as easily as by the truth. In John Goodman's play, "Mother," the heroine shoulders all trials and all blame for her children, who lie and forge, and who insult her. Actually, Mr. Eaton insists, the speech and conduct of her children show that she was ill fit for the duties of motherhood.

The portrayal of ethical problems requires hard diligent thought. "The drama which is written without thought is writ in water." If, declares Mr. Eaton, the dramatist regards his stage people and his stage situations as representative of life, he must judge conduct, weigh motives, and arrange the outcome of deeds with all the care he would bestow upon human beings in like predicament. "Without such thought he may concoct a play temporarily successful in the theater, but he cannot write a play which will bring him enduring fame. In the long run, you can no more successfully defy moral principle in the drama than in the world."

What renders the problem of morality even more complex is the lack of a uniform standard. We laughingly accept in farce and musical comedy what would revolt us in serious drama. Thus there are at present two plays dealing with race suicide before the public. One of these, "The Sixth Commandment," by Robert McLaughlin, formerly secretary of President McKinley, preaches a terrible lesson. The other, "Baby Mine," by Margaret Mayo, convulses the audience with laughter. Mr. Eaton would commend the former and scowl on the farcical treatment of the theme. Mr. Winter would probably condemn both; he would certainly wither the author of "The Sixth Commandment" with the fiery eloquence of his scorn. Alan Dale tells us that he entered the theater where "Baby Mine" lured to laughter with the firm determination to be shocked, but was carried away by the irresistible fun of the situation. "In fact," he says, "at Daly's Theater, you might just as well check your Better Self at the door, and surrender the evening to that gorgeous sense of cussedness that brooks no restraint."

THE NEGLECTED STEPCHILD OF THE MODERN STAGE

FEARLY every imaginable kind of dramatic experiment seems to be able to find a producer. The modern manager, we are led to believe, approaches the playwright nowadays with the demeanor of a suppliant. Dozens of theaters are gaping for new productions; but there is one waif that is still left disconsolate on the door step, the child of poetry and the drama. The mention of blank verse turns the amiable smile of the manager into a sickly grimace. The dauntless brigade of metropolitan critics -"The Harpies" they have been called—may be routed by the whispered announcement of a "poetic drama." True, both "Chantecler" and "The Blue Bird" are poetic plays; but even Maude Adams would hardly venture the production of Rostand's barn-yard fancy were it not for the sensational exploitation of the work by the astute press agents of the Gallic playwright, and there is hardly a playhouse outside of the New Theater where Maeterlinck's elusive bird might have nested. Again, both authors are foreigners. If Americans break away from conventional dramatic channels in the same way, we deny a hearing to them here. The first lyric opera by an American, Nevin's "Poia," was produced in Berlin, and it was Stratford-on-Avon that first laureled the brow of Josephine Preston Pea-The governors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theater awarded the one-thousanddollar prize for the best drama in verse to Miss Peabody's "Piper." There were no less than three hundred and fifteen competitors. Yet we should not be surprised if Miss Peabody's prize play was among the three thousand odd plays rejected by Mr. John Corbin, erstwhile literary director of the New Theater.

There is, asserts Mr. Corbin in The World's Work, a glamor in the unacted drama. Folks who join most loudly in the cry of decadence against the acted drama harbor a glorious belief in the unacted drama. The favorite vehicle of the unacted playwright is the original poetic drama." Generally such poetic dramas are in five acts, and dozens of scenes, plus prolog and epilog. One of the plays submitted to Mr. Corbin was so original that the epilog came first and the prolog last. The author insisted that his play had been criticized by the International Correspondence Institute of Washington, D. C. Still another poetic drama came from an Australian professor of English literature. "In the letter," Mr. Corbin goes on to say, "he solemnly assured us upon his professional honor that the lines of his drama were pure poetry. As to his stagecraft he admitted misgiving, owing to his lack of familiarity with the stage. He gave us his professional assurance, however, that his dramaturgy was precisely that of Shakespeare."

It may be only just to add, Mr. Corbin is forced to admit, that if the unproduced playwright deserves his fate, he has failed in good company. "What poet since Shakespeare has written viable blank verse drama?"

"Among the futile great are Milton, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Hardy, and Meredith. Sometimes they have written according to the dramaturgy of Shakespeare, sometimes according to that of Sophocles. Virtually without exception, their plays are not adapted to the modern stage and are in effect killed by production upon it. Almost alone among his kind, Wordsworth did not attempt the drama. He once remarked, however, that he could have written plays like those of Shakespeare if he had had the mind. Lamb, who had himself attempted the rigors of dramatic construction and the flinty heights of dramatic passion, agreed with him heartily. It was, he remarked, only the mind that was lacking.

Mr. Corbin's attitude, no doubt, is entirely reasonable. The poetic plays of Percy Mackaye have never scored a popular success, and Miss Peabody's prize play, tho exquisite in its lyric parts, seems to be lacking in the robuster dramatic fiber. But so much that is utterly worthless is produced on our stage, so many thousands of dollars are wasted on elaborate musical imbecilities, that the chance of a hearing should not be denied the poetic The fact remains that in Shakespeare's own town was given the cordial welcome withheld by us from the poetic play, even tho it be by one whose printed works are highly regarded. Miss Peabody (now Mrs. Marks) as a poet has considerable reputation in America, and when her unacted drama, "Marlowe," was published nine years ago, one of the critics remarked: "It is not a book of the week, nor of the year, but a lasting contribution to American letters."

Her prize play, "The Piper," so Homer H. Harbour, writing in *Munsey's*, tells us, is a retelling of the old story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, with the addition of a poetic grace and meaning not found in the original tale.



A PRIZE-WINNER AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON Josephine Preston Peabody's poetic drama, "The Piper," was lately awarded the thousand-dollar prize offered by the Shakespeare Memorial Theater, at Stratford.

"In her version, the piper leads the children away into his mysterious caverns not because of the citizens' failure to pay him for ridding their homes of a plague of rats, but because he cannot bear to see the merry boys and girls grow up into the care-worn, matter-of-fact men and women that their parents are. In the hollow mountain to which he guides them, they lead a happy life until the yearning love of a mother for her lame boy compels him to bring them back again."

"The Piper" was to have been staged at Stratford in May, but the death of King Edward postponed the performance until the end of July. The charm of the play, with its quaint Hamelin setting, remarks the Boston Transcript, was felt most directly through the children who thronged the stage-fairhaired, rosy-cheeked little ones of Stratford and its vicinity. "Their fathers and mothers, beaming upon them from every quarter of the house, were not the only hearers to delight in those flute voices, chorusing out with childish question and exclamation, nor the only beholders to be gladdened by the gladness of those laughing faces and dancing feet. The action of the children was so simple and natural, and therefore so good, that it is easy to understand the surprise of little "Jan," one of the very few child-players borrowed from a London stage, as she naively commented between acts: 'They are really very clever, aren't they? They really do very well, don't they, for just local children?"

The Morning Post (London) feels that Mrs. Marks has spun out the thread of the simple fairy tale too long, has devitalized rather than vitalized, has undramatized rather than dramatized, the poet's conception. It

savs

"Such central idea as she has is that the mission of the Piper is to wean the adults of Hamelin from their low and sordid ideals. But in seeking to do this, and to produce a play of decent length, she may seem to some to have straved beyond her warrant and to have produced less an amplification of Browning than a fantasia in which the original air is unrecognizable. To begin with, by converting the Piper into a strolling player taking part in a morality, himself the child of strolling players who have received at the hands of a purse-proud and conventional world a contemptuous treatment that he desires to avenge, she has deprived him of all mystery. Not only a child would be at a loss to know how such a person comes by the power to charm rats or children or to make a mountain gape."

The London *Times* is more sympathetic. One of the most interesting features of the play, in Mr. Walkley's opinion, is its just and steady knowledge of medieval ways, an accomplishment surprising in an American. He adds:

"It was impossible to see the play without enjoying its spirit, its frequent beauties, and the poetry which (fortunately, perhaps, for the effect of a first performance) does not lie wholly in the rhythm of the blank verse and the author's diction. From the point of view of construction 'The Piper' is by no means perfect. The play is episodical. There is continuity of idea, but it is not expressed in continuity of action. Even supposing that the 'book' had been treated with the most scrupulous fairness by all the players, there was not that identification of speech with action which, with a practiced dramatist, keeps the action developing with every speech; and Mrs. Marks is certainly daring in her treatment of the technique of act-endings. But there was enough movement, poetry and beauty in the play to tide over the places where the demands of the stage were neglected. Mrs. Marks' attempts to rationalize the Piper's powers, to show that, after all, the only spell is love, were not entirely successful, but wise men will remember the idea and forget the weak spots in its statement."

Literature and Art

IS CALIFORNIA DESTINED TO BECOME AMERICA'S ART CENTER?

HE young men and women of California are dreaming dreams and seeing visions nowadays. There is something strangely infectious in the sparkle and enthusiasm generated by the very atmosphere of that far Western State. During the past summer a literary colony at Carmel-by-the-Sea, including among its members George Sterling, Alice MacGowan, Crace MacGowan Cooke, Mary Austin, James Hopper, Michael Williams, and many more, has published a journal and dedicated a Forest Theater with a presentation of Constance Skinner's Biblical drama, "David." This is the third open-air theater established in California. The other two owe their inspiration to the University of California and the Bohemian Club of San Francisco.

William Butler Yeats said, after a visit to this country, that in California, under its sky of inspiring blue, did he seem to hear as nowhere else in America the footsteps of the muses; and in California, he added, surely art would come to dwell. The Irish poet voiced the feeling of many. George Sterling, for instance, declares: "It is my opinion that California (at least 'middle' California on the coast) is to excel other portions of the United States not only in the relative number of its artists, but in their artistic stature." Michael Williams takes the same view. "I, too," he says, "believe that California is to be the Greece, the center of art, of the new world of America." He gives his principal reasons for thinking so, in the following words:

"First, California is the most beautiful of the States. And its beauty is not merely sensuous beauty, altho nowhere else in America are the senses gratified as in California; its beauty is of a grandeur, of a nobility, that only great Art—the Art which creates and molds the destiny of nations—can express.

"Second, California is the most healthful of the States. The word health comes from the same root as words which denote life, breath, the soul, wholesome, sanity, Whole: in one word, unity, the harmonious working together of all man's attributes, physical, mental and spiritual. Nowhere



ON THE BEACH AT CARMEL
Showing four of California's literary enthusiasts—George Sterling, Mary Austin, Jack London and James Hopper.



THE FOREST THEATER AT CARMEL

The third of California's open-air theaters was dedicated recently with a presentation of Constance Skinner's Biblical drama, "David."

else in America do people live so much under the

"Third, California has a most vigorous and healthy soul. The bodily health which she nurtures in her favored children insures a high order of mental work. Her puissant and ardent soul insures her artistic dominance among her sister States."

These ideas are developed at length in a brochure on "The Influence of the Climate of California upon its Literature," published by Dr. George Wharton James, of Pasadena. He points out that one result of the kindly disposition of California's climate has been to produce a notable crop of nature writers. He even goes so far as to say, "California has produced in her fifty years of history as many and as good nature writers as all of the rest of the English-writing world in its history of a thousand-years," and he tries to justify this statement in the following paragraph:

"The great nature writers of the English tongue are not too many to defy enumeration. Few names stand out as of first magnitude. Dear old Jack Walton, equally dear Gilbert White, of Selborne, and Kipling of later day are the chief English stars, with Thoreau, John Burroughs and Ernest Thompson Seton in the United States. Now compare with these John Muir, Clarence King, Mary Austin, the Van Dykes, T. S. and T. C., Adelaide Knapp, Olive Thorne Miller, Sharlot Hall, Phillip V. Mighels, Charles Keeler, Belle Sumner Angier, Kirkham, David Starr Jordan. The names and works may not be as well known throughout the world as others L have mentioned, but in keen and true observation of nature, scientific deduction, literary quality of expression, quaint humor, and human interest, they do not suffer by the most critical comparison.'

Edgar Saltus is another who looks to California as one of the great inspirational centers of the future. He has lately observed (in the San Francisco *Examiner*);

"Dante closed an epoch. Then came the Renaissance. If the fates relent, there may be another. But not in Europe. Non bis in idem. Nor yet in the East. The East was too respectable to recognize either Poe or Whitman, who, with Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller, are the only authentic writers that America can claim.

"California recognized them. Moreover, to Bret Harte there is here everywhere a niche. For Joaquin Miller there is—or should be—a pedestal in every home. What they began others may continue. Then, it may be, the new Renaissance will come, and come probably here in this Italy of the Occident, which, profuse in all things else, might just as well be prolific in genius, and which, too, by reason of its freedom from cant and prejudice, is the only fit nursery for these exceptional beings, whose filiation is as enigmatic as the stars and who, like them, charm the world."

Herman Scheffauer, one of the many transplanted Californians now living in New York, has prepared for *The Sun* a notable list of the men and women of his State who have made their mark in journalism and literature. "I myself," he says, when looking over the subject, "was surprized to find how richly productive California has been in the arts during her short history. In particular here in New York is a great and predominant number of literary men and women from the West, chiefly from the far West, working in the different fields of literature, those of the novel and drama and poetry." He continues:

"At the time of the first exodus those in power here prophesied that there would soon be a walking back on uppers. Some who have refused to take part in fulfilling this prophecy are Robert H. Davis, editor of Munsey's Magazine; Robert Mackay, of the same house; Lincoln Steffens; Cosgrove of Everybody's, and Bailey Millard, formerly of the Cosmopolitan. They didn't walk; they stayed. There soon came a time when most of the popular magazines were edited by Californians."

California, Mr. Scheffauer proceeds, has proved herself a fosterer of bards, either native-born or quickly adopted. He names Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, George Sterling, Ina Coolbrith, whom Edmund Clarence Stedman has termed the greatest of our women poets; Nora May French, a young genius who committed suicide; Edward Robeson Taylor, reform mayor of San Francisco; John Vance Cheney, Lorenzo Sosso, Lionel Josaphare, Charles Keeler and Herbert Bashford. To quote further:

"The literary colony at Carmel is the California Stratford-on-Avon. San Francisco was the old literary center, before it became commercial; but the artists are heartily ashamed of its political and commercial conditions.

"Many distinctive writers hailing from out there are more appreciated in England than in the East. A notorious example is Ambrose Bierce. His 'The Midst of Life,' issued in San Francisco seventeen years ago, has been reprinted dozens of times abroad—pirated in Germany, France and England."

It was to the influence of California, Mr. Scheffauer reminds us, that one of the greatest literary men of the past generation responded. "California," he says, "is inclined to claim Robert Louis Stevenson as her own, together with his close friend, Charles Warren Stoddard." Among other children, native-born and adopted, are mentioned Gertrude Atherton, Jack London, Helen Hunt Jackson, Frank Norris, Miriam Michaelson, Herman Whitaker, John Muir, Mary Austin, Philip Mighels, Geraldine Bonner, Adeline Knapp, George Wharton James, Eleanor Gates, W. C. Morrow, C. F. Lummis, James Hopper and Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

"How the Irwins, Will and Wallace, and Gelett Burgess added Eastern laurels to those gained in California is well known. Then there is Emma Frances Dawson, with a gift almost as weird as Poe's—and a neglect almost as great.

"California has given her playwrights, too, among them Elmer Harris, Eugene Walter, Belasco and Richard Tully; and the same atmosphere produced artists for acting—Modjeska, David Warfield, Nance O'Neil and many, many



THE CELEBRATOR OF CALIFORNIAN LITERA-TURE

Dr. George Wharton James looks to California to lead the nation in literary and artistic genius, and holds that in certain respects she is already supreme,

others. Then there is Sibyl Sanderson, Rita Fornia and—creators of a new art—Maude Allan, Isadore Duncan and Ruth St. Denis."

But the questions inevitably suggested by Mr. Scheffauer's recital are, Will not the literary stream continue to run from California to the East? Will not youth feel the lure of the metropolis in the future as in the past? There are few signs at the present time of a distinctively "Californian" school in art or literature. There are many signs of intellectual restlessness and of a vague aspiration that hardly knows toward what it aspires. It is no doubt a good thing that some should stay, and that some should go out to become the disseminators of a culture which, tho Californian in its origin, is national and international in its scope. Michael Williams, while of the opinion that California is our most favored region for inspirational art, holds, nevertheless, that "New York is and will continue to be the center for the expression, and concentration, and battling, and trial, of all American ideas and works of art."

It may be of interest to recall, in this connection, the fact that CURRENT LITERATURE was founded by a Californian, the first issue being published twenty-two years ago by Frederick Somers, who came to New York from the San Francisco Argonaut.

A GREAT ENCHANTRESS: HELENE VON RACOWITZA

(HE memoirs* of one of the most romantic personages in the world today, Helene von Racowitza, spiced with piquant political and literary reminiscences, are issued simultaneously with the publication of "The Tragic Comedians" of George Meredith. There is perhaps more than a coincidence in this fact, for the redhaired Princess von Racowitza is the heroine of Meredith's novel. It almost seems as tho Clotilde von Rüdiger stepped out of the prison of the novelist's fiction to assert her own existence and the apologia of her life. The scope of her life encompasses broader visions than those of Meredith's novel. Her features, characterful rather than beautiful, smile out of the pages of her book. Like her namesake, the wife of Menelaus, Helene von Racowitza has marked her path with ruin and commotion.

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships, And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

Was this the face for which that young giant, Ferdinand Lassalle, went to his death? Heine looked to him as the hope of the world; Brandes admired his tremendous endowment; he was the hero of the common people, the one man Bismarck feared, until his heart was snared in the meshes of this woman's hair. This is she who married the murderer of her lover, who inspired Meredith, of whom Zangwill has written, the beloved of poets and painters and sculptors, the finished incarnation of the eternal enigma. "While reading," remarks Robert Rives La Monte in the New York Call, "one wonders how such a woman enchained Titans such as Lassalle. . . . There can be no doubt that in Helene von Racowitza we have one of the great enchantresses of history, the peer of Helen of Troy, Cleopatra and poor Mary Stuart. Hers has been a wonderfully full and varied life, rich in diverse experiences.

If, remarks James Huneker, in *The Bookman*, you have read Meredith's vivid, but one-sided, book you will not need to be told that its "tragic comedians," "Clotilde von Rüdiger" and "Sigismund Alvan," are masks for the high-born Helene von Doenniges, daughter of General von Doenniges, Bavarian ambassador to Switzerland—it was before the consolida-

tion of the German Empire-and the celebrated agitator, brilliant writer, so-called father of German Socialism, Ferdinand Lassalle. "Mr. Meredith told the story in his own crackling, incendiary style, after the appearance of Helene's first book-veritable confessions of her relations with Lassalle. She was a Christian, educated in a Hebrew-hating house (tho it was whispered that on her maternal side a trace of Oriental blood was not to be denied), and Lassalle was the fine flower of the Jewish-German; a thinker, a born leader, and one of the handsomest men of his day in the Oriental style, the style of which Meredith writes: 'The noble Jew is grave in age, but in his youth he is the arrow to the bow of his fiery eastern blood, and in his manhood he is . . . a figure of easy and superb preponderance, whose fire has mounted to inspirit and be tempered by the intellect.' It was the love romance, now a half-forgotten one, that set all Europe gossiping, wondering and, finally, sent it into semihysterics, as the affair turned into a tragedy, for which the woman was universally condemned."

The main events in this lamentable case are not, it seems, so simple as they appeared in the published reports of the time, 1864; nor as distorted as they stand in Meredith's novel. Helene's own account, her vindication and apology, appeared many years ago. "This," she writes of her present volume, "ranks as far above my first effort as the speech of ripe manhood rises above the halting expression of a child." Her autobiography convinces The Athenaeum that "the story of 'The Tragic Comedians,' like that of another lady of high distinction for wit and beauty (curiously enough Meredith's next), is to be read as fiction: nor is this decision prompted by the discovery of discrepancies of detail between the various versions or of inconsistencies in any of them, tho not a few are discoverable." The whole course of the Princess Helene's life and the manner in which she tells of it reveal an individuality which has little in common with Clotilde's. Great as was Meredith's art, he did not hold the mirror up to this woman. There was much that escaped his cruel analysis. Helene von Racowitza offers her autobiography to the world with a preliminary warning that it is not intended for timid souls or conventional thinkers, nor for those who are practically in-

^{*} PRINCESS HELENE VON RACOWITZA, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Translated from the German by Cecil Mar. The Macmillan Company.

clined or narrow-minded. She writes solely for those independent souls "who, having reached the pinnacle which stands above all conventions, look forward to the time when each one will be free to form his own life according to his individuality uncontrolled by

social or family prejudices."

Madame von Racowitza's father was a Viking by blood; he nevertheless, as Mr. Huneker suspects, belonged to one of the old and highly cultured Jewish families in Berlin whose members gave the world such men as Mendelssohn and Heine. Ambassador von Doenniges was an esthete; the early education of his daughter included little of the ethical or religious. "I never remember that anything in our house was considered reprehensible except bad manners, awkward speech at introductions, all and sundry that jarred upon the sense of beauty." At the age of twelve, her mother attempted to force Helene into an engagement with a profligate Italian. Soon after this she entered upon her first love affair. Baron von Rotzeberl said of it later: "I have witnessed three elemental forces in my life: I have been in a typhoon; I have seen one of the greatest volcanic eruptions of this century; and I was a spectator of Helene von Doenniges' first love." Unable to obtain her parents' consent to a marriage with the charming Russian officer in question, she spent a winter with her grandmother in Berlin, where, while "calling upon the heavens for a Southerner with hot blood in his veins," she met Yanko von Racowitza, her dream of a dark fairy prince-her "Moorish page," as she often called him. He it was who later shot Lassalle and whom Helene afterward

On the eve of her promise to Yanko to "marry him if she did not find some one whom she could love far better, and if she did not go on the stage," she met Ferdinand Lassalle for the first time. She was in a friend's drawing-room, sitting in the background that she might listen to the great man before meeting him.

"The folding doors opened, and two gentlemen stepped with the host into the lighted drawing-room. I do not know why, but, having heard continually of Lassalle's mind and erudition, I had imagined him to be a little man with strongly marked Jewish features. As a matter of fact I had not thought much about his personal appearance, and one of the men was exactly as I have described. With him entered a tall figure with a Caesar-like head and expression. It never entered my head that this could be Lassalle—the little Jew

must be he! Clever men are ugly; but the tall, imposing one began to speak, and I forgot all else. I could only listen and listen, and at last, in a flash, I realized that it must be he and no other. Everyone in the room listened spellbound to his conversation, which was stormy and powerful, sweeping over everything I had hitherto considered as unalterable and sacred. . . . I listened entranced, enthusiastic, but nevertheless not agreeing with everything he was saying. Suddenly I sprang up, and forgetting that this man had never seen me, I interrupted him by exclaiming, 'No! I do not agree with you there.' For one moment he stopped; the eagle glance of his commanding blue eyes was directed upon me, then a smile crept over his classic features, and stepping up to me he said softly, 'Ho, ho! so this is what she looks like! I thought so! That's all right. And'laughing heartily—'No is the first word I hear spoken by this mortal?' It was all over. In that very first moment he could have said that which he did a little later: 'We both knew that we had met our destiny in each other."

Helen failed to obtain the consent of her parents. Lassalle's reputation as a profligate, his revolutionary tendencies, nasty scandals attaching to his name, notoriously his affair with the Countess Hatzfeld and his Jewish blood, militated against the match. There always was, Helene admits, a strain of cruelty in her nature. The weak Yanko, a distinctly morbid type, was forced to procure for her Lassalle's books in secret, and to read the speeches of that young revolutionary with her. But cruel as she was to poor Yanko, she was absolutely a toy without a will of her own in the strong hands of her father. She made one frantic effort to escape; she went to Lassalle's home and offered herself to him, but the proud Jew refused to take her except from the hand of her father. After this she was practically a prisoner in her father's house. The latter insulted Lassalle, and Lassalle, tho opposed to the duel on principle, was forced to descend to this dangerous and outworn reparation. Yanko informed her that he had vicariously accepted the challenge and Yanko was a poor shot.

"Horrified, and scarcely understanding what he meant, I looked up at him, but he simply nodded and went out—leaving me alone in my anguish—to join the other men who were consulting with my father as to the best course to pursue.

"I learned nothing more.

"Great excitement reigned in the household; that was all I noticed.

"A strange feeling took possession of me. It never even occurred to me that there could be

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A MODERN HELEN OF TROY

"There can be no doubt," says Robert Rives La Monte, "that in Helene von Racowitza we have one of the great enchantresses of history, the peer of Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, and poor Mary Stuart."

any question in regard to the duel. I had always lived in a community where the duel was considered the only proper means of avenging an insult to one's honor. During my wretched hours there came a moment when I almost looked forward to it as a possible means of salvation, for I was so convinced (as no doubt was Lassalle himself) that he would kill poor Yanko. I knew that Lassalle was a deadly shot. . .

"On the morning of the 28th Yanko left me after a brief farewell. I was perfectly certain I should never see him alive again; then followed a few hours of restless waiting, and of listening for the carriage which was to bring

home the 'corpse.'

"Suddenly there was a sound of furious driving-and Yanko stood before me.

"It was an agonizing moment for me when I beheld him, whom I had hoped and believed as dead, standing alive before me.

"Few words were said, altho he was kneeling before me as if to beg mercy.

"He had hit where he had intended to spare! His very ignorance of firearms had caused the disaster; he had aimed at the ground in order to avoid his opponent; the force of the recoil had jerked his hand upwards, and . . . I hardly heard him . . . he had hit Lassalle!

"I sat cold and anothic for hours, staring at the trees in the park. I was not in the least moved by the words of sympathy and consolation that the 'living' Yanko poured upon me. On the third day he came to me again, and stammered out amidst his sobs, 'He is dead.'

"I pushed him from me. 'Go-I hate you,' I cried—then the whole world was blotted out.'

And yet, not five months later, Helene married her lover's murderer! "To be obliged to remain with my detested parents," she says, "and to see my delivery but in marriage with the man who, even tho he has not wished it. was still the murderer of Lassalle, can one imagine a more terrible visitation?'

"Poor Yanko surrounded me with such tender care, lamented and wept so bitterly with me over my fate that at last I pitied him even more than I did myself. In my eyes-I have said it thousands of times, and can only repeat it again and again-the murderer of Lassalle was not Vanko. but my father. Yanko had been forced into the appalling situation. They had bewildered his not too keen understanding with false notions of honor; persuaded him he must take my father's place and save my honor, which had been tarnished by Lassalle and the countess. In short, they had forced the weapon into his hand with which he, without wishing it (that I can swear before God and everything I hold sacred), had killed the man for whose sake he had really meant to sacrifice himself."

Yanko lived only a short time after the marriage. During a wild flight through Europe he contracted consumption. Then Helene came to America with Serge von Schevitsch, with whom she afterwards went through the marriage ceremony three times. "For a woman with so fine a disregard for the conventions," remarks Margaret C. Anderson in The Dial, "this certainly seems a little superfluous."

In the course of her varied career she was an actress, a painter, a physician and a spiritualist; but nothing she has ever done can make the world forget or forgive her marriage to Yanko. "What hell this woman traversed during her earthly pilgrimage," remarks James Huneker, "not even her books reveal. . . . No one has pardoned, least of all George Meredith, who in his most merciless manner has attempted to serve his readers with much shallow psychology for 'those acrobats of the affections' as Helene and Ferdinand have been called." Mr. Huneker continues:

"Meredith depicts Clotilde as the 'imperishable type of that feminine cowardice' to which he says all women are trained. This may be true of the characters in the book, not of Helene. Young women who are imprisoned and stuffed with lies about their lover are not cowardly if they weaken, especially after the shocking experience Helene had undergone with Lassalle. She had, brave as she was, put all to the test and had lost. Is it any wonder that her nerves played

her false when the man—as she thought—had deserted her? At least she cannot be compared with the lady in Browning's 'Statue and the Bust.' Helene greatly dared.

"As to her marriage, it was both an expiation and also a cruel self-laceration. . . . The clash of these two widely opposing characters is to be pitied. All that lives should be pitied."

STERNE AS THE FATHER OF MODERN IMPRESSIONISM

TUSIC and the Bible founded English literary impressionism, says Walter Sichel in his critical study of Laurence Sterne,* and it is precisely these two currents, he maintains, which most influenced the author of "Tristram Shandy" and "The Sentimental Journey." The neurotic Yorkshire parson, playing the fiddle and reading his Old and New Testaments daily; using Biblical phrases in his loveletters and making billets doux of his sermons; so thoroughly saturated with Bible assonance that he could convert a crude old proverb of Provence into "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," was, in Mr. Sichel's opinion, our first great literary impressionist. His theory is not a new one, but it is worked out more brilliantly than by any of his pre-

It is significant that the founder of English impressionism should also have been a sensationalist. Sterne coined the word sentimental in our language, much to the perplexity of his French and German translators; and he posed as a sentimentalist. But sensationalism, according to Mr. Sichel, is a truer name for Sterne's manner than sentimentality; for sensations, he says, were the plane in which Sterne lived and moved and had his being. He writes very finely:

"Sterne's bent was neither epic nor reflective. Prose lyrics were his province. He was a romantic impressionist. The French rightly distinguish between 'romanesque' (the fancifully outlandish) and 'romantique.' Much in Sterne is 'romanesque,' but more is 'romantique.' There is air in his very sickliness, and a scent of the open even about his artifice. He can create as well as adorn, and the restlessness of nerves demanding an anodyne is itself capable of imparting composure. The feeling of fancy and the fancy of feeling form his groundwork.

"And Sterne is not only a sentimental impressionist, but an ironist of the first order. Directly

he has touched, if not our heart, at least our fiber, some whimsy confronts us that makes us wonder whether he meant to touch us at all. He steeps us in pathos till we seem gazing from above on grief, and then he whisks us down again to some quite common cranny of the ludicrous. This leads to a suspicion of insincerity; but Sterne is perfectly sincere in the sense that he expresses What he felt he wrote: and he felt himself. the irony of things, the small step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Heine does the same. And this characteristic is heightened by those tiny strokes of realistic color by which he visualized his impressions. In both of these attributes he was unique in his time and country. English prose fiction of Sterne's generation has nothing to show like it, and his contemporaries were as much annoved by the novelty as by the questionable parts. Their prudish Reverences, he wrote, would laugh at it in the bedchamber and abuse it in the parlor. It is nonsense to think that the reviews which trounced him were really purist, still less Puritan. Grossness did not offend them, the Sterne's grossness did. To the pure such as these, all things are impure."

Even Sterne's point of attack, says Mr. Sichel, is essentially modern, tho he emerged from antique surroundings. "Equally modern," he continues, "is the pitch of a voice at variance with the tone of his countrymen. His virtuosity was his own. And yet, despite the French envelope that often wraps his deliverance, he is English; Uncle Toby is Saxon to the core. Where Sterne diverges from England is in an ironical dreaminess almost Heinesque. The Irish part of him lies in his waywardness and his wistfulness. He seems compacted of several races, but his modernity may be summed up once more in this, that he took the woman's standpoint."

Sterne's influence has been widespread and quite incalculable. To pursue it in France alone, says Mr. Sichel, would require a chapter; but Germany has proved far more friendly to his eccentric genius. Goethe, Jean Paul and Heine—all three felt its imprint. Lessing declared that he would have given ten

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^{*} J. B. Lippincott Company.

years of his life to prolong Sterne's. In England, Dickens, Carlyle and Thackeray were his debtors to a very great extent, tho the last proved an ungrateful one. Mr. Sichel includes such moderns as Robert Louis Stevenson, Anthony Hope and William J. Locke in his list of writers who derive, in a fashion, from Sterne; but the two latter are repudiated by the London Academy as standing "outside literature." Mr. Sichel continues his analysis:

"Feeling, dreaminess, music, impressionism, a blend of acted raillery and confession,—all these divide Sterne from the past. Intimacy is their outcome—writing, he said, was only another form of talking—and also that wonderful skill he had in miniaturing emotions, in making small mas-

terpieces out of big subjects. . . .

"'Tristram' is a farrago—a gallimaufry—produced in annual instalments, and Sterne's particularity does not lend itself to lengthy treatment or sustained effort, which sometimes wearies and often bewilders. True, 'Tristram' gave the world three master-characters [Uncle Toby, Trim, and Le Fevre], but length and disjointedness are its faults. The 'Sentimental Journey,' on the other hand, is a succession of vignettes, and there his métier succeeds. . . .

"The compass of Sterne's range was narrow, but not the compass of his voice. That was multiple. It sang no recitative, it told no tale, but it implied and has inspired hundreds. Beyond the two or three great characters that Sterne created, -not through narrative, but through impression, by their immanence in us,—he made no others; the society of his day seems to have dried up that source. But he continued to improvize on life through his modern vehicle of feeling; and he grew more exquisite in the manner that renders themes by tone and accent. His fineness will best appear by comparison. Scott's Wandering Willie, the beloved vagabond of 'Redgauntlet,' is a creature after Sterne's own heart, and he lives breezily and substantially (with an occasional whisper from the earlier wizard) in the Wizard's pages. But the transforming wand is different. Scott vivifies the vagrant by sheer force and vigor. Even in the vision of Willie's visit to the living dead, we realize that Scott relates (and prolongs) a superstition. With Sterne it would have been otherwise. The magic would have lain in the person, not in the story, and a few strokes would have sent the awe-struck fiddler wavering forever in dreamland. It is the difference between etching and line engraving, between the oblique 'oratio' and the direct. Even in the grotesque traceries of 'Tristram,' Sterne is an impressionist. As an impressionist above all, he must be considered."

The writings of Laurence Sterne have

never found a place on Puritan bookshelves. This "indelicate Ariel" of our literature was a born hedonist—and something more. "Caution and discretion," says a recent biographer, "were to him only the evil propensities of human nature." He was loathed by Goldsmith and despised by Thackeray. "That man Sterne," Dr. Johnson called him, predicting that his works would not survive! Nevertheless, and in spite of powerful antipathies, he swims quite happily, to use his own phrase, "down the gutter of time." Mr. Sichel writes justly:

"There is no need to insist that there is a clean and an unclean Sterne. What must be insisted, however, is that his libertinage is that of the freest fancy, not that of a fleshly rake; and in this domain, as in the rest, Sterne lacks actuality. His is a blithe, goblin grossness; and tho his coarsest food is no meat for babes, it is not poison. It is bad, but it is not putrid. It does not corrupt, infect or contaminate. Sterne never means to seduce; his wantonnesses are not real, nor is that prurience which only provokes a smile. The whim and wit of them blow away the scandal, just as the same qualities erase the blots in a first-rate French farce. Had it been otherwise, the blameless Lessing would not have loved Sterne's sallies, which were taken literally by the dense critics and caricaturists of his day. Sterne the author is no Lothario. In his own time women favored his books, from the duchess, it was then said, to 'the snuffy chambermaid.' In ours, he is mainly read by men. Since Thackeray scourged him with Victorian scorpions, his first admirers have eyed him askance. True, much of 'Tristram Shandy' is not for girlhood (Sterne called it a book for 'the bedchamber'), nor all of the 'Sentimental Journey,' which he styled 'a book for the parlor.' To that shelf, however, with some excisions, it might be restored. The part of Sterne which most shocks womankind is not his light and occasional lubricity, but the double meanings and the play at passion. Women realize that he is not virile. Yet, set by Rabelais, who was virile indeed, Sterne is modest-a cascade to Niagara. Compared with Hall-Stevenson, his worst page seems almost stainless; but compared with Goldsmith, the blemishes are foul indeed. Still, one who could so well idealize the courtship of Uncle Toby and the heart-pangs of Corporal Trim surely saw some vision of love and sacrifice which he could not follow. And this is another instance of what was urged at the outset-that tho his cobweb of suggestion entangled filthy flies, it also caught the fresh dew of the morning. Had not that dew been there, who would write about Sterne? With that dew in such odd commixture, who would not write about him?"

MARK TWAIN AS WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS SAW HIM

T IS an intimate and beautiful picture that Mr. Howells draws in recent issues of Harper's Magazine of his "friend of now forty-five years," Samuel M. Clemens. The two met for the first time in the little office of James T. Fields, over the bookstore of Tichnor & Fields, at 124 Tremont street, Boston. Mr. Fields was then the editor of The Atlantic Monthly and Mr. Howells was his proud and glad assistant, "with a pretty free hand as to manuscripts and an unmanacled command of the book notices at the end of the magazine." He wrote nearly all of these notices himself, and in 1869 he had written rather a long notice of a book just winning its way to universal favor. "In this review, Mr. Howells tells us, "I had intimated my reservations concerning the 'Innocents Abroad.' I had hinted that six hundred pages of fun was perhaps a good deal of fun, but I had the luck, if not the sense, to recognize that it was such fun as we had not had before. I forget just what I said in praise of it, but it does not matter; it is enough that I praised it enough to satisfy the author. He now signified as much, and he stamped his gratitude into my memory with a story wonderfully allegorizing the situation, which the mock modesty of print forbids my repeating here."

So the acquaintance began; and it soon ripened into close and stimulating association. Mr. Fields retired from the editorship of The Atlantic, Mr. Howells took his place, and Mark Twain became a regular contributor to the magazine. There is something almost incongruous in the idea of Mark Twain as a contributor to The Atlantic Monthly, but he determined to adjust himself to its immaculate pages. He proved himself, Mr. Howells records, the most biddable of men. If a change had to be made in his manuscript, he accepted it without a murmur. If profanity had to be deleted, or a paragraph or sentence struck out, he consented to that too. Mr. Howells observes:

"Of all the literary men I have known he was the most unliterary in his make and manner. I do not know whether he had any acquaintance with Latin, but I believe not the least; German he knew pretty well, and Italian enough late in life to have fun with it; but he used English in all its alien derivations as if it were native to his own air, as if it had come up out of American, out of Missourian ground. His style was what we all know, for good and for bad;

but his manner, if I may difference the two, was as entirely his own as if no one had ever written before. I have noted before this how he was not enslaved to the consecutiveness in writing which the rest of us try to keep chained to. That is, he wrote as he thought, and as all men think, without sequence, without an eye to what went before or should come after. If something beyond or beside what he was saying occurred to him, he invited it into his page, and made it as much at home there as the nature of it would suffer him. Then, when he was through with the welcoming of this casual and unexpected guest, he would go back to the company he was entertaining and keep on with what he had been talking about. He observed this manner in the construction of his sentences, and the arrangement of his chapters, and the ordering or disordering of his compilations. I helped him with a Library of Humor, which he once edited, and when I had done my work according to tradition, with authors, times, and topics carefully studied in due sequence, he tore it all apart, and 'chucked' the pieces in wherever the fancy for them took him at the moment. was right: we were not making a text-book, but a book for the pleasure rather than the instruction of the reader, and he did not see why the principle on which he built his travels and reminiscences and tales and novels should not apply to it; and I do not, now, see, either, tho at the time it confounded me. On minor points he was, beyond any author I have known, without favorite phrases or pet words. He utterly despised the avoidance of repetitions out of fear of tautology. If a word served his turn better than a substitute, he would use it as many times in a page as he chose."

Mark Twain received twenty dollars a page for his articles in *The Atlantic*, and some of his best work appeared in that magazine. To follow Mr. Howells's narrative:

"We had several short contributions from Clemens first, all of capital quality, and then we had the series of papers which went mainly to the making of his great book, 'Life on the Mississippi.' Upon the whole I have the notion that Clemens thought this his greatest book, and he was supported in his opinion by that of the portière in his hotel at Vienna, and that of the German Emperor, who, as he told me with equal respect for the preference of each, united in thinking it his best; with such far-sundered social poles approaching in its favor, he apparently found himself without standing for opposition. At any rate, the papers won instant appreciation from his editor and publisher, and from the readers of their periodical, which they expected to prosper beyond precedent in its cir-

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culation. But those were days of simpler acceptance of the popular rights of newspapers than these are, when magazines strictly guard their vested interests against them. The New York Times and the St. Louis Democrat profited by the advance copies of the magazine sent them to reprint the papers month by month. Together they covered nearly the whole reading territory of the Union, and the terms of their daily publication enabled them to anticipate the magazine in its own restricted field. Its subscription list was not enlarged in the slightest measure, and The Atlantic Monthly languished on the news stands as undesired as ever."

During the period when Mr. Howells was editor of The Atlantic and Mark Twain a contributor to its pages, the latter was living in Hartford, Connecticut. Mr. Howells often visited him there, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Charles Dudley Warner were sometimes of the party. Clemens had appointed himself a luxurious study over the library in his house, but as his children grew older this study, with its carved and cushioned arm-chairs, was given over to them for a school-room, and he betook himself to the room above the stable which had been intended for his coachman. "There," says Mr. Howells, "we used to talk together, when we were not walking and talking together, until he discovered that he could make a more commodious use of the billiard-room at the top of his house, for the purposes of literature and friendship. It was pretty cold up there in the early spring and late fall weather, with which I chiefly associate the place, but by lighting up all the gas-burners and kindling a reluctant fire on the hearth we could keep it well above freezing. Clemens could also push the balls about, and, without rivalry from me, who could no more play billiards than smoke, could win endless games of pool, while he carried points of argument against imaginable differers in opinion." The subjects discussed at these conferences of two were as varied as life itself. They talked of their likes and dislikes, of their ambitions, of the themes of their next stories, of the books they were reading, of religious and philosophical problems. Mark Twain, Mr. Howells bears witness, was always reading some vital book. It was very likely some out-of-the-way book, but it had the root of the human matter in it: a volume of great trials; one of the supreme autobiographies; a signal passage of history; a narrative of travel; a story of captivity. He did not seem to care much about fiction, and there were some novels he positively detested. Goldsmith he held in contempt, and another of the objects of his loathing was Mr. Howells's dear and honored prime favorite, Jane Austen. "You seem to think that woman could write," he would say; and he forebore withering Mr. Howells with his scorn apparently because they had been friends so long, and he more pitied than hated him for his bad taste. Mr. Howells proceeds:

"He seemed not to have any preferences among novelists; or at least I never heard him express any. He used to read the modern novels I praised, in or out of print; but I do not think he much liked reading fiction. As for plays, he loathed the theater, and said he would as lief do a sum as follow a plot on the stage. He could not, or did not, give any reasons for his literary abhorrences, and perhaps he really had none. But he could have said very distinctly, if he had needed, why he liked the books he did. I was away at the time of his great Browning passion, and I know of it chiefly from hearsay; but at the time Tolstoy was doing what could be done to make me over, Clemens wrote, 'That man seems to have been to you what Browning was to me.' I do not know that he had other favorites among the poets, but he had favorite poems which he liked to read to you, and he read, of course, splendidly. I have forgotten what piece of John Hay's it was that he liked so much, but I remembered how he fiercely revelled in the vengefulness of William Morris's 'Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,' and how he especially exulted in the lines which tell of the supposed speaker's joy in slaying the murderer of his brother:

I am threescore years and ten,
And my hair is nigh turned gray,
But I am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away.

Generally, I fancy his pleasure in poetry was not great, and I do not believe he cared much for the conventionally accepted masterpieces of literature."

It will come as a surprise to many to learn that Mark Twain was a friend and admirer of Robert Ingersoll and became an out-and-out freethinker. He did not often express his views on religious subjects because they gave pain to those about him and, in particular, to his wife. In the early Hartford days "he had hardly," Mr. Howells says, "yet examined the grounds of his passive acceptance of his wife's belief, for it was hers and not his, and he held it unscanned in the beautiful and tender loyalty to her which was the most moving quality of his most faithful soul." But toward the end of his life he published, privately and anony-

mously, the little book, "What Is Man" (already reviewed in these pages) in which he rehearsed the articles of his rather pessimistic creed. Mr. Howells declares:

"It is best to be honest in this matter; he would have hated anything else, and I do not believe that the truth in it can hurt any one. At one period he argued that there must have been a cause, a conscious source of things; that the universe could not have come by chance. I have heard, also, that in his last hours or moments he said, or his dearest ones hoped he had said, something about meeting again. But the expression, of which they could not be certain, was of the vaguest, and it was perhaps addressed to their tenderness out of his tenderness. All his expressions to me were of a courageous renunciation of any hope of living again or elsewhere seeing those he had lost. He suffered terribly in their loss, and he was not fool enough to try ignoring his grief. He knew that for that there were but two medicines: that it would wear itself out with the years, and that meanwhile there was nothing for it but those respites in which the mourner forgets himself in slumber. I remember that in a black hour of my own when I was called down to see him, as he thought from sleep, he said, with an infinite, an exquisite compassion, 'Oh, did I wake you, did I wake you?' Nothing more, but the look, the voice, were everything; and while I live they cannot pass from my sense."

The intimacy at Hartford may be said to have marked the golden days of the friendship of Mr. Howells and Mark Twain. Sometimes the two traveled on to New York. Sometimes Mark Twain was the visitor in Mr. Howells's home in Boston. There were banquets at which Bret Harte, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Ralph Waldo Emerson were present. Mr. Howells gives an acount of how, at one of these dinners, Mark Twain was bold enough to tell a frivolous story at the expense of Longfellow, Holmes and Emerson in their very presence. The ensuing silence, Mr. Howells assures us, "weighed many tons to the square inch." Mark Twain at times lacked tact. He was too primeval to fit into the polite life of the Cambridge coterie. Mr. Howells, however, seems rather to have enjoyed the clash of temperaments and even the faux pas of which Mark Twain was occasionally guilty. He saw deep into the heart of his friend where others were often only aware of eccentricities.

In later years much happened to separate the two. Mark Twain suffered those financial reverses which necessitated a lengthy lecturing tour to raise the money to meet his obligations. He became a world-wanderer, dwelling now in Germany or Austria, now in England, now in Italy. Mr. Howells also traveled far and wide. Yet to the end of their lives the friendship was unbroken. A year and a half ago, Mr. Howells was invited to "Stormfield," at Redding, Connecticut, to see what they must have both then realized was to be Mark Twain's last home. "The visit," Mr. Howells recollects, was like those I used to have with him so many years before in Hartford, but there was not the old ferment of subjects."

"Many things had been discussed and put away for good, but we had our old fondness for nature and for one another, who were so differently parts of it. He showed his absolute content with his house, and that was the greater pleasure for me because it was my son who designed it. The architect had been so fortunate as to be able to plan it where a natural avenue of savins, the close-knit, slender, cypress-like cedars of New England, led away from the rear of the villa to the little level of a pergola, meant some day to be wreathed and roofed with vines. But in the early spring days all the landscape was in the beautiful nakedness of the northern winter. It opened in the surpassing loveliness of wooded and meadowed uplands, under skies that were the first days blue, and the last gray over a rainy and then a snowy floor. We walked up and down, up and down, between the villa terrace and the pergola, and talked with the melancholy amusement, the sad tolerance of age for the sort of men and things that used to excite us or enrage us; now we were far past turbulence or anger."

There were a few subsequent meetings, insignificantly sad and brief, but the end was at hand. Mr. Howells concludes this memorable story of friendship:

"Next I saw him dead, lying in his coffin amidst those flowers with which we garland our despair in that pitiless hour. After the voice of his old friend Twichell had been lifted in the prayer, which it wailed through in brokenhearted supplication, I looked a moment at the face I knew so well; and it was patient with the patience I had so often seen in it: something of puzzle, a great silent dignity, an assent to what must be, from the depths of a nature whose tragical seriousness broke in the laughter which the unwise took for the whole of him.

"Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes-I knew them all: sages, poets, seers, critics, humorists; they were like each other and like other literary men; but Clemens was sole, incompar-

able, the Lincoln of our literature."

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THE DISPUTED CHARACTER OF CHATTERTON

HE slumbering fires of a controversy now nearly a century and a half old have been awakened by the publication in England of John H. Ingram's biographical study, "The True Chatterton."* Mr. Ingram, like our own Charles Edward Russell, whose moving defense of the boy-poet of Bristol was reviewed in these pages two years ago, believes that Chatterton has been bitterly wronged. His book is inspired by a fierce determination to crush calumny and clear away misunderstanding. He is concerned with the life rather than with the literary product of the poet. Chatterton, his boyhood, his bid for fame, the desperate odds he had to face, his conflict with Horace Walpole, his friends, his enemies, his starvation and despair, his suicide-such are the substance of Mr. Ingram's narrative.

Two charges were made against Chatterton and are still repeated. He has been called "forger," and he has been called "immoral." The first charge is based on the undisputed fact that he passed off his own writings, and in particular the famous "Rowley Poems," as ancient documents. The second charge rests on the nature of some of his poetry and on the general reputation he acquired.

Mr. Ingram endeavors to explain away both of these charges. At the time of the writing of the "Rowley Poems," he points out, Chatterton was a poor boy apprenticed to an obscure lawyer in Bristol. Nearby was the majestic church of St. Mary Redcliffe, associated in the public mind with a fifteenth century mayor of the city, William Canynge, and his friend the gentle scholar and monk, Thomas Rowley. Young Chatterton, wandering in and among the sacred monuments, had become saturated with their lore, and when his poetic genius compelled expression, he determined to conceal his identity, to write in medieval script on faded paper, and to attribute his writing to Thomas Rowley. His motives are elucidated by Mr. Ingram in this fashion: He wanted to gain a public, and he "already knew enough of the world to be fully aware that verses by a poor apprentice boy, even if he could get them published, would only be treated with contempt, whilst if brought out as the composition of a learned priest . . . and as written under the protection of Bristol's most famous citizen . . . they

would be certain to obtain wide publicity." How Chatterton at first imposed upon one of the best known literary patrons of his day, Horace Walpole, then confessed the real authorship of the Rowley papers and was denounced as a forger, are matters of literary history. These were not the only papers that Chatterton created. Fabrication of "ancient" documents seems to have been one of his favorite recreations, and it is hard enough now to understand or explain it. But here is clearly a case where ordinary standards do not apply. Chatterton was a genius. He was not merely peculiar, but unique in the history of mankind. The suggestion is made that his strange sympathy with the medieval period, his absorption in it, his broodings upon the storied stone of the great church, his concentration of all the energy of an intensely poetic temperament upon the imagined life of his Canynges and Rowleys and their circle, afford a study for the believer in reincarnation. At least it is plain that he possessed a soul not such as might be looked for in the body of a Bristol charity boy, and his justification is found by Mr. Ingram in that very

When he comes to consider the moral side of Chatterton's character, Mr. Ingram pronounces the boy blameless. He cites the testimony of a schoolmaster who "was able to inform his mother that the boy . . . could always be depended upon for his veracity." Chatterton is conceded by all to have been affectionate and generous to his mother and sister. Even in his most desperate straits in London he did not forget to send them presents. He may have loved women too well. "He would," says his sister, "frequently walk the College Green with the young girls that statedly paraded there to show their finery; but I really believe he was no debauchee, tho some have reported it." A friend characterized him as "temperate in his living, moderate in his pleasures, and regular in his exercises."

This testimony, tho regarded as conclusive by Chatterton's champions, is vigorously disputed by London writers. "His mind," *The Nation* states flatly, "was not clean, and on the subject of marriage and female virtue he wrote like a very Suckling." *The Saturday Review* proceeds:

"We are no more convinced than Walpole would have been by the schoolmaster's certifi-

^{*} Fisher Unwin, London.

cate of truthfulness to his mother. He was fond of his mother and sister, but perhaps largely because they did not trouble him. As to his licentiousness, the appearances are still against him. He boasted of it, and his London acquaintances called him a rake, while his defenders are a negligible sister and a friend whose pomposity sounds as if it were meant to cover himself as well as Chatterton. One of the bragging confessions is in 'Kew Gardens,' where the 'prudent sage' says to the youthful poet:

Is there a street within this spacious place That boasts the happiness of one fair face, Where conversation does not turn on you, Blaming your wild amours, your morals too?

The extravagance is laughable enough, but Mr. Ingram himself calls the poem 'interesting for its autobiographical confessions,' and quotes half a dozen passages, but not the above; that, he would certainly say, is not autobiographical. In fact, he is altogether too much of the partisan, calling Walpole 'an inveterate liar and a malicious forger' and an 'intruder' into literature."

The Saturday Review goes on to depreciate the poetry of Chatterton in sweeping terms:

"Chatterton is not an inexhaustible subject. He is a remarkable figure of intense loneliness both as man and poet, but as man he has almost no charm. We admire his pride and courage, and the fiery gray eye which men would deliberately rouse by provoking him to a difference of opinion; but the side which he turned to the world is the side expressed in his modern English poems, and that is very unattractive. It is crude and vulgar in its priggishness and arrogance. It affects us like a rasping voice, so that it is almost incredible that he had, as he said he had, 'the happy art of pleasing by his conversation.' He must have pleased his elders mainly by his precocity. He shows almost no originality in the modern English poems, but instead this shrill, assertive precocity. Mr. Ingram makes an odd defence of them as not meant for publication, whereas it is certain that he wrote many chiefly in the hope of immediate publication and profit. Neither his versification nor his thought has any uncommon vigor or subtlety, and he seems to be following party opinion with the utmost care."

All this seems much too derogatory and needs to be brought into contrast with the glowing eulogies of men such as Oliver Goldsmith, Shelley, Dante Rossetti, who have felt that they honored themselves in honoring Chatterton. "Where Shelley is the high-priest who ministers at the shrine," The Academy remarks, "we cannot but feel that the fire upon

the altar is divine." In the judgment of the London Outlook, "Chatterton's spirit was one of the most potent imaginative forces that ever appeared in England." Of the contradictory qualities that went to make up his character, the same paper adds:

"The strangely gifted, strangely limited character of Chatterton is well put before us by Mr. Ingram. Even his devotion cannot make it seem sympathetic: the fierce pride of which all who have written on Chatterton speak (because, apart from his poetic genius, there was so little else to speak about) was of that kind which theology puts among the chief sins and human nature among the chief reasons for disliking a person. But what has to be remembered here, and what is always so hard to keep in one's mind about Chatterton, was that he had only had conscious experience of the world for some fifteen years when, in a last defiant rage against a world that treated him otherwise than he would have it treat him, he destroyed himself. He was unformed, unfinished; the shaping of his soul was scarce begun. Who judges harshly of the crudities of a schoolboy? In mind, and to a remarkable extent in will, Chatterton was mature before his time; but the rest was boy. Chatterton's tragedy-a true tragedy it was-is not for the mature fully to understand. His is among the saddest of the sad stories of literature; but perhaps only a boy, and a boy of genius, can feel the real rhythm of that sad-

Mr. Charles Edward Russell's glowing tribute to Chatterton is worth recalling at this time:

"All in all this was certainly the most wonderful intellect that the English-speaking race has ever produced, with the one exception of Shakespeare.... He was the first to break away from the juiceless formulas of pedantry, he was the first to recognize the art possibilities of medievalism, he was the first to see that the divine art of poetry touches music with one hand and painting with the other, and has no mission but the mission of her sister arts....

"No man in English literature is surer of his eventual fame. After all, prejudice is but a mortal growth and evanescent: the work it has overrun remains forever. Year by year the world views with more compassion the struggles of this sorely tried and lonely soul, with more tears the few little footsteps wandering in the dark, with more admiration the clarity of the genius that shone through all. Year by year more of us, I think, perceive how just and true was the estimate of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, when he unhesitatingly placed Thomas Chatterton among the greatest poets and most amazing minds that have lighted the ways of men."

Recent Poetry

HO," we asked last month, "shall seize in formulae the most elusive of the arts?" In "The Science of Poetry and The Philosophy of Language" (Funk & Wagnalls Company), Mr. Hudson Maxim attempts to furnish the formulae. We have never read a more daring book than this. The inventor of smokeless powder challenges the verdict of the centuries. Poetry is to him not a thing woven out of moonshine and madness, but a natural phenomenon subject to the laws of science. During the last hundred years problem after problem hitherto believed insoluble has been solved by science. Now, it seems, by its aid we are to seize upon the subtle essence of poetry, analyze it and resolve it into its "elemental constants." With the prosaic steam launch of science Mr. Maxim boldly embarks upon the fairy seas of poesy.

Whether he has reached his goal, we shall not undertake to decide; but he certainly has made many vital and fascinating discoveries on his adventurous journeys. Poetry he defines as "the expression of insensuous thought in sensuous terms by means of artistic trope."

"The greatest poetry is always the expression of some magic action, some action true to imagination, but untrue to reality—some action like that of

'... the face that launched a thousand ships, And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.'

or some imaginative, symbolic action, like that of Lowell's brute Despair of trampled centuries, which

'Groped for its right with horny, callous hands, And stared around for God with bloodshot eyes.'"

We may ultimately accept Mr. Maxim's definition, and meantime we are grateful for his lucid and logical analysis of the elements of poetry. But when Mr. Maxim ventures to rewrite the poetry of the past as he thinks it should have been written to comply with his definitions, when he produces "revised" Maximian versions of Shakespeare and Milton, we refuse to follow him. We admit that some of his lines are of superior excellence to some of those in the original poems; but as a whole they lack vitality. Science may reconstruct the skeleton of prehistoric mammals and birds

from a single bone, but all the laboratories of the world cannot breathe life into the creatures of its making. Even so Mr. Maxim may build imposing rhetorical structures by scientific methods, but can he thus create one line that will live? If some of his lines, made by rule, are indeed poetry, may it not be because Mr. Maxim, in spite of smokeless powder, has the heart of a poet?

Mr. Maxim adds an appendix which, in his opinion, contains "by far the larger part of the greatest poetic lines in the language." This opinion is without adequate foundation. Some of the lines are great, some are not great, and the list certainly cannot embrace more than a fraction of the great poetic lines. We may be poor, but we are not bankrupt. Nevertheless the perusal of the list is full of valuable suggestions. While no lover of poetry can entirely agree with Mr. Maxim's book, no lover of poetry can afford to neglect it.

Here is a singer with a modern message. John Curtis Underwood in "The Iron Muse" (C. P. Putnam's Sons) strives to express the age of iron, of electric dynamos and wireless telegraphy. Mr. Underwood is not without predecessors, but he is presumably the first to devote an entire book to the mechanical aspects of our civilization. He, too, is full of daring, and he has bravely succeeded. It is not difficult to write of nightingales and of sunsets, of shepherd lads and rustling trees; but to seize in a sonnet the vibrations of a machine, to transfix in song the motions of airship or press room, requires real creative talent. For the poet of the new, the poet of X-rays and radium, must create his own forms and conventions. He cannot take up the strains of those who were his precursors, but must hew his own path through unfamiliar regions of intellectual experimentation. Here is the picture of the Power-House, as Mr. Underwood sees it:

THE POWER-HOUSE.

By JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD.

Here have we focussed forces unknown until today.

Here have we hived new powers of flame that swarm and stream away

Down highways dark where globes of light along the meadows bloom; Where lustrous lilies born of night dispel the city's gloom,

Efficient, brisk, decisive, the master spirit goes, Reviews his restless regiment of humming dynamos,

His orders gives and vanishes. No thought have such as he

To glean the golden pollen of the midnight's mystery.

Sufficient for their purpose that they brought this thing to be.

His row of dwarfs distorted, an oiler stooping tends,

Intent upon the second when his term of bondage ends.

His fellow slaves, that, prisoned here, shall speed his flying car,

Shall light his way and to his ear bring tidings from afar,

He sees not in the shadow where their ceaseless treadmills turn.

He does his share and goes his way. More bright the arc lights burn.

And men and women walk the streets where once the lava flared;

And science, searching deeper yet than man has done or dared,

Another cranny in the void to human sight has bared.

High in His holy city, in His power-house vast of space,

The Master of us all looks forth. He sees His planets race;

His dynamos that generate the thought that comprehends

The infinite; the will that still the finite's grasp extends,

And love that shall interpret all and greater love beget.

And the powers that dwell in darkness shall be

delivered yet. He sets His finger to a switch. A world has

ceased to be.

Another flames new born; with it His Son and

such as we; And light shall dawn on darkest night and teach blind eyes to see:

Even more original is the poet's penetration of the chemical laboratory. He gives us no uncouth onomatopoetic devices, nor yet Whitmanesque catalogs, but seeing beyond the purely mechanical, he reaches the God in the machine.

THE LABORATORY.

BY JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD.

Abscissa and coördinate on paper ruled we plot and chart;

The atom's soul substantiate; all life's partitions tear apart,

We focus down our microscope—a hair's breadth the horizon fills;

In fragile test tubes blindly grope for life that through the ether thrills.

We build our castles in the sand against the rising of the sea.

Our theories, our life works, stand one moment; then they cease to be.

We set our marks and some remain, to show the limits of its flow.

To-morrow shall some better brain the reasons for our error know.

Some truths essential holding yet, the digits of the problem vast,

The letters of life's alphabet, we stir one step beyond the past.

The deeper sense of nature's word the scope of quantities unknown,

Of formulas unseen, unheard, we miss, we may not make our own.

But science long in patience toils, content to ponder, sift and scan

The power whose purpose nothing foils, the elemental rise of man,

The growths of germs in chaos born that solar fires unseared behold;

Unchilled shall death and darkness scorn and interplanetary cold.

The great equation clearer frames; such modes of matter treated thus

By older or by later names make the same minus still or plus.

Such forms of forces focussed so the same resultant always yield.

So tides must turn and rivers flow till the soul's secrets stand revealed.

These are the rinsings of the glass, the droppings from the slow retort.

So colds condense and nations pass, the crystal forms, our brains' report.

Untrained assistants pencils seize, fallen and dull and broken; so

They calculate infinities and add their cyphers to the row.

The bubble breaks, the life is lost. O fool and slow of heart and blind!

That life that all earth's eons cost has gone its larger life to find.

The rarer essence, redistilled, sublimed shall mount to larger air,

The Master Chemist so has willed. His inner room awaits us there.

The late O. Henry did not often express himself in verse. We are indebted to the Cosmopolitan for publishing a poem found in a note book among his unpublished papers.

THE CRUCIBLE. By O. HENRY.

Hard ye may be in the tumult, Red to your battle hilts, Blow give for blow in the foray, Cunningly ride in the tilts; But when the roaring is ended, Tenderly, unbeguiled, Turn to a woman a woman's Heart, and a child's to a child.

Test of the man, if his worth be
In accord with the ultimate plan,
That he be not, to his marring,
Always and utterly man;
That he bring out of the tumult,
Fitter and undefiled,
To woman the heart of a woman,
To children the heart of a child.

Good when the bugles are ranting
It is to be iron and fire;
Good to be oak in the foray,
Ice to a guilty desire.
But when the battle is over
(Marvel and wonder the while)
Give to a woman a woman's
Heart, and a child's to a child.

The late Samuel L. Simpson was, in the words of *The Argonaut*, a true poet not only of the West, but of America. The Lippincott Publishing Company issues his collected verse under the title "The Gold-Gated West," with an introduction by his brother. Simpson's most ambitious effort, "The Campfires of the Pioneers," is too long to bear reprinting. We quote instead another poem almost equally fine.

FALLS OF THE WILLAMETTE. By SAMUEL L. SIMPSON.

Here wheels the thunder-breathing steed,
As if in dread to stay and heed
A grander pageant than his own;
Wild waters whirl in cresting spray,
Fair as the fragrant wreaths of May,
And loud with laughter, song and moan.

Yonder embattled firs around Chant high above, in martial sound, The peans of the marching years; And here a dark, historic cliff, Writ o'er with many a hieroglyph, Echoes and answers, leans and hears.

And lo! Within the surge and roar,
Scarfed with a rainbow evermore,
The pallid priestess of the flood,
Swinging her censer to and fro,
As swift suns wheel and soft moons glow
Aloof, through lapsing time has stood.

The tented and the tawny bands
Whose camp-smoke curled along these sands
And climbed and crowned the rocky shore,
To murmurless deep seas and pale
Have passed, with gray and slanting sail,
Forgetful of the spear and oar.

So now, beside this stormy gate, Pilgrims of brighter visage wait, To rest in turn beneath the sod:—Yet shall this melody be rolled For aye these voices manifold The echo of a changeless God!

The voice of Ludwig Lewisohn has been silent for some time. We are glad to discover his new poem in *The Smart Set*:

THE STORM.

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

I thought the storm its might had spent, That, deep as life tho love had grown, No more would sails be lashed and rent, The ship no more from harbor blown.

I look on thee, and strive in vain To keep my course o'er calmer seas, For the resistles hurricane Breaks on the ocean's mysteries,

I cannot find or peace or rest In storm or calm, by sun or star; Driven on this visionary quest I fly beyond the harbor bar.

The eternal ocean stretcheth wide; No chart have I in this mad race; And yet the very storm may guide Unto the glory of thy face!

Thomas Mosher may be to literature what Captain Kidd was to the Spanish Main; but at least his captured treasure is never buried. In a recent number of *The Bibelot Mr. Mosher reprints* the following delightful poem from the book of lyrics of a little known British poet:

FLEET STREET.

BY ARTHUR H. ADAMS.

Beneath this narrow, jostling street, Unruffled by the noise of feet, Like a slow organ-note I hear The pulses of the great world beat.

Unseen beneath the city's show Through this aorta ever flow The currents of the universe— A thousand pulses throbbing low! Unheard beneath the pavement's din Unknown magicians sit within Dim caves, and weave life into words On patient looms that spin and spin.

There, uninspired, yet with the dower Of mightier mechanic power, Some bent, obscure Euripides Builds the loud drama of the hour!

There, from the gaping presses hurled A thousand voices, passion-whirled, With throats of steel vociferate The incessant story of the world!

So through this artery from age To age the tides of passion rage, The swift historians of each day Flinging a word upon a page!

And then I pause and gaze my fill Where cataracts of traffic spill Their foam into the Circus. Lo! Look up, the crown on Ludgate Hill!

Remote from all the city's moods, In high, untroubled solitudes, Like an old Buddha swathed in dream, St. Paul's above the city broods!

Mr. Shaemas O'Sheel has caught the echo of Heine in the following poem appearing in Harper's Weekly:

THE BITTERNESS OF LOVE. By Shaemas O'Sheel,

As I went through the rustling grasses
Over the long low dune,
I saw on the sands two lovers,
And I saw the waves and the moon.

And I heard the unaltering murmur Of the sea, and a wind that stirred; And I heard the lovers breathing Many a soft sweet word.

And because I too am a lover
And my Love is far from me,
I hated the two on the sands there,
And the moon and the wind and the sea.

Mr. Ferdinand Pinney Earle has invented a new sonnet form. In a volume of his sonnets to be published in London (by Elkins Matthews) we find fifteen that are neither Shakespearean nor Petrarchan, but which give us a new and effective arrangement of rhymes. The triple repetition of the rhyme writes itself upon the ear like a hammer-blow. Here is one of the most effective:

AND MAN IS FLESH AND MIND AND SPIRIT.

By FERDINAND EARLE.

I dread to look upon my many selves,
The different natures dwelling in my soul:
The ugly reptile recking in his hole,
The chained tiger chafing at control.
And oh, the madcap band of cruel elves
Mocking the lonely poet as he delves
Amongst life's volumes, seeking on the shelves
Of memory his heart's tear-written scroll.

A golden glory trembles on the air, The gleam of spirit-wings is over me, And to my ear a wondrous melody Whispers its benediction. May I dare To love my Seraph Self until I share His god-like power, his deep serenity.

A fine and unselfish optimism animates the following sonnet, written likewise in the new form:

Eternal slumber of the dreamless dead, Thou art that drowsy paradise of peace We weary children enter when our lease Of school-time ends, and games and laughter cease,

And we lie snugly wrapped within thy bed Of clay: life's shattered toys all scattered, fled The morning's playmates:—when pale Love hath

Her last Good-night, we feel the dark increase!

Our spirit's only immortality
Lies in the blossoms of a vital deed
Whose waning flowers toss their wingèd seed
Upon the winds of time. One act might be
The wonder of a million Springs, and see
Its fruitful harvests fill a world of need.

There is a strong virile note that appeals to us in this poem from London *Spectator*, by a namesake of Byron.

THE SONG OF THE TINKER.

BY MAY BYRON.

I am the man of pot and pan,
I am a lad of mettle;
My tent I pitch by the wayside ditch
To mend your can and kettle;
While town-bred folk bear a year-long yoke
Among their feeble fellows,
I clink and clank on the hedgerow bank,
And blow my snoring bellows.

I loved a lass with hair like brass, And eyes like a brazier glowing; But the female crew, what they will do, I swear is past all knowing! She flung her cap at a plowman chap, And a fool I needs must think her, Who left for an oaf the mug and loaf, And the snug little tent of a tinker.

But, clank and clang, let women go hang,
And who shall care a farden?
With the solder strong of a laugh and a song
My mind I'll heal and harden.
My ways I'll wend, and the pots I'll mend
For gaffer and for gammer,
And drive my cart with a careless heart,
And sit by the road and hammer!

Here is Witter Bynner's cheerful contribution to an eternal subject (from Harpers):

DUET.

By WITTER BYNNER.

What can a woman find in us, What has her wit divined in us?— The utmost and the least in us— The angel and the beast in us.

What can a man descry in us And so allow the lie in us?— The serpent and the dove in us— And oh, the mother-love in us!

The London Academy, under the editorship of Lord Alfred Douglas, was a storehouse of precious verse. We hope that the new editor will sustain the lyric tradition of his predecessor. We quote a lovely poem, by Arthur Sullivan, published under the old régime:

HEART'S HAPPYLAND.

By A. S.

Upon the threshold of my heart
I looked, and saw one stand
Who knocked upon the crimson gate
With loud and beating hand,
And begged to enter in and walk
Adown Heart's Happyland.

"And who art thou, and who art thou Who seeks to enter in,
And from my own Heart's Happyland
A pleasurance to win?"
"I am the King of Great Delight,
Whose other name is Sin."

"Knock not so loud, knock not so loud, Heart's Happyland outside.
It is no resting-place for Kings, Who know the world is wide.
My heart hath had one great delight, But that delight hath died."

Upon the threshold of my heart
I looked, and saw one rest
With pallid hands, like weary doves,
Afold upon his breast,
And in his eyes the look of one
Whom God sometime hath blest.

"And who art thou, and who art thou, With saddened eyes, who nears Heart's Happyland that Fate hath left A wilderness for years?"
"I am the Lord of Love," he cried "And am the Prince of Tears."

"Knock not so loud, knock not so loud,
Or seek thou not to stay.
Heart's Happyland had open gates
For you but yesterday.
Alas! how can I till the flowers
Your tears have washed away?"

Upon the threshold of my heart
I looked, and saw one tread
The steps, and, weeping, kneel before
The silent gates of red,
And lo! his face was as the face
When Summertime lies dead.

"And who are thou, and who art thou So shadowed with thy care? Is my Heart's Happyland so sweet You fain would enter there?" "I am what once was Hope," he cried, "But now am called Despair."

"Knock not so loud, knock not so loud.

'Twere best that thou shouldst go.

'Twas thou that mad'st Heart's Happyland

A barren waste of snow,

And called the rose to blossom red

Where roses should not blow."

Upon the threshold of my heart
I heard one chaunting sweet,
And flung the scarlet gates apart
The chorister to greet,
To kneel with raptured eyes full low
In worship at his feet.

"And who art thou, and who art thou
Whose song is sweet to me?
Who calls the waste Heart's Happyland
To bud and ecstasy?"
"I am the one thou waitest for,
Whose name is Memory."

"Come in, come in and bar the door,
Dear Soul of Yesterday,
And far across Heart's Happyland
Together we will stray.
It was for you, it was for you
I sent them all away."

Recent Fiction and the Critics

F THIS book * is fiction, Mr. Bouck White is the most brilliant of American novelists. But in an editor's note Mr. White affirms the existence of a real diary, or, at least, "material" in "most jumbled and helter-skelter form" from the pen of John Drew. He ad-

THE BOOK OF mits that his own part in the shaping of the book has been considerable, even to writing

parts needed to bridge gulfs in the manuscript. But it is all put in the first person singular, the "I" of Daniel Drew. Many readers, thinks the Boston Transcript, will conclude that the book consists of about ten per cent. of Drew and ninety of Bouck White. So nearly forgotten is the name of Daniel Drew that, the reviewer continues, it would not be surprising if many readers of the present generation should conclude that Mr. White had invented him in order to write a novel (in autobiographical form) dealing with the days of Boss Tweed and Jim Fisk. They will find him safely enshrined, however, in the biographical dictionaries; persons whose memories go back to the extraordinary years of the Tweed ring, the shooting of Fisk, Black Friday, and the notorious Erie Railroad, will have no difficulty in recalling Daniel Drew, the associate of Fisk and Jay Gould, and founder of theological seminaries.

"If Daniel Drew was the man which the book makes him out he was more offensive than the frankly unscrupulous Fisk or Tweed. For sanctimoniousness and irritating religious cant, mingled with avarice and stinginess, he could give points to some of the best-hated millionaires of to-day. It is not impossible that, among other things, the book intends to satirize certain of these men. The color is often laid on in thick splashes. Mr. White has not been content to suggest Daniel Drew's coarseness and vulgarity -he treats us to samples of it, impure and unrefined. Drew tells the story of his early days of his rise in New York, his line of steamboats, his connection with the Erie Railroad, his partnership with Fisk and Gould, their conversation and habits of life, his fights with Commodore Vanderbilt, his own fondness for Wall Street 'speckilations,' and his religiosity and benefactions to religion and education.

"Mr. White does not claim to have produced a biography, so there is no need to comment on the book as such. Neither has he produced a novel. But he has, at any rate, called attention to the possibilities which await a novelist who shall treat of that amazing era of rascality."

Dan Drew was born in northern New York in 1797, and lived down into the days past the Civil War. He remembered when at 125th Street and Third Avenue, New York, there was an inn surrounded by pastures. The farmers on the Bowery Road lost many chickens in those days through the thievery of foxes. Madison Square was a pond, Bleeker Street a lane lined with blackberry bushes, and Canal Street a drain inhabited by frogs. We get amusing as well as instructing vignettes of the early days of the city. But, remarks Edwin Markham in the New York American, the inner life of Drew is the most interesting matter in this book, for it is a curious exposition of a human spirit growing more and more blind to all things but self and pelf. Without shame Drew chucklingly relates his earliest "trading" experiences where he fed his drove of cattle an excess of salt, and then, at the last halt, let them glut themselves with water to increase their weight, whereupon shrewd Henry Astor, a butcher of Fulton Market, purchased the stock from him. The expression "watered stock" derives from this adventure. If, Dan Drew said to himself later, I can do this with cattle, what can I not do to a railroad? The history of the Erie Railroad supplies the answer.

Drew had the trick of dropping supposedly "secret" memoranda advising his broker to buy or sell certain stocks. The lambs would nibble at this food, and Daniel would unload his stock upon them. At one time he had overreached himself, having gone short on the market on a tremendous scale. Then he repently wrote these lines, still quoted in Wall Street to-day:

He who sells what isn't his'n Must buy it back or go to prison.

He usually, however, managed to extricate himself through some shabby machination; at other times he appealed to sentiment, and, with tears in his voice, pleaded with his old enemy Vanderbilt to let him escape. At one time he discovered the usefulness of the printing

^{*}THE BOOK OF DANIEL DREW. A Glimpse of the Fisk-Gould-Tweed Régime From the Inside. By Bouck White. Doubleday, Page & Company.

press in producing any desired amount of stock. True, Vanderbilt had gotten out an injunction forbidding him to issue more watered stock, but he had bribed another judge to issue a counter injunction. Jointly with Gould and Fisk, Daniel Drew was responsible

for Black Friday.

Mr. Markham aptly speaks of Drew's grim humor and Rabelaisian laughter. Most curious of all, Mr. Markham thinks, is the ghastly perversion with which Drew continually boasts of his "religion." He was converted many times; he was a constant churchgoer and churchgiver. Drew represents the diabolic aspect of American civilization. He kept his religion for Sundays. "In order to know what a man really is," he observes, "you've got to see him now and then away from his office."

"Business isn't the whole of life. Business shows one side of a man. His church and home life show the other side. That is where a good many of the revilings against me have come from. They have come from people who have seen me only at business. Everybody knows that business is one thing, and a man's church and home life another thing. I have had to sharpen my wits -count the pennies close-in order to make money. But there has been something to Dan Drew besides just getting rich, and I want people to know what this other something is. Unless a business man is also a converted man, with the witness of the Spirit within him, he is like a hog under an apple tree-so busy crunching the fruit that he doesn't have time to look up to see where the fruit comes from. It isn't fair to judge a man by his down-town life alone.

"My gifts to religion and such like are not altogether gifts. They are a sort of an investment. God has a long memory. God keeps a full set of books. He always balances His accounts. I trust

His bookkeeping.

"I calculate there are lots of business men who don't prosper, because they don't give to the Lord

a slice of their profits. They try to hog it all. When He sees that sort of thing going on, He contrives to put a spoke in their wheel. God wears gum shoes when he comes down here on earth to spy."

There is no doubt that Drew, as he appears in the book, was a traitor and rascal, not even possessed of thieves' honesty. But his religion was not altogether cant. While seemingly a hypocrite, his faith was nevertheless absolutely sincere. His was the primitive cast of mind of an earlier age, and his conception of God is as grotesque as a South Sea Islander's. For Daniel Drew feared hell: hell and fear were the pillars of his faith. His divinity was a vengeful one, but one might propitiate it with gifts. He believed that he could bribe God as he bribed legislators and judges. He would bawl pious hymns in church after betraying his best friend with the same devotion that inspired, no doubt, the heart of Caesar Borgia when he received his father's blessing after he had murdered his brother. He was not a hypocrite, but an extraordinary psychological contradiction.

Some simple-minded people, remarks the Chicago Evening Post, looked for a genuine revelation when Rockefeller's "Reminiscences" were announced, nevertheless the true "Confessions of a Capitalist" are still to be written. But this or something like it, is what the present book pretends to be. "Whether," the writer goes on to say, "'the Book of Daniel Drew' is real autobiography seems to be in doubt. . . . The publishers say that it 'reads like a novel,' which is quite true. And if it is a work of fiction, it is a credit to Mr. Bouck White's creative powers. One would prefer to believe him and take it for what it seems to be-the candid confession of one of America's most unscrupulous financial buccaneers."

ERE is a charming romance,* absolutely novel, absolutely fresh, yet written with the sureness of touch of the master craftsman. Gouverneur Morris is one of the most gifted of our younger writers, and he differs from most of them by having imagthe voice ination and fancy distinctly IN THE RICE and distinctively all his own. We cannot compare him to Poe, he is not a disciple of Hawthorne,

but the flower of his own genius has blossomed in their shade. Yet if we glance over the magazines and newspapers, we cannot find a single adequate review of his unique little book. For unique it is, that is admitted by one of the critics. "A clever and fantastic bit of romance with an original setting that is quite new in fiction." Such is the description of the book in the Brooklyn Eagle. "New" is a much abused word, here, however, is indeed an original note. But, as we said, it is a little book, hardly a novelette, and therefore beyond the notice of ponderous reviewers

^{*} THE VOICE IN THE RICE. By Gouverneur Morris. Dodd, Mead & Company.

who devote their precious hours to wading through patterned "best sellers."

Instead of placing his romance in the conventional mythical Balkan states, Mr. Morris, to quote the Sun, ingeniously places his Graustark in the swamp lands of South Carolina. His hero, Richard Bourne, a handsome and athletic young college man, is caught in a storm off the Carolinas. He swims ashore, landing in the costume fashionable in Paradise before the approach of the Serpent. The shore is desolate as the coast of an African desert. He is, however, rescued by a singular person known as Sir Peter Moore, served by a huge negro whose language is intelligible only to his master. It appears that among the rice swamps of Carolina there exists a prosperous and highly cultivated colony cut off from the rest of the world by the fact that only the initiate can trail their way to the country. Here the community has been living since colonial times, maintaining colonial customs, including the institution of slavery. They refuse to recognize the authority of the United States, a fact of which the latter are blissfully oblivious. They have dealings with the outside world through smuggling expeditions and by means of other mysterious channels, without permitting their identity to be known.

If the country is extraordinary, its inhabitants are even queerer. Not only has Mr. Morris discovered a new country, but in Lord Nairn, the dominant factor of this community, he has created a character as memorable as he is repelling. He is tremendously fat, wheels himself in a chair, speaks in a boyish treble, and basks in the sunshine like a snake. He is impervious to the bites of the moccasins who

infest the swamps. The blacks regard him as a great "voodoo" or magician. There is a strain of madness in his composition; he also has the strength and the cruelty of a madman.

In this strange community the young athlete is treated with adoration by men and women, but escape to his own country is forbidden him. And when he hears the voice in the rice, the melodious accents of a lovely girl, of whose beauty he has heard, but whom he has never beheld, he is almost reconciled to his fate. Lord Nairn, however, has cast his eye upon the maiden. A battle royal between the stranger and the fat serpent begins, with fantastic fortunes and fantastic defeats. When finally the young athlete escapes from Lord Nairn's dungeon and his moccasins, together with his inamorate, and strikes a match to behold his ladylove face to face, he finds her so beautiful that he burns his fingers while he is gazing at her loveliness.

Long after closing the book the incubus of Lord Nairn's figure rests heavily upon the mind. He is as insistently vital as Frankenstein, Dr. Jekyll, or Dorian Gray. To have created such a character is worth half a dozen "best sellers." The Boston Transcript, however, merely finds the book an entertaining freak of the imagination. The Louisville Post speaks of it as wearisome. "But for a silver thread of humor that runs through it, the story," we are told, "could be heartily condemned." The New York Times, never perspicacious in its unsigned reviews, sees in "The Voice in the Rice" only "an ideal summer book," provoking interest, yet easily cast aside. But we ask ourselves if literary criticism in America is a question of gauging the bulk rather than the quality of a work of art.

The average American lad is not easily humbugged. Such is the experience of the hero of Mr. Johnson's book* when first he enters the "Prep" school at Lawrenceville. Such is also, no doubt, the experience of most writers of juvenile fiction. But Mr. Owen Johnson's book is startlingly real. We can feel its pulse. It is almost human. It is a joyous book, full of red-blooded fun, not the sort of thing we had expected from the talent-

ed author of "The Comet," but, by all means, a welcome boon. "Unless," remarks the New York World, "we are mistaken, which does not seem very likely in this instance, Mr. Johnson's book will jump right into the list of immortal juveniles." "Owen Johnson," affirms the Philadelphia Ledger, "has written a great book. The author has caught the real boy, not the little man or the little brute so often presented in stories, but the true boy nature, with all its potentialities for evil, out of which wholesome environment and judicious training can make a splendid man."

[&]quot;Mr. Johnson," remarks a writer in the Springfield Republican, "has done a story of

life at the Lawrenceville school which, while it may never be given equal rank with 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' comes very near to measuring up as a classic of schoolboy life in America. It is certainly the best thing of its kind that has appeared in this country for years." The art of writing schoolboy books, the writer thinks, has been lost by American authors.

"The reason for the low standard of schoolboy stories in America can be unhesitatingly laid at the door of interscholastic athletics, for this craze for sports has seemingly made every author think that it is necessary for his hero to win the 'great game' for the school, and if this can be worked into the tale by main force, style, local color, truth and moral may go hang. The result has been a flood of books that have been practically worthless, books which are forgotten as soon as closed, books which have no uplift and therefore little worth. All of the great schools have had stories written about them by 'old boys' which have made countless other 'old boys' very tired and have done the schools little good, for the schoolboy villain appears to have been a necessity and, as a rule, he has done things no body of right-thinking boys would have tolerated for an instant,"

Mr. Johnson's story revolves around a lad nicknamed Dink who arrives in Lawrence-ville the freshest of the fresh, and is suddenly brought face to face with the fact that boys have educational methods of their own. His first year is unhappy, because he cannot adjust himself to his environment, but the contact with other boys reshapes and strengthens his moral fiber. Each time some lad betters him, he stows away the knowledge for future profit.

"The episode of the souvenir toilet set is capitally worked out, as is its sequel, the sale of the sleep prolonger in the second year. The lad imagines that one master has taken an especial dislike to him, and it is not until he has become the cock of the school that he realizes this man has been responsible, more than any one else, in shaping his character. The conversation between master and boy in the closing chapter is the strongest thing in the book, and so true to life in a good school that it will be a dull boy who can miss the moral. The humorous episodes are far too many to mention in detail, but among the best are Dink's adventure with the cigar, his first love affair and the learning of the gerundive. The football feature is well handled, and so probable that there is none of the mock heroic about it which is the keynote of the usual boys' story. All of Dink's friends are the sort of lads you knew yourself, if you were fortunate enough to go to a big 'prep'

school, and while some may think the nicknames overdrawn, it is just as well to take the reader into confidence and let him know that each and every one of them is a Lawrenceville classic."

Edwin Markham ranks this book with Kipling's "Stalky and Company." He places it above "Tom Brown." "There is," he asserts in the New York American, "no comparison between the two books."

"'Tom Brown at Rugby' and 'Tom Brown at Oxford' appear to be characters of another world when brought into contrast with the shrewd mischievous American lads who attend this college preparatory school near old Princeton. These American boys in their precocious imagination, their effervescent mischief, their warfare on monitors and teachers, and their passion for athletic sports resemble closely Kipling's lads at Westward Ho.

"The older generation of boys of the middle of the last century seems obsolete in comparison with these lively youngsters who are adepts in the latest slang of the vaudeville stage and the baseball field, and who seem to regard the overreaching of a teacher as the noblest work of the 'prep' schoolboy. And finally, judged as mere boys, no one has ever surpassed Mr. Johnson in his pictures of these young savages who are ashamed to acknowledge any signs of emotion even in the great crises of their school lives. The average boy strongly resembles the North American Indian in his fondness for posing, in his stoicism and his shyness in revealing any emotion before strangers of an alien race."

The Chicago Evening Post thinks that Mr. Owen Johnson's stories of school life are not only funny, but-too funny. To quarrel with Mr. Johnson's humor, the reviewer remarks, may seem ungracious, but, he insists, Eastern boarding schoolboys cannot talk or think in the marvelous lingo employed by Gutter Pup and Tennessee Shad. Nevertheless there is decidedly respectable balance on the credit side of the critical ledger. Most of our school stories, we are told, have been of the blood and thunder "Frank Merriwell" order or of the goody-goody, trashy-trashy type. have never attained the high level of the English school novel. Mr. Johnson has not only reached, but surpassed it. He has achieved success where failure was the rule. "Certainly," to quote the reviewer, "Johnson deserves something of his countrymen for taking the American 'prep' school and giving it its first worthy setting in fictional form. Herein lies the main importance of 'The Varmint,' the recent successor of 'The Humming Bird' and 'The Eternal Boy.'"

THE PHENIX-A STORY BY STRINDBERG

August Strindberg, "the Swedish Ibsen," has been heralded as a misogynist and a dissector of morbid emotions, and this story is keyed in his customary note of disillusionment. But it also reveals the charm and the beauty of life. It has the haunting simplicity of that art which conceals art. The translation is by Edith and Wärner Oland.

T was strawberry time in the vicar's garden when he saw her for the first time. He had seen many girls, but when he saw her he knew it was she. But he didn't dare to say so, for he was still at preparatory school. But she smiled on him. He came again as an undergraduate. And this time he kissed her and it seemed as tho he could reach the stars and he heard the ringing of bells and the hunters' horn.

She was a woman at fourteen. Her breasts were firm and high as if they were waiting for eager little mouths and tiny grabbing hands. Her walk was supple and buoyant, as tho she were already able to carry a little one. Her hair was soft and yellow as honey and looked like a fine mist about her forehead. Her eyes burned and her skin was clear and soft as a glove.

They were engaged and, like the birds, they kissed each other in the orchard, under the lindens, in the woods—and life was like a sunny unmown meadow to them. But he had to finish college and take a special course in mining engineering and that, with travel in foreign parts, would take ten years. Ten years!

And so he went back to Upsala. But next summer he returned to the vicarage and she was just as fair. Three times he returned, but the fourth time he came she was pale. When the sixth summer came she was taking iron. The eighth, she had neuralgia and was nervous. Her hair had lost some of its color, her voice had sharpened, her bosom drooped, her walk was languid and her cheeks hollow. That winter she was taken down with nervous prostration and her hair had to be cut off, and when it grew again it had turned to ashes of blond. He had fallen in love with a golden blond of fourteenhe could never endure brunettes-and married a faded blond of twenty-four who didn't think her neck was beautiful enough to show in her wedding-gown.

But he loved her just the same.

His love was not as stormy, but it was constant, tho quiet, and in the little mountain town where they went to live there was nothing that interfered with their happiness. They had two boys, but he was eager for a girl. And at last a little blond girl came. And she became the apple of her father's eye. She grew to girlhood and at nine she looked very much as her mother had looked in her youth. When the father was

free he was always with his daughter. The mother worked hard over her home cares and her hands had grown coarse and big, her form was bent somewhat from standing over the stove. The father and mother never met except at meals and in the late evenings when her day's cares were done. They never quarreled, but it was not as it used to be.

The daughter was her father's joy. One could almost say that he was in love with her. It was as tho he saw the mother in all her youth again—as if his first vision which disappeared so soon was resurrected. He was almost shy before her and never went in where she was dressing. He idolized her. One morning she didn't want to get up. Mama thought she was "school sick," but Papa sent for the doctor. The angel of death had come—it was diphtheria! One of the parents must take the other children away. The father begged to stay with the sick child, so the mother went away with the others. And there she lay—the loved little daughter.

They burned so much sulphur that all the gilt on the picture frames turned black and the silver things as well. The father was beside himself as he walked through the empty rooms, and at night as he lay alone in the large bed it seemed to him that he was a widower. He bought games and playthings for the little one, and she smiled when he played with a jack-in-the-box at her bedside and asked for her mother and brothers. And the father walked the street where the mother was staying with the children and nodded up to them at the windows and threw kisses to them. And the mother telegraphed with blue and red pieces of paper through the window.

One day the little one was not interested in the jack-in-the-box and didn't smile any more. She could no longer speak. Death came with its long bony fingers and strangled her.

The mother returned and blamed herself for deserting her child. There was much sorrow and grief.

When they came to take the body away to have it cremated, the father would not listen to it. They were not to touch her—for to him she could not be dead, there must still be a chance. But it had to be—and then he wanted to strike and bite them.

He built a tomb for her grave and went there every day in the year. The second year less often. Work was hard and time was scarce.

Life's burdens grew heavy, his step slackened and his grief diminished. Sometimes he felt ashamed because he didn't grieve as much as he used to, but nevertheless the time came when he forgot. They had two more daughters, but it wasn't the same. She who was taken away could never be replaced.

Life was hard. The bloom had worn away gradually from the woman who was at one time like no other woman on earth.

The bloom had gone from the one time bright and shining home. The children had dented the silver wedding presents, scratched the tables and kicked the chair legs. The sofa was torn and the stuffing stuck out, and the piano hadn't been opened for years. Song had given way to the crying of children, and the parents' voices had become stern. Pet names had been laid away like the children's dresses. They became old and tired. Father no longer knelt before mother, but sat in his worn armchair and allowed mother to get his matches when he wanted his pipe. Old age was coming on.

The mother died when the father was fifty years old. And then, then, all the old memories of youth revived. When her broken form with the marks of death upon it was put into the earth, a vision of the fourteen-year-old girl rose before him.

And when he was honest with himself it was she of the vicar's garden that he didn't get whom he missed and mourned, and not the sickly young woman of twenty-four that he did get. He had never been cross to the devoted old mother, and her good food and tireless care came in for consideration in his loss—but that was in a different way.

He began to live more intimately with the children. Some of them had flown from the nest, but some remained. After a year of wearying his friends with glowing reminiscences of his wife, something wonderful happened. He met a young girl of eighteen. She was blond and remarkably like his wife at fourteen. He took it as a sign of sanction from heaven which at last wanted to bestow her on him, she of the vicar's garden.

And then he married again. At last she was his. But the children, especially the girls, were not pleased with the young stepmother. They were ashamed to look at her, it seemed to them that there was something unclean in the relation and that the father was untrue to their mother. Then they left their home and went out into the world.

He was happy. But he was even more proud than happy that a young girl should want him.

"The aftermath," said his old friends. In a year the young wife had a little one. Papa was

not used to crying children now and wanted to sleep nights, so he moved into another room.

His wife wept and he thought that women were such dependent creatures. And then she was jealous of the first wife. When they were engaged he had been foolish enough to say that she looked like his first wife and he had allowed her to read their love letters.

Now that she was alone a great deal, she recalled these things and she realized that she had inherited all the pet names from the other one, that she was only a substitute; and it angered her. She did all sorts of foolish things to win him for herself, and this tired him.

When he was alone and made comparisons the young wife was found wanting. She was not as mild as the other and she irritated his nerves. And with this came the longing for the children that he had driven from home. Then bad dreams came and it seemed to him that he had been untrue to his dead wife.

It was no longer pleasant at home. What had been done was foolish and might have been left undone.

He began going to the public house. But then the wife got angry. He had deceived her. He was an old stork, but he had better be careful. Such an old man shouldn't leave his young wife alone—that might be dangerous. "Old?" Was he old? He would show her. And he moved back to her room. But then it was ten times worse. He didn't want to help rock the cradle at night and suggested that the little one should sleep in the nursery. But, no indeed, he hadn't done that with his former wife's children.

His life became torture.

Twice he had believed he had seen the bird phenix rise out of the ashes of the fourteenyear-old girl, first in his daughter and then in his second wife, but now, when the sundown of his life was nearing and the days grew shorter and shorter, now, when he had his dark moments, he always saw the form of the devoted wife who was kind to him and to his children, who never quarreled, she who was bent from standing over the stove, who mended the boys' leather breeches and the girls' dresses; and when his last dream was over and he saw clearly, he wondered if after all the tired, faded mother was not the real phenix that had risen so beautiful and serene from the ashes of the fourteenyear-old golden blond, after she had laid her eggs and plucked the down from her own breast for her young and nourished them with her blood until she died!

He pondered over this a long time, and when at last he laid his tired head on the pillow never to rise again he was sure of it,

THROUGH THE WALL-A SKETCH BY SCHOLEM ASCH

Scholem Asch is a young Jewish author already well known in Europe. His drama, "The God of Vengeance," has been given in Berlin and is soon to be presented in New York and Vienna. His stories have won the praise of Tolstoy, and when there was talk of black-balling Asch at the St. Petersburg Dramatic Club because he was a Jew, Tolstoy threatened to leave the club. This sketch, translated by Isabel Shostac, is the first of Sholem Asch's stories to be done into English.

N a lonely field, on the outskirts of a large city, stood a massive, black fortress. A high, thick wall surrounded it, hiding it from the rest of the world and barring out the sunlight. On one side ran a broad, swift river, which one heard only at night, when all was quiet. Then the waves dashed against the stone wall and their echo could be heard from a distance. One felt as tho a mother, chained to the stones, was trying to enter the fortress, to rescue the souls of her children buried inside its walls. In one corner of the courtyard, within this wall, stood a tall black prison which was reserved for political prisoners, whose rooms were changed from time to time so that they might not become acquainted with one another.

During the day the house seemed dead. It reminded one of a catacomb in whose niches lay healthy, living human beings who neither spoke nor moved.

Each prisoner lay in his den. Some gazed incessantly at the ceiling. Others watched the red cows grazing in the field, through the small grated window, until it seemed to them that they had seen nothing else all their lives. Still others gazed back cynically at the eye of the gendarme, that never-tiring eye which always guarded the door.

But as soon as night fell, the house came to life. From every side, on the walls, one heard a constant finger-tapping. One prisoner talked with the next one, intimately, as to a friend, not ever having seen him. The conversation traveled from one to another, and after a short time the large, fearful gray house talked in unison. One friend found another and those who had never been friends became so then.

From time to time quick steps were heard in the corridor; then the silent talking would cease, and the entire house become dead again. As soon as the footsteps were no longer heard, the conversation would be resumed, the prison would revive.

And so they became accustomed to living silently, talking with fingers instead of lips, and thus making each other's acquaintance. So sensitive did the ear of the prisoner become, that he knew the character of the tapper,—whether he were kind or unkind, intelligent or illiterate. They learned to recognize from the tapping on the wall whether the man were laughing or crying. One would console the other through his fingers, grow fond of his neighbor or dislike him.

Sometimes, in the middle of the day, there would come upon a prisoner a great desire to scream out, to talk loudly at random, to find out if his vocal chords could still be used.

One night, very late, when they were busy conversing, suddenly clear fresh laughter rang through the prison; the happy laughter of a young girl. The prisoners stopped, shuddering at this most unnatural happening, and waited to see what would come next, each holding his breath, dumb, listening for a cannon shot to follow. But again rang the girl's sunny laughter, echoing wildly in the prison walls, as tho a corpse had spoken.

The prisoners now wanted to shout, long, loudly, freely; their voices begged to be released. They wanted to cry out. Here and there one did open his mouth, but they all felt as tho they no longer possessed the power of speech, and no one uttered a word.

It was the laughter of a young girl. She was still a child when she was brought from her mother's house and so little understood the gravity of the situation that proudly and full of courage she followed the commissary and gendarme into the prison. It seemed to her that now something really important would happen, that she would become a heroine. But when she was left alone with the four silent walls, her tender young heart failed her, the loneliness of her surroundings overcame her, and she wept long and quietly. And she felt relieved; she saw herself again a heroine, which thought gave her courage, and she rose from her narrow bed, clenched her hands tightly, threw out her chest, ready for the soldier's bullets. Then she remembered that she was alone, talking to herself, and she laughed out involuntarily, fully, like a child.

The gendarme who watched in the corridor came quickly to her door, and cast a severe look at her through the peep-hole. This angry look only provoked fresh mirth, and she laughed on and on. The hardened sentry was touched when he saw this sweet young girl, the only woman in the whole prison, standing and talking to herself, and from sheer pleasure he too smiled. But he immediately reminded himself of his duty as a soldier and again assumed that austere look in harmony with a uniform. This look he could never communicate to the young girl, and for the first time a breach of discipline took place in that prison.

The girl soon made herself at home in her narrow little room; she created a maiden corner, comfortable and neat, as tho she had lived there always. On the small dirty window she hung a pair of clean, white curtains; several small square pictures ornamented the wall; a clean white sheet covered the bed.

The whole room bore a different aspect. Here one saw the presence of a delicate and refined woman. It gave the impression of a young virgin's room where first she dreams of love, when the girl is about to become a woman.

No one of the prisoners had ever seen her, no one knew her. Whether she were beautiful or ugly, young or old, no one could say. But they all felt the presence of a woman among them, gendarmes and prisoners alike. The girl changed the atmosphere of the dreadful house.

She was a musician, and missed her piano more than anything else. When the evening came, in the twilight, after she had lit her lamp, a great longing to play seized her. She would then sit down in a corner, plait her hair into two braids like Gretchen, and listen intently. Somewhere they were playing, music was coming to her from afar, through the heavy walls of the fortress, into her room. The tones of a hymn that she wanted to hear came to her. Listening to the melody, she rose and walked up and down her narrow cell, and with her footsteps she sang the hymn that she had heard. And the light, fleeting footstep resounded on the floor, so that one heard the song. At such times the whole black house stopped to listen. Each prisoner sat in his own dark corner and listened to the light musical steps that were overhead, followed the rhythm, and sang the song. The whole dark house, each lonely soul in it, lived one moment in a beautiful love-song.

Nobody had ever seen her, as she was led out always by herself. The prisoners would recognize her steps in the corridor when she passed, and would stand close to their doors, listening and trying in vain to find a crack, a hole, through which they could catch a glimpse of her.

She felt the curiosity that lay behind the heavy, iron doors, and unconsciously she would put her young body against one. The sleeper would feel it, and the sound reminded him of the trembling

keys of a piano that had been suddenly touched by a woman's light hand.

In the cell next to her lived a young man. The four black walls, which had robbed him of eight months of his young life, were not able to extinguish the feeling of youth within his young heart. He felt as tho he had gone to sleep. When he awoke in the morning, he would lie on his bed, and scenes of his childhood smiled to him as tho it had all been a dream. Sometimes he would watch the red cows that grazed in the meadow and follow their every movement with the greatest interest.

The energy stored within his body, not being used, went to sleep within him, and it mattered little to him whether the sun shone or it rained. A light wind blowing in his direction would have awakened his sleeping emotions, and the young blood would have begun to run through his veins with all the fire of youth. And she was that light wind.

He heard her every step, each movement, felt her very being through the wall. He felt that on the other side of the wall breathed a young life like his own; that she, too, longed and thirsted for something. Like a dog he lay by the wall and listened. He heard her slightest movement,—when she raised her hand, when she opened her hair, and he saw her hair pressing down on her neck. He heard her pull the coverlid closely over her and the wind blow lightly on her bare throat, on her hair; then she buried her face deep in her pillow.

He imagined how she looked. She was slight, with small limbs, delicately molded, that were gracefully covered by her clinging black dress. Her hair was long and black, fine as silken threads, and it was always clean and cool like drops of water. She sat with her feet under her, and, like a young cat, played with her long black hair. A smile played on her lips and she looked as tho she wanted to say something; then her dark eyes were suffused with tears and hid themselves under thick black brows. And a deep stillness surrounded her, like a quiet song. Her face expressed no desire, but, deep-hidden within herself, this quiet girl lived with a great secret, an unearthly secret, locked away behind iron doors, and no one could enter those doors to share that secret with her.

One quiet evening she sang one of Chopin's nocturnes to him, and kept time with her footsteps. He saw a young pine-wood in early autumn; the trees grew rarely high toward heaven, and spread out their wings, their young twigs, casting shadows over each other. It was an evening in early autumn; the sad, scarlet sun

sat behind the dark wood, throwing a glow of longing over it. Here and there among the young pines the sun-shadows still wandered. Behind the forest, deserted and alone, stood a castle, reflected sadly in the blue water in which one saw the setting sun. From the old castle a little white bridge led into the wood; and hidden from all eyes, quietly, she walked over the bridge among the pines; her bare white feet gleamed from beneath the long black dress, which threw a shadow after her. A black wing decorated her black hair, and quietly and majestically she walked on the little bridge from one strange world into another.

He used to tap on her wall with his fingers, to tell her of his love. "Who are you, tell me; I know that you are young and beautiful, and I love you. Strong am I as a lion, and at night I want to break the wall and come to you; to carry you away like a bird, on my breast, far away. Wait for me, I will come."

She listened to his finger-tapping, but did not understand what he said. Only this she knew, that on the other side of the grim wall lived a soul that felt with her; there was a home; a voice called her. So she lay by the wall and heard the finger-tapping, and it was a song of love to her. She caught the words that died away in the wall, and heard the beating of a heart for her. So she too tapped on the wall, with trembling fingers, as tho she wished to drown it with one mighty wave of love.

He heard her song. "Come to me; I know who you are. I will break the wall and go to you."

So two souls sang their love through a wall. She had now become accustomed to having him there, not knowing who he was, if he were old, whether he had a wife, a child. One thing she was certain of, that a soul longed for her, called to her, and that she longed to answer; that a heart beat for her on the other side of the dumb, silent wall.

When night fell, she sat down on the earthen floor, close to the wall, and tapped with her hand to find out if he too sat in the same place on the other side. And in this way they sat for hours. He sang to her, with his fingers, through the wall; told her of his love, consoled her; talked with her earnestly and deeply. She did not understand his words, but felt his heart and soul in his tapping. Then she would place her head lightly against the wall, as tho nestling against him. Sometimes she would gently play a light motif in answer. Her happiness at such times knew no bounds. She would rise from the floor and begin to walk up and down the room, dancing a song with her footsteps. The whole fearful house would rejoice in the presence of a chaste young soul. Each prisoner followed her steps and sang her song with her.

Suddenly something happened. The dread prison shuddered. A prisoner had discovered, through his tiny window, a gallows building on the hill in front of the prison. In the still, black night that followed, the finger-tapping did not cease, like lonely drops of rain traveling in a large pipe; the raps passed the news from one to another, "A gallows is going up." And all trembled at that word "gallows."

At first there was incessant tapping, from one wall to another, from floor to ceiling. Prisoners spoke to each other, advised, consoled, made their farewells. From the sad, quiet finger-tapping in that melancholy night one might think that the Angel of Death had tapped on the walls of the prison with his black wings. Presently all was still, as tho they had already died. Each prisoner threw himself into his corner, made his last account with himself, and waited calmly for death to come for him.

That night his finger-tapping came to an end. His fingers trembled as he spoke with her. She knew he wanted to tell her something. He pleaded with her, consoled her, confided in her. Then all was quiet, and with trembling heart she felt that he leaned his face against the wall, knocked against it with his forehead, kissed the wall, raised his arms to it imploringly, and then became quiet. But again he rose, and she heard him fall heavily against the wall, bite it with his teeth, thump it with his fists. He wanted to share with her some secret, but she could not understand.

Sad and quiet was the night; the wind wailed loudly out of doors; a thunder-storm was brewing. But nothing of this was heard inside the prison. From time to time a wild noise rang out, as of dying thunder. The wind howled about the roof and shook the small iron shutters outside the little windows.

Her room was quiet and dark. She tapped several times, but, getting no answer, she thought he was angry with her. So she too grew silent, and lay down on her bed. But she could not sleep. She felt oppressed and lonely. Several times a desire seized her to tap on the wall, but she waited for him to begin. All was deathly still, only the sound of the slow, even tread of the guard, up and down the corridor. Terrorstricken, she jumped up from her bed, walked up to the wall and rapped. But she received no answer. The wind wailed loudly. She ran to another corner, rapped again, but there, too, silence greeted her. She now put her ear to the wall, listened intently, but could hear nothing. Her terror grew. And still the wind wailed. She rapped along every point in the wall, leaned her face against it and sobbed.

"Answer me, where are you? What has happened to you? Why are you silent? I am afraid. Speak to me—speak to me."

Humor of Life

MISTAKEN.

Glenn H. Curtiss says of the Wright Brothers good-humoredly:

"They don't own the air, you know. Did you hear about that conversation that was overheard between them at the Dayton plant?

"'Orville,' cried Wilbur, running out of doors excitedly, 'look! Here's another aviator using our patent!'

"'He certainly is!' shouted Orville. 'That's our simultaneous warping and steering movement to a T!'

"'Call a cop!' screamed Wilbur. 'Get another injunction!'

"But Orville, who had looked up through his binoculars, laid his hand gently on his brother's arm. 'Come on back to work, Wilbur,' he said; 'it's a duck.'"—Cosmopolitan.

THE ONLY JOB LEFT.

The Governor of a Western State tells of the time when he was so annoyed by office-seekers that he was compelled to make public announcement in the press that in view of the multitudinous applications for office, he would be unable to give consideration to them all.

Shortly after this announcement the Governor received the following letter:

"Honorable Mr. Governor,—I see by the papers where it says that you are going to take a



Wish—somebuddy was crazy about me!
—Scribner

month off to destroy the thousands of applications for jobs. Mr. Governor, if everything else is gone, may I ask that I get the job of helping you tear up the letters?"—Harper's.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

William Furst, the composer and orchestra leader at the Empire Theater, New York, is in the habit of having his own way. He is, however, no match for Mr. Charles Frohman. Several years ago he was working with Mr. Frohman over a new production at the Empire Theater. "That's too loud, Billy," Mr. Frohman remarked at a certain stage rehearsal.

"I can't help it, governor," replied Furst, "it's forte."

"Well," observed Mr. Frohman imperturbably, "make it thirty-five."—Everybody's.

JANITORESQUE.

Janitor: "Who was dat whistlin' down de tube?"

Helper: "Woman on de third floor front wants some steam."

Janitor: "Hit de third pipe a couple o' times wit de hammer."—Judge.

SHE KNEW.

"Now," said Mr. Bunker, who was instructing her in the mysteries of golf, "you know what a 'tee' is. Now, then, the duties of a caddie—"

"Oh! of course," she interrupted, "the caddy's what you put the tea in. I know what a tea caddie is."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

WILLING TO GROW.

During McKinley's administration Senator Carter, of Montana, told this story at a Washington gathering:

A Chicago man appeared at the White House one day with a petition containing seven thousand names recommending him for appointment as Brazilian Minister. He was a picture-framer, and when he was canvassing for orders he took along his petition and asked everybody in the picture-frame business to sign it. Almost everybody did.

The man was insistent and finally reached the President. Always gentle and considerate, President McKinley explained to the candidate that he would have to consult the Illinois Senators and Representatives about the matter before making the appointment.

"You know," said the President, "we have to select big men for these big places."

"Well," asked the picture-framer, "won't I be just as big as any of them if I get the job?"—
Saturday Evening Post.

NEIGHBORLY ATTENTIONS.

Harkins had lived in his new home but a few weeks and scarcely knew his neighbors by sight at the time of his fire. On rushing out of the front door he found two of his neighbors already on the scene.

"I say," Harkins cried, excitedly, "will you run to the corner and give the alarm?"

"Very sorry," explained the man, "but I have a wooden leg and can't run."

The other neighbor pressed forward.
"I say," said Harkins, turning to his new ally;
"while I am getting the things out run over to

the corner of the street and halloa 'Fire!' "
"I'm suffering from laryngitis and can't halloa," said the other neighbor in a stage whisper.

There was not a moment to spare, but Harkins found time to turn to them and say politely:

"Suppose both of you go into the house and bring out easy-chairs and sit down here and enjoy the blaze."—Tit-Bits.

AS MAN TO MAN.

A private soldier, anxious to secure a leave of absence, went to his captain with a most convincing story about a sick wife breaking her heart for his presence. The officer, acquainted with the man's habits, replied: "I am afraid you are not telling the truth. I have just received a letter from your wife, urging me to keep you away from home, because you get drunk, break the furniture, and mistreat her shamefully."

The private saluted, and started to leave the room. At the door, he paused, asking: "Sor, may I speak to you, not as an officer, but as mon to mon."

"Yes; what is it?"

"Well, sor, what I'm after sayin' is this"—approaching the captain and lowering his voice: "You and I are two of the most illigant liars the Lord ever made. I'm not married at all."—Lippincott's.

AN AQUATIC TRAGEDY.

When visitors came, Bobby was often turned out of his room and into the garret for a night or two. He did not object to this, but he felt that it endangered certain cherished possessions.

When his uncle, the clergyman, arrived unexpectedly one night, Bobby was transferred to his garret quarters in haste and with small ceremony, and neglected to take any precautions to guard his treasures.

"I have to thank the thoughtful person who placed a glass of water on the table near the bed last night," said the clergyman, the next morning. "I awoke in the night, and found it refreshing—most refreshing."

"Oh!" said Bobby, in a tone of sorrow and reproach. "You've drinked up my nice new 'quarium, and all—"

But here Bobby's revelation was suppressed by his mother.—Youth's Companion.



NOT THE WAY IT LOOKED

LOVER: Naw, I ain't crazy. I'm goin' to per goil today, an' dis is a rehearsal.

-Judg

SHAMING SARAH.

In St. Louis the street numbers run one hundred to the block, but the north and south street; have names instead of numbers. So when a stree car is running east and west and crosses the nortl and south streets the conductor says, "Jeffersol—Twenty-six" or "Grand—Thirty-six," as the case may be.

A birthday party was coming in on one of these cars a short time ago. When the car reached Sarah Street and the conductor announced, "Sarah—Forty-one," a large woman in the party began beating a small man on the head with an umbrella.

After the conductor had quieted the disturbance he asked the woman what the row was about.

"Why," she said indignantly, "just because I had my forty-first birthday party to-day, in a nice, quiet, ladylike way, there was no need of him telling you how old I am, so you could bawl it out to the whole car."

Her name was Sarah.—Saturday Evening Post.

WHAT THE LABEL SAID.

Paintings were not her specialty, but as she gazed at a beautiful copy of Millet's "Gleaners," her admiration of the work called forth enthusiastic comment. "What a wonderful picture!" she exclaimed. "And how natural it looks!"

"But what are those people doing?" she inquired, as she bent nearer to read the title. "Oh, yes, I see, gleaning millet! How perfectly fascinating!"—Youth's Companion.

WHAT SHE LACKED.

A young mother just returned from India had engaged a new nurse for her baby. The nurse came to her and said:

"I don't know what's the matter, madam, but the little one cries and cries. I can do nothing to quiet it."

The mother thought a moment. Then, brightening up, she said:

"I remember now. Baby's last nurse "as a black one. You will find the stove-polism on the third shelf of the kitchen closet"—Tit-Pits.

A COUNTER ATTRACTION.

It was at a ball game between Chicago and Pittsburg. The score was tied, two men were out, a runner was on third, and Hans Wagner was at bat! The crowd was too excited to be noisy.

A sporting editor had taken his neighbor to the game. The neighbor was not a fan, but he had succumbed to the delights of "traveling on a pass," and was having a real, garrulous, good time.

At the moment when there wasn't a heart beating on the bleachers, and the grand-standers were filled with suspense, the sporting editor's neighbor emitted this:

"Look, Jake! Look at that coke train! Did you ever see one engine pulling so many cars? I'm gonna count 'em!"—Lippincott's.

KEEPING IT QUIET.

Small Caroline's home was unfortunately located in a very gossipy neighborhood, and, being an observant child, she had drawn her own conclusions. After an unusually naughty prank, her mother sent her upstairs to confess her sins in prayer.

"Did you tell God all about it?" she was asked

on coming down again.

Caroline shook her head decidedly. "'Deed I didn't!" she declared. "Why, it would have been all over Heaven in no time!"—Harper's.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

Little Katherine was biting her finger-nails, when her aunt said, "You must not bite your nails; you will get microbes in your mouth, which will make you sick." The child watched her in amazement for a few moments, and said, "Auntie Myra, how did your 'crobes get under my nails?"

—Delineator.

WELL PAID.

A lively-looking porter stood on the rear platform of a sleeping-car in the Grand Central Station, when a fussy and choleric old man clambered up the steps. He stopped at the door, puffed for a moment, and then turned to the man in uniform.

"Porter," he said, "I'm going to Chicago. I want to be well taken care of. I pay for it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir; but-"

"Never mind any 'buts.' You listen to what I say. Keep the train-boys away from me. Dust me off whenever I want you to. Give me an extra blanket, and if there is any one in the berth over me, slide him into another. I want you to—"

"But, say, boss, I-"

"Young man, when I'm giving instructions I prefer to do the talking myself. You do as I say. Here is a two-dollar bill. I want to get the good of it. Not a word, sir."

The train was starting. The porter pocketed the bill with a grin, and swung himself to the ground.

"All right, boss!" he shouted. "You can do th' talkin' if you want to. I'm powerful sorry you wouldn't let me tell you—but I ain't goin' out on that train."—Exchange.

A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

She was about ten years old, and apparently very unhappy. A swollen face served to diagnose the case at a glance as an advanced stage of toothache. Over the door they entered was a sign which, being interpreted, read "Doctor of Dental Surgery."

The mother led her to the operating-chair and smoothed back her tousled hair as she laid her head in the little rest. Looking her straight in her eye, with finger poised for emphasis, the mother said: "Now, Edith, if you cry, I'll never take you to a dentist again."—Lippincott's.

EVADING THE RULE.

One of the professors had a big Newfoundland dog who followed him about and finally fell into the habit of going with him to the class-room, lying under the table, and snoring loudly. One day a Senior brought his bulldog to class. The two dogs got into a fight, and, as a consequence, the following day this notice was posted upon the door:

HEREAFTER NO DOGS ALLOWED IN THIS CLASS-ROOM.

The next time the class met, each student entered gravely leading a cat by a string.—Lippincott's.

A CAMPAIGN ARGUMENT.

A story that has done service in political campaigns to illustrate supposed dilemmas of the opposition will likely be revived in the approaching political "heated term."

Away back, when herds of buffalo grazed along the foothills of the Western mountains, two hardy prospectors fell in with a bull bison that seemed to have been separated from his kind and run amuck. One of the prospectors took to the branches of a tree and the other dived into a cave. The buffalo bellowed at the entrance to the cavern and then turned toward the tree. Out came the man from the cave, and the buffalo took after him again. The man made another dive for the hole. After this had been repeated several times, the man in the tree called to his comrade, who was trembling at the mouth of the

"Stay in the cave, you idiot!"

"You don't know nothing about this hole," bawled the other. "There's a bear in it!"—Everybody's.